
P O P E's

O D Y S S E Y.

Vol. III.

A



GEORGE R.

GEORGE, by the Grace of God, King of *Great Britain, France and Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting: Whereas *Bernard Lintot* of our City of *London*, Bookseller, hath by his Petition humbly represented unto Us, that he is now Printing a Translation, undertaken by Our Trusty and Well-beloved *Alexander Pope*, Esq; of the *Odyssy* of *Homer* from the *Greck*, in Five Volumes in *Folio* upon large and small Paper, in *Quarto* upon Royal Paper, in *Octavo* and *Duodecimo*, with large Notes upon each Book, and that he has been at great Expence in carrying on the said Work, and the sole Right and Title of the Copy of the same being vested in the said *Bernard Lintot*, he has humbly besought Us to grant him Our Royal Privilege and Licence for the sole Printing and Publishing thereof for the term of fourteen Years: We are therefore graciously pleased to gratify him in his Request, and do by these Presents, agreeable to the Statute in that behalf made and provided, for Us, Our Heirs and Successors, give and grant unto him the said *Bernard Lintot*, his Executors, Administrators and Assigns, Our Royal Privilege and Licence for the sole Printing and Publishing of the said Translation of the *Odyssy* of *Homer*, for and during the term of fourteen Years, to be computed from the Day of the Date hereof. Strictly forbidding and prohibiting all Our Subjects within Our Kingdoms of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, and other our Dominions, to reprint or abridge the same, either in the like, or any other Volume or Volumes whatsoever, or to import, buy, vend, utter or distribute any Copies of the same or any Part thereof Reprinted beyond the Seas, within the said Term of fourteen Years, without the Consent or Approbation of the said *Bernard Lintot*, his Heirs, Executors and Assigns, by Writing under his or their Hands and Seals first had and obtained, as they and every of them offending herein will answer the contrary at their Perils. Whereof the Master, Wardens, and Company of *Stationers* of Our City of *London*, the Commissioners and other Officers of our Customs, and all other our Officers and Ministers whom it may concern are to take Notice, that due Obedience be given to Our Pleasure herein signified. Given at Our Court at *St. James's* the Nineteenth Day of *February* 1724. In the Eleventh Year of our Reign.

By His Majesty's Command,

TOWNSHEND.

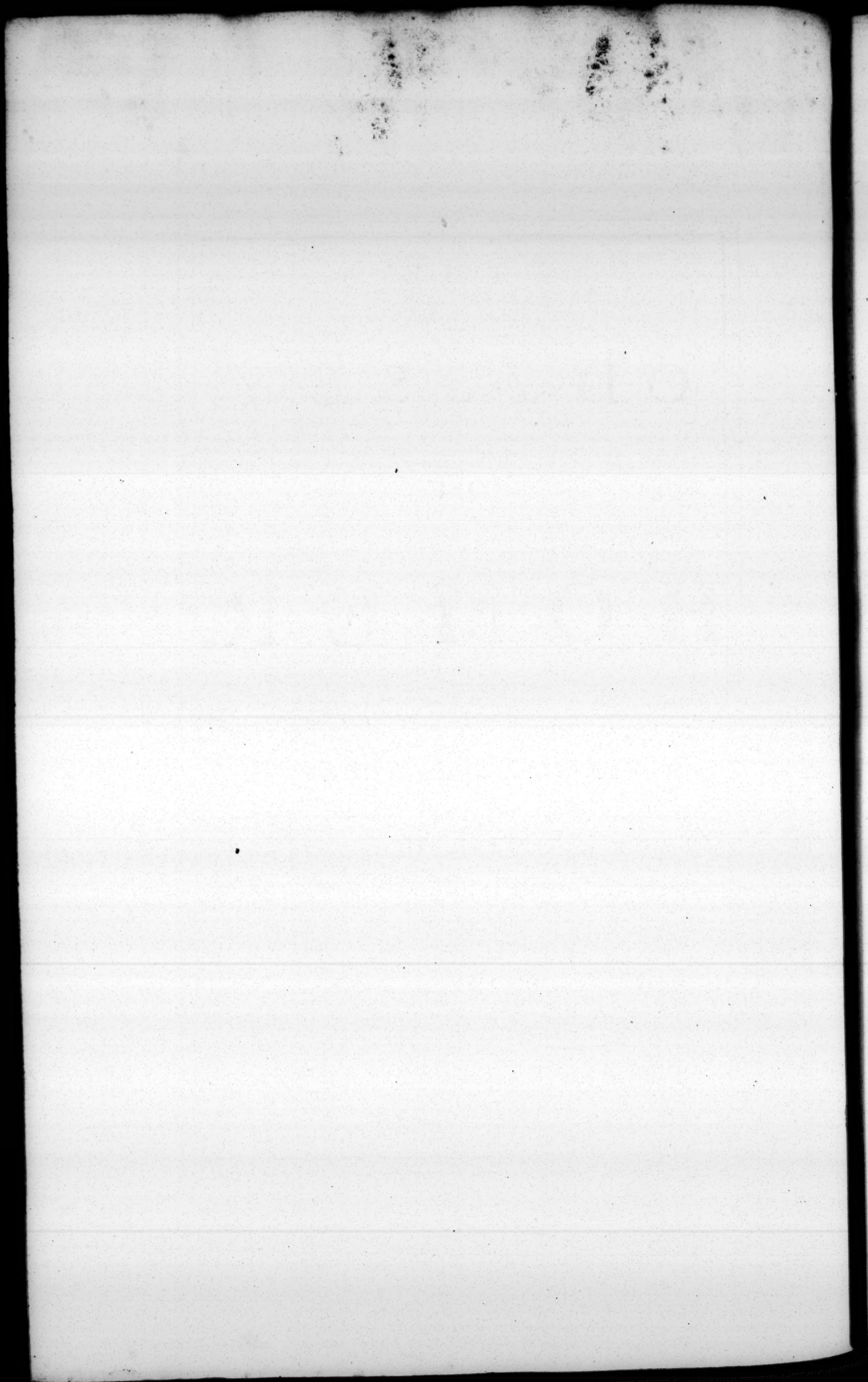
THE
ODYSSEY
OF
HOMER.

Translated from the *GREEK*.

VOL. III.



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THE
TENTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

VOL. III.

B



The A R G U M E N T.

Adventures with Æolus, the Lestrigons, and Circe.

Ulysses arrives at the Island of Æolus, who gives him prosperous winds, and incloses the adverse ones in a Bag, which his companions untying, they are driven back again, and rejected. Then they sail to the Lestrigons, where they lose eleven ships, and with one only remaining, proceed to the Island of Circe. Eurylochus is sent first with some Companions, all which, except Eurylochus, are transform'd into Swine. Ulysses then undertakes the adventure, and by the help of Mercury, who gives him the herb Moly, overcomes the Enchantress, and procures the restoration of his men. After a year's stay with her, he prepares at her instigation for his voyage to the infernal shades.



T H E



THE
TENTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.



T length we reach'd *Æolia's* sea-
girt shore,
Where great *Hippotades* the
scepter bore,
A floating Isle! High-rais'd by
toil divine,

Strong walls of brass the rocky coast confine.
Six blooming youths, in private grandeur bred, 5
And six fair daughters, grac'd the royal bed:
These sons their sisters wed, and all remain
Their parent's pride, and pleasure of their reign.
All day they feast, all day the bowls flow round,
And joy and music thro' the Isle resound: 10

At

At night each pair on splendid carpets lay,
And crown'd with love the pleasures of the day.

This happy port affords our wand'ring fleet
A month's reception, and a safe retreat.

- 15 Full oft the Monarch urg'd me to relate
The fall of *Ilion*, and the *Grecian* fate;
Full oft I told: at length for parting mov'd;
The King with mighty gifts my suit approv'd.
The adverse winds in leathern bags he brac'd,
20 Compress'd their force, and lock'd each struggling
For him the mighty Sire of Gods assign'd [blast:
The tempest's Lord, and tyrant of the wind;
His word alone the list'ning storms obey,
To smoothe the deep, or swell the foamy sea.
25 These in my hollow ship the Monarch hung,
Securely fetter'd by a silver thong.
But *Zephyrus* exempt, with friendly gales
He charg'd to fill, and guide the swelling sails: }
Rare gift! but oh, what gift to fools avails! }
30 Nine prosp'rous days we ply'd the lab'ring oar;
The tenth presents our welcome native shore:

The

BOOK X. *HOMER'S ODYSSEY.*

The hills display the beacon's friendly light,
And rising mountains gain upon our fight.
Then first my eyes, by watchful toils oppress'd,
Comply'd to take the balmy gifts of rest; 35
Then first my hands did from the rudder part,
(So much the love of home possess'd my heart)
When lo! on board a fond debate arose;
What rare device those vessels might enclose?
What sum, what prize from *Æolus* I brought? 40
Whilst to his neighbour each express'd his thought,
Say whence, ye Gods, contending nations strive
Who most shall please, who most our Hero give?
Long have his coffers groan'd with *Trojan* spoils;
Whilst we, the wretched part'ners of his toils, 45
Reproach'd by want, our fruitless labours mourn,
And only rich in barren fame return.
Now *Æolus*, ye see, augments his store:
But come, my friends, these mystick gifts explore.
They said: and (oh curs'd fate!) the thongs unbound; 50
The gushing tempest sweeps the Ocean round;
Snatch'd in the whirl, the hurried navy flew,
The Ocean widen'd, and the shores withdrew.

Rowz'd from my fatal sleep, I long debate
55 If still to live, or desp'rate plunge to Fate:
Thus doubting, prostrate on the deck I lay,
'Till all the coward thoughts of death gave way.

Mean-while our vessels plough the liquid plain,
And soon the known *Æolian* coast regain:
60 Our groans the rocks re-murmur'd to the main.

We leap'd on shore, and with a scanty feast
Our thirst and hunger hastily repress'd;
That done, two chosen heralds strait attend
Our second progress to my royal friend;
65 And him amidst his jovial sons we found,
The banquet steaming, and the goblets crown'd:
There humbly stopp'd with conscious shame and awe,
Nor nearer than the gate presum'd to draw.
But soon his sons their well-known guest descry'd,
70 And starting from their couches loudly cry'd,
Ulysses here! what Dæmon cou'dst thou meet
To thwart thy passage, and repel thy fleet?
Wast thou not furnish'd by our choicest care
For *Greece*, for home, and all thy soul held dear?

Thus

Thus they; in silence long my fate I mourn'd, 75
At length these words with accent low return'd.
Me, lock'd in sleep, my faithless crew bereft
Of all the blessings of your god-like gift!
But grant, oh grant our loss we may retrieve:
A favour you, and you alone can give. 80

Thus I with art to move their pity try'd,
And touch'd the Youths; but their stern Sire reply'd,
Vile wretch, begone! this instant I command
Thy fleet accurs'd to leave our hallow'd land.
His baneful suit pollutes these bless'd abodes, 85
Whose fate proclaims him hateful to the Gods.

Thus fierce he said: we fighting went our way,
And with desponding hearts put off to sea.
The sailors spent with toils their folly mourn,
But mourn in vain; no prospect of return. 90

Six days and nights a doubtful course we steer, }
The next proud *Lamos*' stately tow'rs appear, }
And *Læstrigonia*'s gates arise distinct in air. }
The shepherd quitting here at night the plain,
Calls, to succeed his cares, the watchful swain; 95

But

But he that scorns the chains of sleep to wear
 And adds the herdsman's to the shepherd's care,
 So near the pastures, and so short the way,
 His double toils may claim a double pay,
 100 And joyn the labours of the night and day.

Within a long recess a bay there lies,
 Edg'd round with cliffs, high-pointing to the skies;
 The jutting shores that swell on either side
 Contract its mouth, and break the rushing tide.

105 Our eager sailors seize the fair retreat,
 And bound within the port their crowded fleet:
 For here retir'd the sinking billows sleep,
 And smiling calmness silver'd o'er the deep.
 I only in the bay refus'd to moor,

110 And fix'd, without, my haulsers to the shore.

From thence we climb'd a point, whose airy brow
 Commands the prospect of the plains below:
 No tracks of beasts, or signs of men we found,
 But smoaky volumes rolling from the ground.

115 Two with our herald thither we command,
 With speed to learn what men possess'd the land.

They

They went, and kept the wheel's smooth-beaten road
Which to the city drew the mountain wood;
When lo! they met, beside a crystal spring,
The daughter of *Antiphates* the King; 120
She to *Artacia's* silver streams came down,
(*Artacia's* streams alone supply the town:)
The damsel they approach, and ask'd what race
The people were? who monarch of the place?
With joy the Maid th' unwary strangers heard, 125
And shew'd them where the royal dome appear'd.
They went; but as they ent'ring saw the Queen
Of size enormous, and terrific mien,
(Not yielding to some bulky mountain's height)
A sudden horror struck their aking sight. 130
Swift at her call her husband scowr'd away
To wreak his hunger on the destin'd prey;
One for his food the raging glutton flew,
But two rush'd out, and to the navy flew.

Balk'd of his prey, the yelling monster flies, 135
And fills the city with his hideous cries;
A ghastly band of Giants hear the roar,
And pouring down the mountains, crowd the shore.

Fragments they rend from off the craggy brow,
140 And dash the ruins on the ships below:
The crackling vessels burst; hoarse groans arise,
And mingled horrors eccho to the skies.
The men, like fish, they stuck upon the flood,
And cram'd their filthy throats with human food.
145 Whilst thus their fury rages at the bay,
My sword our cables cut, I call'd to weigh;
And charg'd my men, as they from fate wou'd flie,
Each nerve to strain, each bending oar to ply.
The sailors catch the word, their oars they seize,
150 And sweep with equal strokes the smoaky seas;
Clear of the rocks th' impatient vessel flies;
Whilst in the port each wretch encumber'd dies.
With earnest haste my frightened sailors press,
While kindling transports glow'd at our success;
155 But the sad fate that did our friends destroy
Cool'd ev'ry breast, and damp'd the rising joy.
Now dropp'd our anchors in th' *Ææan* bay,
Where *Circe* dwelt, the daughter of the Day;
Her mother *Persè*, of old Ocean's strain,
160 Thus from the Sun descended, and the Main.

(From

(From the same lineage stern *Æetes* came,
The far-fam'd brother of th' enchantress dame)
Goddeſs, and Queen, to whom the pow'rs belong
Of dreadful Magic, and commanding Song.
Some God directing, to this peaceful bay 165
Silent we came, and melancholy lay,
Spent and o'erwatch'd. Two days and nights roll'd on,
And now the third ſucceeding morning ſhone.
I climb'd a cliff, with ſpear and ſword in hand,
Whoſe ridge o'erlook'd a ſhady length of land; 170
To learn if aught of mortal works appear,
Or chearful voice of mortal ſtrike the ear?
From the high point I mark'd, in diſtant view,
A ſtream of curling ſmoke aſcending blue,
And ſpiry tops, the tufted trees above, 175
Of *Circe's* Palace boſom'd in the grove.

Thither to haſte, the region to explore,
Was firſt my thought: but ſpeeding back to ſhore
I deem'd it beſt to viſit firſt my crew,
And ſend out ſpies the dubious coaſt to view. 180
As down the hill I ſolitary go,
Some pow'r divine who pities human woe

Sent

Sent a tall stag, descending from the wood,
To cool his fervor in the crystal flood;
185 Luxuriant on the wave-worn bank he lay,
Stretch'd forth, and panting in the sunny ray.
I lanc'd my spear, and with a sudden wound
Transpierc'd his back, and fix'd him to the ground.
190 He falls, and mourns his fate with human cries:
Thro' the wide wound the vital spirit flies.
I drew, and casting on the river side
The bloody spear, his gather'd feet I ty'd
With twining osiers which the bank supply'd. }
195 An ell in length the pliant wisp I weav'd,
And the huge body on my shoulders heav'd:
Then leaning on the spear with both my hands,
Up-bore my load, and prest the sinking sands
With weighty steps, 'till at the ship I threw
200 The welcome burden, and bespoke my crew.

Cheer up my friends! it is not yet our fate
To glide with ghosts thro' *Pluto's* gloomy gate.
Food in the desert land, behold! is giv'n,
Live, and enjoy the providence of heav'n.

The

The joyful crew survey his mighty size,
 And on the future banquet feast their eyes, 205
 As huge in length extended lay the beast;
 Then wash their hands, and hasten to the feast.
 There, 'till the setting sun rowl'd down the light,
 They sat indulging in the genial rite.
 When evening rose, and darkness cover'd o'er 210
 The face of things, we slept along the shore.
 But when the rosy morning warm'd the east,
 My men I summon'd, and these words address.

Followers and friends! attend what I propose:
 Ye sad companions of *Ulysses'* woes! 215
 We know not here what land before us lies,
 Or to what quarter now we turn our eyes,
 Or where the sun shall set, or where shall rise? }
 Here let us think (if thinking be not vain)
 If any counsel, any hope remain. 220
 Alas! from yonder Promontory's brow,
 I view'd the coast, a region flat and low;
 An Isle incircled with the boundless flood;
 A length of thickets, and entangled wood.

²²⁵ Some smoak I saw amid the forest rise,
And all around it only seas and skies!

With broken hearts my sad companions stood,
Mindful of *Cyclops* and his human food,
And horrid *Lestrygons*, the men of blood. }

²³⁰ Prefaging tears apace began to rain;
But tears in mortal miseries are vain.
In equal parts I strait divide my band,
And name a chief each party to command;
I led the one, and of the other side

²³⁵ Appointed brave *Eurylochus* the guide.
Then in the brazen helm the lotts we throw,
And fortune casts *Eurylochus* to go:
He march'd, with twice eleven in his train:
Pensive they march, and pensive we remain.

²⁴⁰ The Palace in a woody vale they found,
High rais'd of stone; a shaded space around:
Where mountain wolves and brindled lions roam,
(By magic tam'd) familiar to the dome.

With gentle blandishment our men they meet,
²⁴⁵ And wag their tails, and fawning lick their feet.

As from some feast a man returning late,
His faithful dogs all meet him at the gate,
Rejoycing round, some morsel to receive,
(Such as the good man ever us'd to give.)
Domestick thus the grievedly beasts drew near; 250
They gaze with wonder, not unmixt with fear.
Now on the threshold of the dome they stood,
And heard a voice resounding thro' the wood:
Plac'd at her loom within, the Goddess sung;
The vaulted roofs and solid pavement rung. 255
O'er the fair web the rising figures shine,
Immortal labour! worthy hands divine.
Polites to the rest the question mov'd,
(A gallant leader, and a man I lov'd.)

What voice celestial, chaunting to the loom 260
(Or Nymph, or Goddess) ecchos from the room?
Say shall we seek access? With that they call;
And wide unfold the portals of the hall.

The Goddess rising, asks her guests to stay,
Who blindly follow where she leads the way. 265
Eurylochus alone of all the band,
Suspecting fraud, more prudently remain'd.

On

On thrones around, with downy coverings grac'd,
 With semblance fair th' unhappy men she plac'd.
 270 Milk newly prest, the sacred flow'r of wheat,
 And honey fresh, and *Pramnian* wines the treat:
 But venom'd was the bread, and mix'd the bowl,
 With drugs of force to darken all the soul:
 Soon in the luscious feast themselves they lost,
 275 And drank oblivion of their native coast.
 Instant her circling wand the Goddess waves,
 To hogs transforms 'em, and the Sty receives.
 No more was seen the human form divine,
 Head, face and members bristle into swine:
 280 Still curst with sense, their mind remains alone,
 And their own voice affrights them when they groan.
 Mean-while the Goddess in disdain bestows
 The mast and acorn, brutal food! and strows
 The fruits of cornel, as their feast, around;
 285 Now prone, and groveling on unfav'ry ground.
 Eurylochus with pensive steps and flow,
 Aghast returns; the messenger of woe,
 And bitter fate. To speak he made essay,
 In vain essay'd, nor would his tongue obey,
 290 His swelling heart deny'd the words their way:

}
But

But speaking tears the want of words supply,
And the full soul bursts copious from his eye.
Affrighted, anxious for our fellows fates,
We press to hear what sadly he relates.

We went, *Ulysses!* (such was thy command) 295
Thro' the lone thicket, and the desert land.
A Palace in a woody vale we found
Brown with dark forests, and with shades around.
A voice celestial eccho'd from the doom,
Or Nymph, or Goddess, chaunting to the loom. 300
Access we sought, nor was access deny'd:
Radiant she came; the portals open'd wide:
The Goddess mild invites the guests to stay:
They blindly follow where she leads the way.
I only wait behind, of all the train; 305
I waited long, and ey'd the doors in vain:
The rest are vanish'd, none repass'd the gate;
And not a man appears to tell their fate.

I heard, and instant o'er my shoulders flung
The belt in which my weighty faulchion hung; 310
(A beamy blade) then seiz'd the bended bow,
And bade him guide the way, resolv'd to go.

He, prostrate falling, with both hands embrac'd
My knees, and weeping thus his suit address'd.

315 O King belov'd of *Jove*! thy servant spare,
And ah, thy self the rash attempt forbear!
Never, alas! thou never shalt return,
Or see the wretched for whose loss we mourn.
With what remains, from certain ruin fly,
320 And save the few not fated yet to die.

I answer'd stern. Inglorious then remain,
Here feast and loiter, and desert thy train.
Alone, unfriended, will I tempt my way;
The laws of Fate compell, and I obey.

325 This said, and scornful turning from the shore
My haughty step, I stalk'd the vally o'er.
'Till now approaching nigh the magic bow'r,
Where dwelt th' enchantress skill'd in herbs of pow'r;
A form divine forth issu'd from the wood,
330 (Immortal *Hermes* with the golden rod)
In human semblance. On his bloomy face
Youth smil'd celestial, with each opening grace.
He seiz'd my hand, and gracious thus began.
Ah whither roam'st thou? much-enduring man!

O blind to fate! what led thy steps to rove 335
The horrid mazes of this magic grove?
Each friend you seek in yon enclosure lies,
All lost their form, and habitants of flies.
Think'st thou by wit to model their escape?
Sooner shalt thou, a stranger to thy shape, 340
Fall prone their equal: First thy danger know,
Then take the antidote the Gods bestow.
The plant I give thro' all the direful bow'r
Shall guard thee, and avert the evil hour.
Now hear her wicked arts. Before thy eyes 345
The bowl shall sparkle, and the banquet rise;
Take this, nor from the faithless feast abstain,
For temper'd drugs and poysons shall be vain.
Soon as she strikes her wand, and gives the word,
Draw forth and brandish thy refulgent sword, 350
And menace death: those menaces shall move
Her alter'd mind to blandishment and love.
Nor shun the blessing proffer'd to thy arms,
Ascend her bed, and taste celestial charms:
So shall thy tedious toils a respite find, 355
And thy lost friends return to humankind.

But

But swear her first by those dread oaths that tie
The pow'rs below, the blessed in the sky;
Left to the naked secret fraud be meant,
360 Or magic bind thee, cold and impotent.

Thus while he spoke, the sovereign plant he drew,
Where on th'all-bearing earth unmark'd it grew,
And shew'd its nature and its wond'rous pow'r:
Black was the root, but milky white the flow'r;
365 *Moly* the name, to mortals hard to find,
But all is easy to th'ethereal kind.

This *Hermes* gave, then gliding off the glade
Shot to *Olympus* from the woodland shade.

While full of thought, revolving fates to come,
370 I speed my passage to th'enchanted dome:
Arriv'd, before the lofty gates I stay'd;
The lofty gates the Goddess wide display'd:
She leads before, and to the feast invites;
I follow sadly to the magic rites.

375 Radiant with starry studs, a silver feat
Receiv'd my limbs; a footstool eas'd my feet.
She mixt the potion, fraudulent of soul;
The poison mantled in the golden bowl.

I took, and quaff'd it, confident in heav'n:
Then wav'd the wand, and then the word was giv'n. 380
Hence, to thy fellows! (dreadful she began)
Go, be a beast! — I heard, and yet was man.

Then sudden whirling like a waving flame
My beamy faulchion, I assault the dame.
Struck with unusual fear, she trembling cries, 385
She faints, she falls; she lifts her weeping eyes.

What art thou? say! from whence, from whom you
O more than human! tell thy race, thy name. [came?
Amazing strength, these poysons to sustain!
Not mortal thou, nor mortal is thy brain. 390
Or art thou he? the man to come (foretold
By *Hermes* pow'rful with the wand of gold)
The man from *Troy*, who wander'd Ocean round;
The man, for Wisdom's various arts renown'd.
Ulysses? oh! thy threat'ning fury cease, 395
Sheath thy bright sword, and join our hands in peace;
Let mutual joys our mutual trust combine,
And Love and love-born confidence be thine.

And how, dread *Circe*! (furious I rejoyn)
Can Love and love-born confidence be mine? 400

Beneath thy charms when my companions groan,
Transform'd to beasts, with accents not their own.
O thou of fraudulent heart! shall I be led
To share thy feast-rites, or ascend thy bed;
405 That, all unarm'd, thy vengeance may have vent,
And magic bind me, cold and impotent?
Celestial as thou art, yet stand deny'd:
Or swear that oath by which the Gods are ty'd,
Swear, in thy soul no latent frauds remain,
410 Swear, by the Vow which never can be vain.

The Goddess swore: then seiz'd my hand, and led
To the sweet transports of the genial bed.
Ministrant to their Queen, with busy care
Four faithful handmaids the soft rites prepare;
415 Nymphs sprung from fountains, or from shady woods,
Or the fair offspring of the sacred floods.
One o'er the couches painted carpets threw,
Whose purple lustre glow'd against the view:
White linnen lay beneath. Another plac'd
420 The silver stands with golden flasks grac'd:
With dulcet bev'rage this the beaker crown'd,
Fair in the midst, with gilded cups around:

That

That in the tripod o'er the kindled pyle
The water pours; the bubling waters boil:
An ample vase receives the smoking wave, 425
And in the bath prepar'd, my limbs I lave;
Reviving sweets repair the mind's decay,
And take the painful sense of toil away.
A vest and tunick o'er me next she threw,
Fresh from the bath and dropping balmy dew. 430
Then led and plac'd me on the sov'reign seat,
With carpets spread; a footstool at my feet.
The golden ew'r a nymph obsequious brings,
Replenish'd from the cool, translucent springs;
With copious water the bright vase supplies 435
A silver laver of capacious size.
I wash'd. The table in fair order spread,
They heap the glittering canisters with bread;
Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
Of choicest sort and flavour, rich repaste! 440
Circe in vain invites the feast to share;
Absent I ponder, and absorpt in care:
While scenes of woe rose anxious in my breast,
The Queen beheld me, and these words addrest.

Why

445 Why fits *Ulysses* silent and apart?

Some hoard of grief close harbour'd at his heart.

Untouch'd before thee stand the cates divine,

And unregarded laughs the rosy wine.

Can yet a doubt, or any dread remain,

450 When sworn that oath which never can be vain?

I answer'd, Goddess! Human is my breast,

By justice sway'd, by tender pity prest:

Ill fits it me, whose friends are sunk to beasts,

To quaff thy bowls, or riot in thy feasts.

455 Me wou'dst thou please? for them thy cares employ,

And them to me restore, and me to joy.

With that, she parted: In her potent hand

She bore the virtue of the magic wand.

Then hast'ning to the styes set wide the door,

460 Urg'd forth, and drove the bristly herd before;

Unwieldy, out They rush'd, with gen'ral cry,

Enormous beasts dishonest to the eye.

Now touch'd by counter-charms, they change agen,

And stand majestic, and recall'd to men.

465 Those hairs of late that bristled ev'ry part,

Fall off, miraculous effect of art:

'Till

'Till all the form in full proportion rise,
More young, more large, more graceful to my eyes.
They saw, they knew me, and with eager pace
Clung to their master in a long embrace: 470
Sad, pleasing sight! with tears each eye ran o'er,
And sobs of joy re-eccho'd thro' the bow'r:
Ev'n *Circe* wept, her adamantine heart
Felt pity enter, and sustain'd her part.

Son of *Laertes*! (then the Queen began) 475
Oh much-enduring, much-experienc'd man!
Haste to thy vessel on the sea-beat shore,
Unload thy treasures, and thy gally moor;
Then bring thy friends, secure from future harms,
And in our grotto's stow thy spoils and arms. 480

She said. Obedient to her high command
I quit the place, and hasten to the strand.
My sad companions on the beach I found,
Their wistful eyes in floods of sorrow drown'd.
As from fresh pastures and the dewy field 485
(When loaded cribs their evening banquet yield)
The lowing herds return; around them throng
With leaps and bounds their late-imprison'd young,

Rush to their mothers with unruly joy,
490 And ecchoing hills return the tender cry:
So round me press'd exulting at my fight,
With cries and agonies of wild delight,
The weeping sailors; nor less fierce their joy
Than if return'd to *Ithaca* from *Troy*.
495 Ah master! ever-honour'd, ever dear,
(These tender words on ev'ry side I hear)
What other joy can equal thy return?
Not that lov'd country for whose fight we mourn,
The soyl that nurs'd us, and that gave us breath:
500 But ah! relate our lost companions death.
I answer'd chearful. Haste, your gally moor,
And bring our treasures and our arms a-shore:
Those in yon hollow caverns let us lay;
Then rise and follow where I lead the way.
505 Your fellows live: believe your eyes, and come
To taste the joys of *Circe's* sacred dome.
With ready speed the joyful crew obey:
Alone *Eurylochus* persuades their stay.
Whither (he cry'd) ah whither will ye run?
510 Seek ye to meet those evils ye shou'd shun?

Will

Will you the terrors of the dome explore,
In swine to grovel, or in lions roar,
Or wolf-like howl away the midnight hour
In dreadful watch around the magic bow'r?
Remember *Cyclops*, and his bloody deed;
The leader's rashness made the foldiers bleed.

515

I heard incens'd, and first resolv'd to speed
My flying faulchion at the rebel's head.
Dear as he was, by ties of kindred bound,
This hand had stretch'd him breathless on the ground;
But all at once my interposing train
For mercy pleaded, nor could plead in vain.
Leave here the man who dares his Prince desert,
Leave to repentance and his own sad heart,
To guard the ship. Seek we the sacred shades
Of *Circe's* Palace, where *Ulysses* leads.

525

This with one voice declar'd, the rising train
Left the black vessel by the murm'ring main.
Shame touch'd *Eurylochus* his alter'd breast,
He fear'd my threats, and follow'd with the rest.

530

Mean-while the Goddess with indulgent cares
And social joys, the late-transform'd repairs:

The

The bath, the feast, their fainting soul renews;
 Rich in refulgent robes, and dropping balmy dew:
 535 Brightning with joy their eager eyes behold
 Each others face, and each his story told:
 Then gushing tears the narrative confound,
 And with their sobbings the vaulted roofs resound.
 When hush'd their passion, thus the Goddess cries:
 540 *Ulysses*, taught by labours to be wise,
 Let this short memory of grief suffice.
 To me are known the various woes ye bore,
 In storms by sea, in perils on the shore;
 Forget whatever was in Fortune's pow'r,
 545 And share the pleasures of this genial hour.
 Such be your minds as ere ye left your coast,
 Or learn'd to sorrow for a country lost.
 Exiles and wand'ers now, where-e'er ye go,
 Too faithful memory renews your woe;
 550 The cause remov'd, habitual griefs remain,
 And the soul saddens by the use of pain.
 Her kind intreaty mov'd the gen'ral breast;
 Tir'd with long toil, we willing sunk to rest.

We

We ply'd the banquet and the bowl we crown'd,
'Till the full circle of the year came round. 555

But when the Seasons, following in their train,
Brought back the months, the days, and hours again;
As from a lethargy at once they rise,
And urge their chief with animating cries.

Is this, *Ulysses*, our inglorious lot? 560
And is the name of *Ithaca* forgot?
Shall never the dear land in prospect rise,
Or the lov'd palace glitter in our eyes?

Melting I heard; yet 'till the sun's decline
Prolong'd the feast, and quaff'd the rosy wine: 565
But when the shades came on at evening hour,
And all lay flumbring in the dusky bow'r;
I came a suppliant to fair *Circe's* bed,
The tender moment seiz'd, and thus I said.

Be mindful, Goddess, of thy promise made; 570
Must sad *Ulysses* ever be delay'd?
Around their lord my sad companions mourn,
Each breast beats homeward, anxious to return:
If but a moment parted from thy eyes,
Their tears flow round me, and my heart complies. 575

Go then, (she cry'd) ah go! yet think, not I,
Not *Circe*, but the Fates your wish deny.

Ah hope not yet to breathe thy native air!

Far other journey first demands thy care;

580 To tread th'uncomfortable paths beneath,

And view the realms of darkness and of death.

There seek the *Theban* Bard, depriv'd of sight,

Within, irradiate with prophetic light;

To whom *Persephone*, entire and whole,

585 Gave to retain th'unseparated soul:

The rest are forms of empty *Æther* made,

Impassive semblance, and a flitting shade.

Struck at the word, my very heart was dead:

Pensive I fate; my tears bedew'd the bed;

590 To hate the light and life my soul begun,

And saw that all was grief beneath the sun.

Compos'd at length, the gushing tears suppress,

And my tost limbs now weary'd into rest,

How shall I tread (I cry'd) ah *Circe*! say,

595 The dark descent, and who shall guide the way?

Can living eyes behold the realms below?

What bark to waft me, and what wind to blow?

Thy

Thy fated road (the magic Pow'r reply'd)
Divine *Ulysses*! asks no mortal guide.
Rear but the mast, the spacious sail display, 600
The northern winds shall wing thee on thy way.
Soon shalt thou reach old Ocean's utmost ends,
Where to the main the shelving shore descends;
The barren trees of *Proserpine*'s black woods,
Poplars and willows trembling o'er the floods: 605
There fix thy vessel in the lonely bay,
And enter there the kingdoms void of day:
Where *Phlegeton*'s loud torrents rushing down,
His in the flaming gulf of *Acheron*;
And where, flow rolling from the *Stygian* bed, 610
Cocytus' lamentable waters spread;
Where the dark rock o'erhangs th' infernal lake,
And mingling streams eternal murmurs make.
First draw thy faulchion, and on ev'ry side
Trench the black earth a cubit long and wide: 615
To all the shades around libations pour,
And o'er th' ingredients strow the hallow'd flour:
New wine and milk, with honey temper'd, bring,
And living water from the chrystal spring.

Then

620 Then the wan shades and feeble ghosts implore,
With promis'd off'rings on thy native shore;
A barren cow, the stateliest of the Isle,
And, heap'd with various wealth, a blazing pyle:
These to the rest; but to the *Seer* must bleed
625 A fable ram, the pride of all thy breed.
These solemn vows and holy off'rings paid
To all the Phantome-nations of the dead;
Be next thy care the fable sheep to place
Full o'er the pit, and hell-ward turn their face:
630 But from th' infernal rite thine eye withdraw,
And back to Ocean glance with rev'rend awe.
Sudden shall skim along the dusky glades
Thin airy shoals, and visionary shades.
Then give command the sacrifice to haste,
635 Let the flea'd victims in the flames be cast,
And sacred vows, and mystic song, apply'd
To grievedly *Pluto*, and his gloomy bride.
Wide o'er the pool thy falchion wav'd around
Shall drive the spectres from forbidden ground:
640 The sacred draught shall all the dead forbear,
'Till awful from the shades arise the *Seer*.

Let

Let him, Oraculous, the end, the way,
The turns of all thy future fate, display,
Thy pilgrimage to come, and remnant of thy day. }

So speaking, from the ruddy orient shone 645
The morn conspicuous on her golden throne.
The Goddess with a radiant tunick drest
My limbs, and o'er me cast a filken vest.
Long flowing robes of purest white array
The nymph, that added lustre to the day: 650
A Tiar wreath'd her head with many a fold;
Her waste was circled with a zone of gold.
Forth issuing then, from place to place I flew;
Rouze man by man, and animate my crew.
Rise, rise my mates! 'tis *Circe* gives command; 655
Our journey calls us; haste, and quit the land.
All rise and follow, yet depart not all,
For fate decreed one wretched man to fall.

A youth there was, *Elpenor* was he nam'd,
Nor much for sense, nor much for courage fam'd; 660
The youngest of our band, a vulgar soul
Born but to banquet, and to drain the bowl.

He, hot and careless, on a turret's height
With sleep repair'd the long debauch of night:
665 The sudden tumult stirr'd him where he lay,
And down he hasten'd, but forgot the way;
Full endlong from the roof the sleeper fell,
And snapt the spinal joint, and wak'd in hell.

The rest crowd round me with an eager look;
670 I met them with a sigh, and thus bespoke.
Already, friends! ye think your toils are o'er,
Your hopes already touch your native shore:
Alas! far otherwise the nymph declares,
Far other journey first demands our cares;
675 To tread th' uncomfortable paths beneath,
The dreary realms of darkness and of death:
To seek *Tiresias*' awful shade below,
And thence our fortunes and our fates to know.

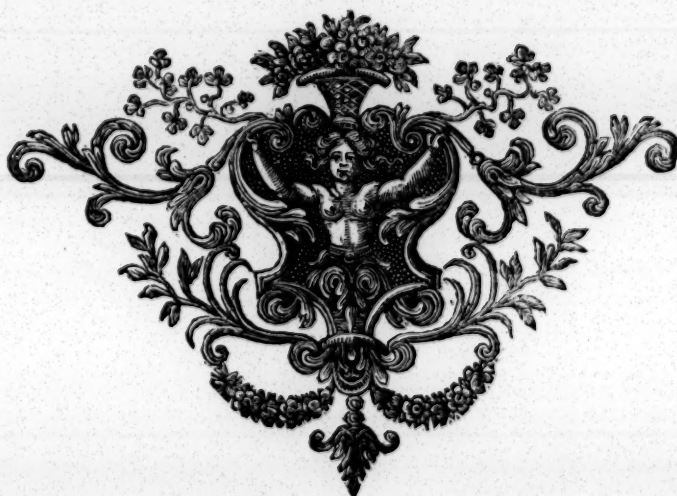
My sad companions heard in deep despair;
680 Frantic they tore their manly growth of hair;
To earth they fell; the tears began to rain;
But tears in mortal miseries are vain.
Sadly they far'd along the sea-beat shore;
Still heav'd their hearts, and still their eyes ran o'er.

The

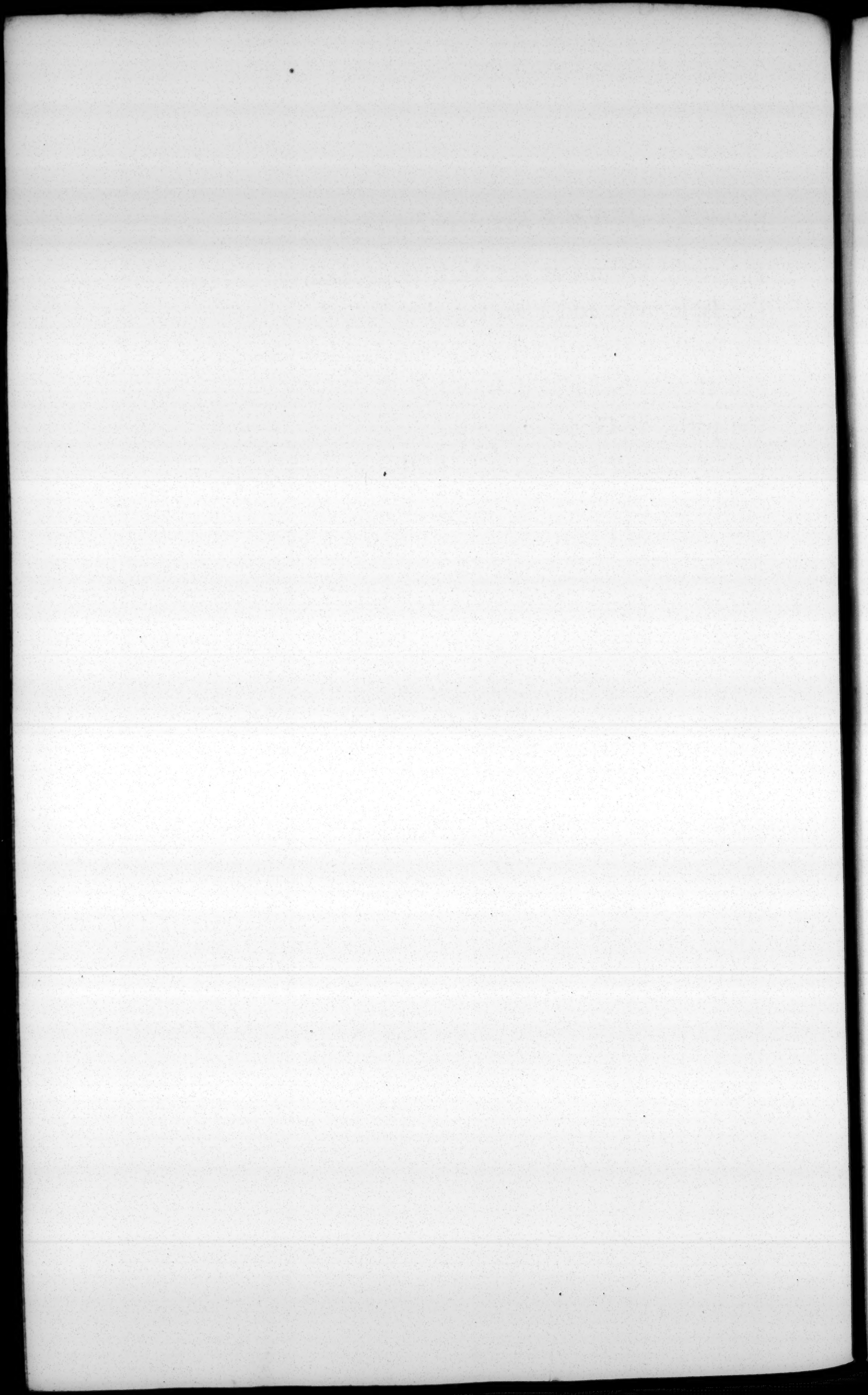
BOOK X. *HOMER'S ODYSSEY.*

35

The ready victims at our bark we found, 685
The sable ewe, and ram, together bound.
For swift as thought, the Goddess had been there,
And thence had glided, viewless as the air:
The paths of Gods what mortal can survey?
Who eyes their motion, who shall trace their way? 690



OBSER-



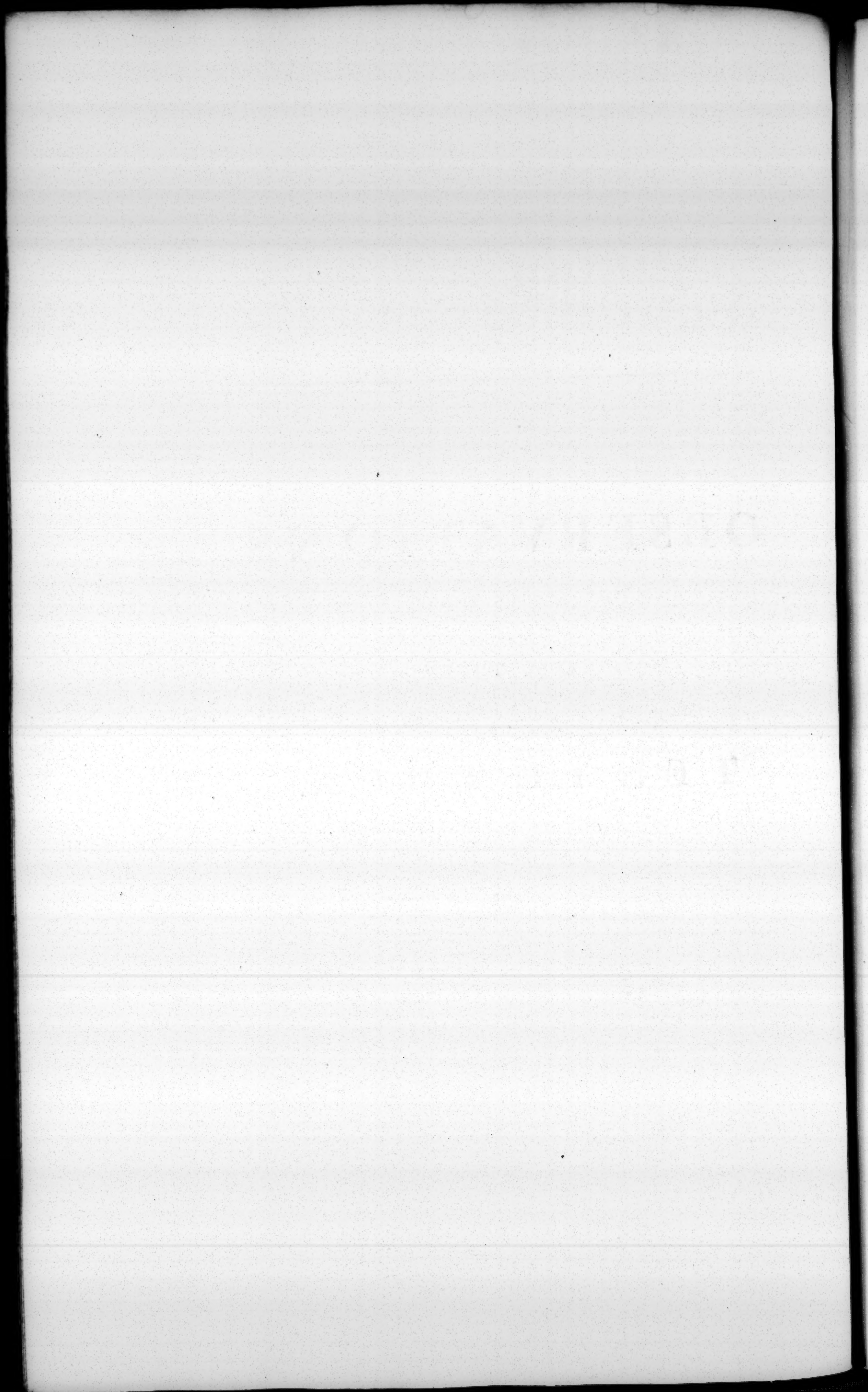
OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

TENTH BOOK.

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OBSERVATIONS

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TENTH BOOK.

I.



POETRY is a mixture of History and Fable; the foundation is historical, because the Poet does not entirely neglect truth; the rest is fabulous, because naked truth would not be sufficiently surprizing; for the Marvellous ought to take place, especially in Epic Poetry. But it may be ask'd, does not *Homer* offend against all degrees of probability in these Episodes of the *Sirens*, *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, *Cyclops* and *Antiphates*? How are these incredible stories to be reduc'd into the bounds of probability? 'tis true, the Marvellous ought to be used in Epic Poetry; but ought it to transgress all power of belief? *Aristotle* in his *Art of Poetry* lays down a rule to justify these incidents: *A Poet*, says that Author, *ought to prefer things impossible, provided they are probable, before things possible, that are nevertheless incredible.* Chap. 15. This rule is not without obscurity; but *Monsieur Dacier* has explain'd it in his Annotations upon that Author: A thing may be impossible, and yet probable: Thus when the Poet introduces a Deity, any incident humanly impossible receives a full probability by being ascribed to the skill and power of a God: 'Tis thus we justify the story

story of the transformation of the ship of the *Phæacians* into a rock, and the fleet of *Æneas* into Sea-nymphs. But such relations ought not to be too frequent in a Poem; for it is an established rule, that all incidents which require a divine probability only, should be so disengaged from the action, that they may be subtracted from it, without destroying it; for instance, if we omit the transformation of the ship, the action of the *Odyssey* will retain the same perfection. And therefore those Episodes which are necessary, and make essential parts of the Poem, ought to be grounded upon human probability; now the Episodes of *Circe*, *Polypheme*, the *Sirens*, &c. are necessary to the action of the *Odyssey*: But will any man say they are within the bounds of human probability? How then shall we solve this difficulty? *Homer* artificially has brought them within the degrees of it; he makes *Ulysses* relate them before a credulous and ignorant assembly; he lets us into the character of the *Phæacians*, by saying they were a very dull nation, in the sixth book,

Where never Science rear'd her laurel'd head.

It is thus the Poet gives probability to his fables, by reciting them to a people who believ'd them, and who thro' a laziness of life were fond of romantic stories; he adapts himself to his audience, and yet even here he is not unmindful of his more intelligent Readers; he gives them (observes *Bossu*) in these fables all the pleasure that can be reap'd from physical or moral truths, disguis'd under miraculous Allegories, and by this method reconciles them to poetical probability.

There are several heads to which Probability may be reduced; either to Divinity, and then nothing is improbable, for every thing is possible to a Deity; or to our Ideas of things whether true or false: thus in the descent of *Ulysses* into Hell, there is not one word of probability or historic truth, but if we examine it by the ideas that the old world entertain'd of Hell, it becomes probable; or lastly, we may have respect to vulgar opinion or fame; for a Poet is at liberty to relate a falshood, provided it be commonly believ'd to be true. We might have recourse to this last rule, which is likewise laid down by *Aristotle*, to vindicate the *Odyssey*, if there were occasion for it; for in all ages such fables have found belief.

I will only add, that *Virgil* has given a sanction to these stories, by inserting them in his *Æneis*; and *Horace* calls them by the remarkable epithet of *specious* miracles.

-----*Ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat,
Antiphaten, Scyllamque & cum Cyclope Charybdin.*

Longinus calls these fables Dreams, but adds, that they are the dreams of *Jupiter*; he likewise blames these Episodes, because in all of them there is much more fable and narration than action: Which criticism may perhaps be too severe, if we consider that past adventures are here brought into present use, and tho' they be not actions, yet they are the representations of actions, agreeable to the nature of Episodes.

It may be question'd if *Virgil* is so happy in the choice of the audience, to which he relates many of these fables; the *Carthaginians* were not ignorant, like the *Phæacians*: From whence then do his stories receive their Probability? It is not so easy to answer this objection, unless we have recourse to common fame: *Virgil* was not the Author of them, *Homer* had establish'd them, and brought them into fame, so that *Virgil* had common opinion to vindicate him, joyn'd with *Homer's* authority.

II.

VERSE I. *We reach'd Æolia's shore.*] It is difficult to distinguish what is truth from what is fiction in this relation: *Diodorus*, who was a *Sicilian*, speaks of *Æolus*, and refers to this passage: "This is that *Æolus*, says he, who entertain'd *Ulysses* in his voyages: He is reported to have been a pious and just Prince, and given to hospitality, and therefore φίλος ἀθανάτοις, as *Homer* expresses it." But whence has the fable of his being the Governour of the Winds taken its foundation? *Eustathius* tells us, that he was a very wise man, and one who from long observation could foretell what weather was like to follow: others say he was an Astronomer, and studied chiefly the nature of the Winds; and as *Atlas* from his knowledge in Astrology was said to sustain the heavens; so *Æolus*, from his experience and observation, was fabled to be the ruler or disposer of the Winds. But what explication can be given of this bag, in which he is said to bind the Winds?

Eratosthenes, continues *Eustathius*, said pleasantly, that we shall then find the places where *Ulysses* voyag'd, when we have discover'd the artist, or cobbler, τὸν σκυτέα, who sew'd up this bag of the winds. But the reason of the fiction is suppos'd to be this: *Æolus* taught the use and management of sails, and having foretold *Ulysses* from what quarter the winds would blow, he may be said to have gather'd them into a kind of enclosure, and retain'd them as use should require. *Diodorus* explains it a little differently, lib. 5. Πρὸς δὲ ταῖς τὴν τῶν ἰσίων χρεῖαν τοῖς ναυτικοῖς ἐπεισηγήσασθαι, καὶ ἀπὸ τῆς τῆς πυρὸς περσημασίας παρατετηρηκότα, προλέγειν τὰς ἐκωρεῖς ἀνέμους εὐστόχως ἔξ ἧς ταμίαν ἀνέμων μῦθον ἀνέδειξε; that is, "He taught the use of sails, and having learn'd from observing the bearing of the smoke and fires (of those *Vulcanian* Islands) what winds would blow, he usually foretold them with exactness, and from hence he is fabled to be the disposer of the winds." The words of *Varro*, quoted by *Servius*, are to the same purpose: *Varro autem dicit hunc insularum regem fuisse, ex quarum nebulis & fumo Vulcaniæ insulæ prædicens futura flabra ventorum, ab imperitis visus est ventos suâ potestate retinere.*

Polybius will not admit that this story of *Æolus* is entirely fable; and *Strabo* is of the same opinion, that *Ulysses* was in the *Sicilian* seas; and that there was such a King as *Æolus*, he affirms to be truth, but that he met with such adventures is, in the main, fiction. There may another reason, as *Eustathius* observes, be given for the fiction of binding up the winds in a bag: they who practis'd the art of Incantation or charms, made use of the skin of a Dolphin, and pretended by certain ceremonies to bind or loose the winds as they pleas'd; and this practice is a sufficient ground to build upon in Poetry.

The solution also of *Bochart* is worth our notice: *Homer* borrow'd the word Αἶολας from the *Phæacian Aol*, which signifies a whirlwind or tempest, from whence the *Greeks* form'd their word ἀελλὰ; the *Phæacians* observing the King of this Island to be very expert in foretelling the winds, call'd him King *Aolin*, or King of the winds and storms; from hence *Homer* form'd a proper name, and call'd him Αἶολος. It must be confess'd, that this solution is ingenious, and not without an appearance of probability.

But

But having laid together what may be said in vindication of this story of *Æolus*: Justice requires that I should not suppress what has been objected against it by no less a Critic than *Longinus*: he observes that a genius naturally lofty sometimes falls into trifling; an instance of this, adds he, is what *Homer* says of the bag wherein *Æolus* inclosed the winds. *Cap. 7. περὶ ὑψῆς.*

III.

VERSE 3. *A floating Isle* ----] The word in the original is *πλωτῆ*: some take it, as *Eustathius* remarks, for a proper name; but *Aristarchus* believes *Homer* intended to express by it a floating Island, that was frequently removed by concussions and earthquakes, for it is seen sometimes on the right, at other times on the left hand; the like has been said of *Delos*; and *Herodotus* thus describes the Island *Echemis* in the *Ægyptian* seas. *Dionysius*, in his *περηγήσεις*, affirms, that this Island is not call'd by the name of *πλωτῆ*, by reason of its floating, but because it is an Island of fame, and much sail'd unto, or *πλωτῆ*, by navigators; that is, *πλεομένη*, or *ἐν τόποις πλεομένοισι κειμένη*, or lying in seas of great navigation: but perhaps the former opinion of *Aristarchus* may be preferable, as it best contributes to raise the wonder and admiration of the credulous ignorant *Phæacians*, which was the sole intention of *Ulysses*.

These Islands were seven in number, (but eleven at this day) *Strongyle*, *Hiera*, *Didyme*, *Hicēsia*, *Lipara*, *Erycodes*, and *Phænicodes*, all lying in the *Sicilian* seas, as *Diodorus Siculus* testifies; but differs in the name of one of the Islands.

Strabo is of opinion, that the Island call'd by *Homer*, the *Æolian*, is *Strongyle*; “*Ἡ δὲ Στρεβγύλη, ἐς διαπυρὸς, τῷ φέγει πλεονεχίσσα, ἐνλαῦθα δὲ τὸν Αἰόλον οἰκῆσαι φασί.*” “This Island *Strongyle* abounds with subterraneous fires, &c. and here *Æolus* is said “to have reign’d.” *Pliny* agrees with *Strabo*, *lib. 3.* but *Dacier* understands it to be *Lipara*, according to *Virgil*, *Æn. lib. 8.* but in reality the seven were all call'd the *Æolian* Islands.

*Insula Sicanium juxta latus, Æoliamque
Erigitur Liparen, fumantibus ardua saxis.*

But

But why is it fabled to be surrounded with a wall of brass? *Eustathius* says, that this may proceed from its being almost inaccessible; but this reason is not sufficient to give foundation to such a fiction. *Dacier* observes that it is thus described, because of the subterranean fires, which from time to time break out from the entrails of this Island. *Aristotle* speaking of *Lipara*, which is the most considerable of the *Æolian* Islands, thus describes it; "All night long the Island *Lipara* appears enlighten'd with fires." The same relation agrees with *Strongyle*, call'd *Strombolo* at this day.

I will take the liberty to propose a conjecture, which may perhaps not unhappily give a reason of this fiction of the wall of brass, from this description of *Aristotle*: All night fires appear (says that Author) from this Island, and these fires falling upon the seas, might cast a ruddy reflexion round the Island, which to navigators might look like a wall of brass enclosing it. This is but a conjecture drawn from appearances; but to write according to appearances is allowable in Poetry, where a seeming or a real truth may be used indifferently.

IV.

VERSE 5. *Six blooming youths---and six fair daughters.*] *Diodorus Siculus* mentions the names of the six sons of *Æolus*, but is silent concerning his daughters; and therefore others, who can find mysteries in the plainest description, assure us, that this is not to be understood historically, but allegorically: *Æolus* represents the year, his twelve children are the twelve months, six of which are female, to denote those six months in which the earth brings forth her fruits; by his six sons the other months are understood, in which the seed is sown, or in which the herbs, fruits, &c. are nourish'd in order to production, these may therefore be call'd males. But this is to darken an Author into mystery, not to explain him. *Dacier* gives us another allegorical interpretation: The Poet makes him the governour of the winds, and gives him twelve children, these denote the twelve principal winds; half of which children are males, half females; the males denote the winter winds, which as it were brood upon the earth, and generate its increase; the females those warmer seasons of the year, when the more prolific winds blow, and make the earth teem with fruitfulness: These

These children of *Æolus* are in continual feasts in his Palace; that is, the winds are continually fed by the exhalations from the earth, which may be call'd their food or nourishment: The brothers and sisters inter-marry; this denotes the nature of the winds, which blow promiscuously, and one wind unites it self with another from all quarters of the world indifferently: The brothers and sisters are said to sleep by night together; that is, the winds are usually still and calm, and as it were rest together, at that season. But what occasion is there to have recourse to an uncertain Allegory, when such great names as *Polybius*, *Strabo*, and *Diodorus* assure us, that this relation is in part true History; and if there was really such a King as *Æolus*, why might he not be a father of six sons and as many daughters? I should prefer a plain History to a dark Allegory.

V.

VERSE 9. *All day they feast, ----
---- and musick thro' the Isle resounds.]*

Homer was not unacquainted with the wonders related of this Island *Lipara*. "In this Island, says *Aristotle*, a monument "is reported to be, of which they tell miracles: they assure "us that they hear issuing from it the sound of timbrels "or cymbals, plainly and distinctly." It is easy to perceive that this is founded upon the noise the fires make which are enclosed in the caverns of this Island, and that *Homer* alludes to the ancient name of it, which in the *Phœnician* language (*Meloginin*, as *Bochart* observes) signifies the land of those who play upon instruments. We learn from *Callimachus*, in his Hymn to *Diana*, that *Lipara* was originally call'd *Meligounis*. *She* (*Diana*) *went to find out the Cyclops: she found them in Lipara, for that is the name the Isle now bears, but anciently it was call'd Meligounis; they were labouring a huge mass of red hot iron, &c.* So that *Homer* is not all invention, but adapts his Poetry to tradition and ancient story. *Dacier*.

VI.

VERSE 32. *The hills display the beacon's friendly light.] Eustathius* observes that these fires were a kind of beacons kept continually
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nually burning to direct Navigators; the smoke gave notice by day, the light of the flame by night. *Ithaca* was environ'd with rocks, and consequently there was a necessity for this care, to guide sea-faring men to avoid those rocks, and to point out the places of landing with security.

But is it not an imputation to the wisdom of *Ulysses*, to suffer himself to be surpriz'd with sleep, when he was almost ready to enter the ports of his own country? and is it not probable that the joy he must be suppos'd to receive at the sight of it, should not induce him to a few hours watchfulness? It is easier to defend his sleeping here, than in the 13th of the *Odysssey*: the Poet very judiciously tells us, that *Ulysses* for nine days together almost continually wak'd and took charge of the vessel, and the word *κεκμηῶτα* shews that nature was wearied out, and that he fell into an involuntary repose; it can therefore be no diminution to his character to be forc'd to yield to the calls of nature, any more than it is to be hungry: His prudence and love of his country sufficiently appear from the care he took thro' the space of nine days to arrive at it; so that this circumstance must be imputed to the infirmity of human nature, and not to a defect of care or wisdom in *Ulysses*.

VII.

VERSE 50. *They said, and (oh curs'd fate!) the thongs unbound.]* This relation has been blam'd as improbable; what occasion was there to unbind the bag, when these companions of *Ulysses* might have satisfy'd their curiosity that there was no treasure in it from the brightness of it? But *Homer* himself obviates this objection, by telling us that *Æolus* fasten'd it in the vessel, as *Eustathius* observes,

Νηί δ' ἐνὶ γλυφύῃ κατέδει-----

Bossu gives us the moral of this fable or allegory, *cap. 10. lib. 1.* By the winds inclosed in the bag, into which the companions of *Ulysses* were so unwise as to pry is to be understood, that we ought not to intrude into those mysteries of government which the Prince intends to keep secret: The tempests and confusions rais'd by the loosing the winds, represent the mischiefs and disorders

ders that arise from such a vain curiosity in the subject: A wise people permit the winds to rest without molestation, and satisfy themselves with those that the Prince is pleas'd to release, and believe them to be the most proper and useful. But whatever judgment is pass'd upon this explication, it is certainly an instance of the ill consequences of avarice, and unseasonable curiosity.

VIII.

VERSE 55. *If still to live, or desperate plunge to Fate.*] We ought not to infer from this passage, that *Homer* thought a person might lawfully take away his own life to avoid the greatest dangers; what *Ulysses* here speaks arises from the violence of a sudden passion, and gives us a true picture of Human Nature: The wisest of men are not free from the infirmity of passion, but reason corrects and subdues it. This is the case in the instance before us; *Ulysses* has so much of the man in him as to be liable to the passion of man; but so much virtue and wisdom as to restrain and govern it.

IX.

VERSE 83. *Vile wretch, begone! ———*] This inhospitable character of *Æolus* may seem contrary to the humane disposition which *Homer* before ascrib'd to him; he therefore tells us, that *Ulysses* appear'd to him to be an object of divine vengeance, and that to give him assistance would be to act against the will of the Gods. But, observes *Eustathius*, is not this an ill-chosen relation to be made to the *Phæacians*, as the Critics have remark'd, and might it not deter them from assisting a man whom *Æolus* had rejected as an enemy to the Gods? He answers, that it was evident to the *Phæacians*, that *Ulysses* was no longer under the displeasure of Heaven, that the imprecations of *Polypheme* were fulfill'd; he being to be transported to his own country by strangers, according to his prayer in the ninth of the *Odyssey*, and consequently the *Phæacians* have nothing to fear from the assistance which they lend *Ulysses*.

VERSE

X.

VERSE 24. *The shepherd quitting here at night the plain, &c.*] This passage has been thought to be very difficult; but *Eustathius* makes it intelligible: The land of the *Læstrigons* was fruitful, and fit for pasturage; it was the practice to tend the sheep by day, and the oxen by night; for it was infested by a kind of fly that was very grievous to the oxen by day, whereas the wool of the sheep defended them from it; and therefore the shepherds drove their oxen to pasture by night. If the same shepherd who watched the sheep by day, could pass the night without sleep, and attend the oxen, he perform'd a double duty, and consequently merited a double reward. *Homer* says, that the ways of the night and day were near to each other, that is, the pastures of the sheep and oxen, and the ways that led to them were adjacent; for the shepherd that drove his flocks home, (or εἰσελάων, as *Homer* expresses it,) could call to the herdsman, who drove his herds to pasture, or ἐξελάων, and be heard with ease, and therefore the roads must be adjoining.

Crates gives us a very different interpretation: He asserts that *Homer* intended to express the situation of the *Læstrigons*, and affirms that they lay under the head of the Dragon, (Κεφαλὴν δρεάκοντος, which *Dacier* renders the tail of the Dragon) according to *Aratus*,

----- ἤχιπες (κεφαλῇ) ἄκραι
Μίσγονται δύσιες, καὶ ἀνατολαὶ ἀλλήλησιν.

which *Tully* thus translates,

*Hoc caput hic paullum sese subitoque recondit
Ortus ubi atque obitus partem admiscuntur in unam.*

If this be true, the Poet intended to express that there was scarce any night at all among the *Læstrigons*, according to that of *Manilius*,

Vixque ortus, occasus erit -----

But

But how will this agree with the situation of the *Læstrigons*, who were undoubtedly *Sicilians*, according to the direct affirmation of *Thucydides*, lib. 6. of his History? Besides, if *Læstrigonia* lay under the head of the Dragon, *Ulysses* must have spent seven months, instead of seven days, in sailing from the *Æolian Islands* to that country. Neither is there any necessity to have recourse to this solution; for what signifies the length or shortness of the day to the double wages of the shepherds, when it was paid to him who took upon him a double charge of watching the whole day and night, which comprehends the space of four and twenty hours; which alone, whether the greater part of it was by night or day, entitled the shepherd to a double reward? I therefore should rather chuse the former interpretation, with which *Didymus* agrees. Νυκτεριναὶ, ἢ ἡμεριναὶ νομαὶ ἐγγὺς εἰσὶ τῆς πόλεως; that is, “both the night pastures, and those of the day, are adjacent to the city.”

It is evident that the *Læstrigons* also inhabited *Formiæ*, a city of *Campania* near *Cajeta*: Thus *Horace*, lib. 3. Ode 17.

*Æli vetusto nobilis ab Lamo ---
Auctore ab illo ducit originem
Qui Formiarum mænia dicitur
Princeps -----*

It was also call'd *Hormiæ*, according to *Strabo*, Φορμίαι, Λακωνικὸν κλίσμα, Ὁρμίαι λεγόμενον διὰ τὸ ἔνορμον; that is, “*Formiæ*” was built by a *Laconian*, call'd also *Hormiæ*, from its being an “excellent station for ships.” *Tully* had this place in view in his epistle to *Atticus*, lib. 2. Epist. 13. *Si vero in hanc τηλέπυλον, veneris λαισευγονίην, Formias dico.* And *Pliny* to the same purpose, lib. 3. cap. 5. *Oppidum Formiæ, Hormiæ ante dictum ut existimavêre, antiqua Læstrigonum sedes.* But how will this agree with *Homer*, who places them in *Sicily*, and *Tully* and *Pliny* in *Campania* in *Italy*?

Dacier answers, that they were originally *Sicilians*, as appears from *Pliny*, lib. 3. Chap. 8. *Flumina, Symæthus, Terias, intus Læstrigonii campi, oppidum Leontini.* And why might not these *Læstrigons*, or a Colony of them, leave *Sicily* to settle in *Italy*, as it is evident the *Phæacians* had done, and fix'd in *Corcyra*? *Bochart's* opinion concerning this nation is not to be neglected; the words

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Læstrigons and *Leontines* are of the same import; *Læstrigon* is a *Phœnician* name, *Lais tircam*, that is, a devouring Lion; this is render'd literally by the *Latin* word *Leontinum*, and both denote the savage and Leonine disposition of this people: the word *Lamus* is also of *Phœnician* extract: *Laham*, or *Lahama*, signifies a Devourer; from hence probably was deriv'd that *Lamia*, who devour'd young infants, mention'd by *Horace* in his *Art of Poetry*.

Nec pransæ Lamiae vivum puerum extrahat alvo.

We are inform'd that there was a Queen of *Libya* of that name, by *Diodorus Siculus*; she was a person of great beauty, but of great barbarity.

XI.

VERSE 109. *I only in the bay refus'd to moor.*] It may appear at the first view, that *Ulysses* took more care of himself than of his companions; and it may be ask'd, why did he not restrain them from entering the bay, when his caution plainly shews that he was apprehensive of danger? had he more fear than the rest of the company? No; but a greater foresight; a wise man provides as far as lies within his power against all contingencies, and the event shews, that his companions were rash, and he wise to act with so much circumspection; they staid not for command, and therefore were justly punish'd for acting precipitately without the direction of their General and King.

XII.

VERSE 120. *The daughter of Antiphates, &c.*] It is not evident from whence *Ulysses* had the knowledge of these particulars; the persons whom he sent to search the land perish'd in the attempt, or were destroy'd with the fleet by the *Læstrigons*: How then could this relation be made to *Ulysses*? It is probable that he had his information from *Circe* or *Calypso*, for *Circe* in the sequel of the *Odyssey* tells *Ulysses*, that she was acquainted with all the sufferings that he had undergone by sea; and if she, as a Goddess, knew his adventures, why might she not relate to him these particulars? *Homer* a little lower tells us, that the *Læstrigons* transfix'd

fix'd (πείρεγνιες) the companions of *Ulysses*, and then carry'd them away on their weapons like so many fishes; others prefer εἰρεγνιες, that is, connecting them together like a range of fishes; both which very well express the prodigious strength of these Giants: others chuse the word ἀσπαιεγνιες, or, "they eat them yet alive (*palpitantes*) " like fishes." The preference is submitted to the Reader. *Eustathius*.

I will only add, that possibly the relation of the barbarity of *Polypheme*, and *Antiphates*, with respect to their eating the flesh of men, may not be entirely fabulous: Modern history assures us, that savages have been found in parts of the world lately discover'd, who eat the bodies of their enemies: It is therefore no wonder that the more polite and civiliz'd nations of Antiquity, look'd upon such men as monsters, and that their Poets painted them as such, or perhaps aggravated the *fierte*, or fierceness of their features, struck with horror at their brutal inhumanity.

XIII.

VERSE 158. *Where Circe dwelt.*] *Hesiod* in his *Theogony* agrees with *Homer* as to the Genealogy of *Circe* and *Æetes*.

Ἡελίῳ δ' ἀκάμαντι τέκε κλυτὴ ὠκεανίνη
Περσηΐς, Κίρκην τε καὶ Αἰήτην βασιλῆα.

That is, " *Perseis* the daughter of *Oceanus* bore to *Phæbus*, *Circe* " and King *Æetes*." But why are they fabled to be the offspring of the sun? *Eustathius* answers, either from their high birth, as the great personages of Antiquity were call'd Διογενεῖς, or the sons of *Jupiter*, and the Sun in the ancient Mythology represented that Deity; or from their extraordinary beauty, which might be compar'd to the Sun, or from their illustrious actions. But perhaps the whole might be deriv'd from the way of speaking among the Orientals; at this day we are inform'd from the best Historians, that such language prevails in the eastern countries, and Kings and great personages are call'd the brothers or offspring of the Sun.

This *Ææa* is a mountain or promontory in *Italy*: perhaps originally an Island, and still keeping the resemblance of it. Thus *Procopius*, *Gothicorum*, lib. 1. *Circeium haud modico tractu in mare porrectum insulae speciem fert, tam præternavigantibus quam terrestri itinere*

itinere prætereuntibus: and *Strabo*, lib. 5. Κίρκαιον ὄρεος νησιάζον θαλάττη τέ καὶ ἔλεσι. But is the relation that *Homer* makes of this Island, and of *Circe*, agreeable to truth? Undoubtedly it is not; but *Homer* was very well acquainted with the story of *Medæa*, and applies what was reported of that Enchantress to *Circe*, and gives the name of *Ææa* to the Island of *Circe*, in resemblance to *Ææa*, a city of *Colchos*, the country of *Medea* and *Æetes*. That *Homer* was not a stranger to the story of *Medea* is evident, for he mentions the ship *Argo* in the 12th *Odyssey*, in which *Jason* fail'd to *Colchos*, where *Medea* fell in love with him; so that tho' *Circe* be a fabled Deity, yet what *Homer* says of her, was applicable to the character of another person, and consequently a just foundation for a story in Poetry. With this opinion *Strabo* agrees.

XIV.

VERSE 169. *I climb a Cliff.*] *Scaliger*, lib. 5. of his *Poetics* observes, that there is a general resemblance between *Ulysses* in *Homer*, and *Æneas* in *Virgil*, and that *Æneas* acts in the same manner as *Ulysses*.

-----*exire, locosque*

*Explorare novos, quas vento accesserit oras,
Qui teneant, (nam inculta videt) hominesne feræne
Quærere constituit.*

That Critic remarks, that tho' the attitudes of the two Heroes are the same, yet they are drawn by *Virgil* with a more masterly hand: *Fusior & latior Homerus invenietur, pictior Virgilius, & numeris astrictior.*

Ulysses himself here takes a general view of the Island, but sends his companions for a more particular information; this was necessary to introduce the following story, and give it an air of probability; if he had made the experiment in his own person, his virtue would have been proof against the sorceries of *Circe*, and consequently there could not have been room for a description of her enchantments. *Eustathius.*

XV.

VERSE 218. *Or where the sun shall set, or where shall rise.*] The interpretations of this passage are various; some, says *Eustathius*, judge these words not to proceed from the ignorance of *Ulysses*, but that they are the language of despair suggested by his continual calamities: For how could *Ulysses* be ignorant of the east or west, when he saw the sun rise and set every day? others understand it to signify, that he was ignorant of the clime of the world (ὅπη κοσμικῆ κλίματ') in which this Island lay. *Strabo* was of opinion, that the appearances of the heavenly bodies, as the stars, &c. were different in this Island from the position which he had ever before observ'd in any country, and therefore he might well confess his ignorance, and express his concern for his almost desperate condition. He understands by ἠὼς all that region thro' which the Sun passes opposite to the North. It is true, that the four quarters of the world may be suppos'd to be here mention'd by *Ulysses*, ἠὼς may express the southern parts thro' which the sun passes, and ζόφ' the opposite quarter, which may be said comparatively to be ζόφ', or dark: And then the rising and setting of the Sun, will undeniably denote the eastern and western regions. *Spondanus* is of opinion, that *Homer* intended to express the four quarters of the world, otherwise the second verse is a tautology: *Dacier* calls it an explication of the first description. And indeed the mind of man is apt to dwell long upon any object, by which it is deeply affected, as *Ulysses* must here be supposed to be, and therefore he might enlarge upon the sentiment advanc'd in the former line. The meaning then will be this. I know not, says that Heroe, where this Island lies, whether east or west, where the Sun rises, or where he sets. I should therefore understand *Ulysses* to mean, that he knows not how this Island lies with respect to the rest of the world, and especially to *Ithaca* his own country. This is evident from his conduct when he sail'd from *Formiæ* the land of the *Læstrigons*; for instead of making toward the east where *Ithaca* lay, he bore to this Island of *Circe*, which lies on the west of *Formiæ*.

XVI.

VERSE 220. *If any counsel, any hope remain.*] This expression may be thought unworthy of the mouth of an Heroe, and serve only to cause his companions to despair; but in reality it has a double effect, it gives us a lively picture of Human Nature, which in the greatest men will show some degrees of sensibility, and at the same time it arms his friends against surprize, and sets the danger they are in full before their eyes, that they may proceed with due circumspection. We do not find that *Ulysses* abandons himself to despair, he still acts like a brave man, but joyns wisdom with bravery, and proceeds at once with the caution of a Philosopher, and the spirit of an Heroe.

XVII.

VERSE 236. *Then in the brazen helm the lotts we throw.*] *Dacier* is of opinion that *Ulysses* cast lotts out of an apprehension of being disobey'd if he had given positive commands; his companions being so greatly discourag'd by the adventures of *Polypheme* and the *Læstrigons*. It will be a nobler reason, and more worthy of an Heroe to say, that *Ulysses* was so far from declining a common danger, that he submits himself to an equal chance with his companions to undertake it: This expedition appear'd very hazardous, and if he had directly commanded a select number of his men to attempt it, they might have thought he had expos'd them to almost certain destruction; but the contrary conduct takes away this apprehension, and at the same time shews the bravery of *Ulysses*, who puts himself upon a level with the meanest of his soldiers, and is ready to expose his person to an equality of danger.

Ulysses divides his men into two bodies; each contains two and twenty men: This is agreeable, observes *Eustathius*, to the former account of *Homer*; each vessel carried fifty men, six out of every one were destroy'd by the *Ciconians*, and therefore forty four is the exact number, inclusive of himself and the surviving company.

VERSE

XVIII.

VERSE 242. *Where mountain wolves and brindled lions, &c.]* Virgil has borrow'd almost this whole description of Circe, and as Scaliger judges, perhaps with good reason, greatly improv'd it.

*Hinc exaudiri gemitus iræque leonum
Vincla recusantum, & serâ sub nocte rudentum,
Setigerique fues, atque in præsepibus urfi, &c.*

*From hence were heard rebellowing from the main,
The roars of lions that refuse the chain,
The grunts of bristled boars, and groans of bears,
And herds of howling wolves that stun the sailors ears:
These from their caverns, at the close of night,
Fill the sad Isle with horror and affright:
Darkling they mourn their fate, whom Circe's pow'r,
That watch'd the Moon, and planetary hour,
With words and wicked herbs, from human kind
Had alter'd, and in brutal shapes confin'd.* Dryden.

It must be confess'd, that *Iræ leonum vincla recusantum*, and the epithets and short descriptions adapted to the nature of each savage, are beautiful additions. Virgil likewise differs from Homer in the manner of the description: Homer draws the beasts with a gentleness of nature; Virgil paints them with the fierceness of savages. The reason of Homer's conduct is, because they still retain'd the sentiments of men, in the forms of beasts, and consequently their native tenderness.

There is a beautiful moral couch'd under this fable or allegory: Homer intended to teach, as Eustathius remarks, that pleasure and sensuality debase men into beasts. Thus Socrates understood it, as Xenophon informs us. Perhaps, adds Dacier, by the fawning wolves and lions that guard the portals of Circe's Palace, the Poet means to represent the attendants of such houses of debauchery, which appear gentle and courteous, but are in reality of a brutal disposition, and more dangerous than lions. But upon what foundation is this fable built? Many writers inform us, that Circe was a famous Courtezan, and that her beauty drew her admirers as it were by enchantment. Thus Horace writes,

--- Circe

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----- *Circes pocula nosti,
 Quæ si cum sociis stultus, cupidusque bibisset,
 Sub dominâ Meretrice fuisset turpis & excors,
 Vixisset canis immundus, vel amica luto sus.*

It is evident, that *Ulysses* had a very intimate commerce with *Circe*, for *Hesiod* writes that he had two sons by her, *Agrius* and *Latinus*, who afterwards reign'd in *Tuscany*; other Authors call them *Nausithous* and *Telegonus*.

Κίχκη δ' Ἡελίῳ θυγάτηρ ὑπεριονίδαο
 Γένετ' Ὀδυσῆος ταλίσίφρονος ἐν φιλότῃ
 Ἀγέρον, ἠδ' Ἐλατῖνον.

Dionysius Halicarn. and *Aristotle* mention *Telegonus* as the son of *Circe* and *Ulysses*, who afterwards slew his father with the bone of a fish inadvertently. Thus *Horace*,

Telegoni juga Parricidæ.

But then is not this intrigue a breach of Morality, and conjugal infidelity in that Heroe? I refer the Reader to Note XIV of the fifth book of the *Odyssey*: I shall only add, that the notions of Morality are now very different from what they were in former ages: Adultery alone was esteem'd criminal, and punish'd with death by the ancient Heathens: Concubinage was not only permitted, but thought to be honourable, as appears from the practice, not only of Heroes, but even of the Pagan Deities; and consequently this was the vice of the age, not in particular of *Ulysses*. But there is a stronger objection against *Ulysses*, and it may be ask'd, how is he to be vindicated for wasting no less space than a whole year in dalliance with an harlot? *Penelope* and his country seem both forgotten, and consequently he appears to neglect his own re-establishment, the chief design of the *Odyssey*: What adds some weight to this observation is, that his companions seem more sensible of his long absence from his country, and regret it more than that Heroe; for they awake him out of his dream, and intreat him to depart from the Island. It is therefore necessary to take away this objection: for if it be unanswerable, *Ulysses* is guilty of all the miseries of his family and country,

try, by neglecting to redress them by returning; and therefore he must cease to be an Heroe, and is no longer to be propos'd as a pattern of Wisdom, and imitation, as he is in the opening of the *Odyssey*. But the stay of *Ulysses* is involuntary, and consequently irreproachable; he is in the power of a Deity, and therefore not capable of departing without her permission: this is evident: for upon the remonstrance made by his companions, he dares not undertake his voyage without her dismissal. His asking consent plainly shews that it was not safe, if practicable, to go away without it; if he had been a free agent, her leave had been unnecessary: 'tis true, she tells him she will not detain him any longer against his inclinations; but this does not imply that his stay till then had been voluntary, or that he never had intreated to be dismissed before, but rather intimates the contrary: it only shews that now at last she is willing he should go away. But why should *Ulysses* stand in need of being admonish'd by his companions? does not this imply that he was unmindful of returning? This is only an evidence that they were desirous to return as well as he; but he makes a wise use of their impatience, and takes an occasion from their importunities to press for an immediate dismissal.

In short, I am not pleading for perfection in the character of *Ulysses*: Human Nature allows it not, and therefore it is not to be ascribed to it in Poetry. But if *Ulysses* were here guilty, his character ceases to be of a piece; we no longer interest our selves in his misfortunes, since they are all owing to his own folly; the nature of the Poem requires, that he should be continually endeavouring to restore his affairs: if then he be here sunk into a lethargy, his character is at once lost, his calamities are a just punishment, and the moral of the *Odyssey* is destroy'd, which is to shew Wisdom and Virtue rewarded, and Vice and Folly punished by the death of the suitors, and re-establishment of *Ulysses*.

XIX.

VERSE 272. *But venom'd was the bread, and mix'd the bowl.*] It is an undoubted truth, that *Homer* ascribes more power to these magical drugs and incantations than they have in reality; but we are to remember that he is speaking before a credulous audience, who readily believed these improbabilities, and at the same time he

very judiciously provides for the satisfaction of his more understanding Readers, by couching an excellent moral under his fables; viz. that by indulging our appetites we sink below the dignity of Human Nature, and degenerate into brutality.

I am not in the number of those who believe that there never were any Magicians who perform'd things of an uncommon nature: The story of *Jannes* and *Jambres*, of the Witch of *Endor*, and *Simon Magus*, are undeniable instances of the contrary. Magic is suppos'd to have been first practis'd in *Ægypt*, and to have spread afterwards among the *Chaldeans*: It is very evident that *Homer* had been in *Ægypt*, where he might hear an account of the wonders perform'd by it. *Dacier* is of opinion, that these deluders, or Magicians, were mimics of the real miracles of *Moses*, and that they are describ'd with a wand, in imitation of that great Prophet.

But if any person thinks that Magic is mere fable, and never had any existence, yet establish'd fame and common opinion justify a Poet for using it. What has been more ridicul'd than the winds being inclosed in a bag by *Æolus*, and committed to *Ulysses*? but as absurd as this appears, more countries than *Lapland* pretend to the power of selling a storm or a fair wind at this day, as is notorious from travellers of credit: and perhaps a Poet would not even in these ages be thought ridiculous, if speaking of *Lapland*, he should introduce one of these *Venefica's*, and describe the ceremonies she used in the performance of her pretended incantations. *Milton* not unhappily has introduc'd the imagin'd power of these *Lapland* Witches into his *Paradise Lost*.

-----The night-hag, when call'd
In secret, riding thro' the air she comes,
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland Witches, while the labouring Moon
Eclipses at their charms.-----

In short, *Virgil* has imitated *Homer* in all these bold Episodes, and *Horace* calls them the Miracles of the *Odyssey*.

XX.

VERSE 278. No more was seen the human form divine, &c.] *Longinus* here reports a Criticism of *Zoilus*; he is very pleasant upon

on this transformation of the companions of *Ulysses*, and calls them, *the squeaking pigs of Homer*: we may gather from this instance the nature of his Criticisms, and conjecture that they tended to turn the finest incidents of *Homer* into ridicule. Burlesque was his talent, and instead of informing the reason by pointing out the errors of the Poem, his only aim was to make his Readers laugh; but he drew upon himself the indignation of all the learned world: he was known by the name of the vile *Thracian* slave, and liv'd in great want and poverty; and posterity prosecutes his memory with the same animosity. The man was really very learned, as *Dionysius Halicarn.* informs us: His morals were never reproach'd, and yet, as *Vitruvius* relates, he was crucify'd by *Ptolemy*, or as others write, ston'd to death, or burnt alive at *Smyrna*; so that his only crime was his defamation of *Homer*: a tragical instance of the great value which was set upon his Poetry by antiquity, and of the danger of attacking a celebrated Author with malice and envy.

XXI.

VERSE 295, &c. *We went, Ulysses! (such was thy command)]*
We have here a very lively picture of a person in a great fright, which was admir'd, observes *Eustathius*, by the Ancients: There is not only a remarkable harmony in the flowing of the Poetry, but the very manner of speaking represents the disorder of the speaker; he is in too great an emotion to introduce his speech by any Preface, he breaks at once into it, without preparation, as if he could not soon enough deliver his thoughts. *Longinus* quotes these lines as an instance of the great judgment of *Homer*: there is nothing, says that Critic, which gives more life to a discourse, than the taking away the connections, and conjunctions; when the discourse is not bound together and embarrass'd, it walks and slides along of it self, and will want very little oftentimes of going faster even than the thought of the Orator: Thus in *Xenophon*, *Joining their bucklers, they gave back, they fought, they slew, they dy'd together*; of the same nature is that of *Purylochus*.

*We went, Ulysses --- such was thy command ---
Access we sought --- nor was access deny'd:
Radiant she came --- the portals open'd wide, &c.*

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*I only wait behind--- of all the train;
 I waited long--- and ey'd the doors in vain:
 The rest are vanish'd--- none repass'd the gate.*

These periods thus cut off, and yet pronounc'd with precipitation, are signs of a lively sorrow; which at the same time hinders, yet forces him to speak.

Many such sudden transitions are to be found in *Virgil*, of equal beauty with this of *Homer*:

Me, me, inquam qui feci, in me convertite tela.

Here the Poet shews the earnestness of the speaker, who is in so much haste to speak, that his thoughts run to the end of the sentence almost before his tongue can begin it. Thus *Achamenides* in his flight from the *Cyclops*,

--- *Per sidera testor,
 Per superos, atque hoc cæli spirabile lumen,
 Tollite me, Teucri.*

Here the Poet makes no connection with the preceding discourse, but leaves out the *inquit*, to express the precipitation and terror of *Achamenides*.

But our countryman *Spenser* has equall'd if not surpass'd these great Poets of Antiquity, in painting a figure of Terror in the ninth *Canto* of the *Fairy Queen*, where Sir *Trevisan* flies from Despair.

*He answer'd nought at all: but adding now
 Fear to his first amazement, staring wide
 With stony eyes, and heartless hollow hue,
 Astonish'd stood, as one that had espy'd
 Infernal furies, with their chains unty'd;
 Him yet again, and yet again bespake
 The gentle Knight; who nought to him reply'd,
 But trembling every joynt did inly quake,
 And falt'ring tongue at last, these words seem'd forth to shake.*

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*For God's dear love, Sir Knight, do me not stay,
For lo! he comes, he comes, fast after me,
Eft looking back, would fain have run away.*

The description sets the figure full before our eyes, he speaks short, and in broken and interrupted periods, which excellently represent the agony of his thoughts; and when he is a little more confirm'd and embolden'd, he proceeds,

*And am I now in safety sure, quoth he,
From him who would have forced me to die?
And is the point of Death now turn'd from me?
Then I may tell this hapless History.*

We see he breaks out into interrogations, which, as *Longinus* observes, give great motion, strength, and action to discourse. If the Poet had proceeded simply, the expression had not been equal to the occasion; but by these short questions, he gives strength to it, and shews the disorder of the speaker, by the sudden starts and vehemence of the periods. The whole *Canto* of Despair is a piece of inimitable Poetry; the picture of *Sir Trevisan* has a general resemblance to this of *Eurylochus*, and seems to have been copy'd after it, as will appear upon comparison.

XXII.

VERSE 313. *With both hands embrac'd my knees -----*] The character of *Eurylochus*, who had married *Climene* the sister of *Ulysses*, is the character of a brave man, who being witness to the dreadful fate of his companions is diffident of himself, and judges that the only way to conquer the danger is to fly from it. To fear upon such an occasion, observes *Dacier*, is not Cowardice, but Wisdom. But what is more remarkable in this description, is the art of *Homer* in inserting the character of a brave man under so great a consternation, to set off the character of *Ulysses*, who knows how at once to be bold and wise; for the more terrible and desperate the adventure is represented by *Eurylochus*, the greater appears the intrepidity of *Ulysses*, who trusting to his own wisdom, and the assistance of the Gods, has the courage to attempt it. What adds to the merit of the action is, that he undertakes it solely for his companions, as *Horace* describes him:

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*Dum sibi, dum sociis reditum parat, aspera multa
Pertulit, adversis rerum immerfabilis undis.*

XXIII.

VERSE 321. --- *Inglorious then remain,
Here feast and loiter. ---]*

This expression is used sarcastically by *Ulysses*, and in derision of his fears. *Dacier* remarks, that *Ulysses* having not seen what is related by *Eurylochus*, believes his refusal to return, proceeds from his faint-heartedness: An instance, adds she, that we frequently form wrong judgments of mens actions, when we are ignorant of the motives of them. I confess I am of opinion, that there is some degree of cowardice in the character of *Eurylochus*: A man truly brave would not express such confusion and terror in any extremity; he is not to be inspirited either by *Ulysses*, or the example of his other companions, as appears from the sequel, inso-much that *Ulysses* threatens to kill him for a coward; this prevails over his first fears, and he submits to meet a future danger, merely to avoid one that is present. What makes this observation more just is, that we never see a brave man drawn by *Homer* or *Virgil* in such faint colours; but they always discover a presence of mind upon all emergencies.

XXIV.

VERSE 361. --- *The sovereign plant he drew,
Where on th'all-bearing earth unmark'd it grew, &c.]*

This whole passage is to be understood allegorically. *Mercury* is Reason, he being the God of Science: The plant which he gives as a preservative against incantation is instruction; the root of it is black, the flower white and sweet; the root denotes that the foundation or principles of instruction appear obscure and bitter, and are distasteful at first, according to that saying of *Plato*, *The beginnings of instruction are always accompanied with reluctance and pain.* The flower of *Moly* is white and sweet; this denotes that the fruits of instruction are sweet, agreeable, and nourishing. *Mercury* gives this plant; this intimates, that all instruction is the gift of Heaven: *Mercury* brings it not with him, but gathers it from the place where he stands, to shew that Wisdom is not confin'd

fin'd to places, but that every where it may be found, if Heaven vouchsafes to discover it, and we are disposed to receive and follow it. Thus *Isocrates* understands the Allegory of *Moly*; he adds, Πικρὰν εἶναι ρίζαν αὐτῆς τὸ δὲ Μῶλυ θ' ἀνθ' ὅ, λευκὸν κατὰ γάλα διὰ τὴν τῷ τελευτῆς παιδείας λαμπρότητα, ἥδη καὶ τὸ ἥδὺ καὶ τρέφειμον. The root of *Moly* is bitter, but the flower of it white as milk, to denote the excellency of instruction, as well as the pleasure and utility of it in the end. He further illustrates the Allegory, by adding Κάριες τῆς παιδείας εἰ καὶ μὴ γάλακτι κέλεται ἀλλὰ γλυκεῖς, &c. That is, "the fruits of instruction are not only white as milk, but sweet, tho' they spring from a bitter root. *Eustathius*.

Maximus Tyrius also gives this story an allegorical sense, *Dissert.* 16. Αὐτὸν μὲν τὸν Ὀδυσσεύα ἔχ' ὅρα, ὡς παντοίαις συμφοραῖς ἀνιτεχνώμενον ἀρετῇ σώζει, τῷ αὐτῷ τὸ ἐκ Κίρκης Μῶλυ, τῷ ἐν θαλάτῃ κηδεμένο; that is, "Dost thou not observe *Ulysses*, how by opposing virtue to adversity he preserves his life? This is the Scarf that protects him from *Circe*, this is the Scarf that delivers him from the storm, from *Polypheme*, from Hell, &c. See also *Dissert.* 19.

It is pretended that *Moly* is an *Aegyptian* plant, and that it was really made use of as a preservative against Enchantments: but I believe the *Moly* of *Mercury*, and the *Nepenthe* of *Helen*, are of the same production, and grow only in Poetical ground.

Ovid has translated this passage in his *Metamorphosis*, lib. 14.

*Pacifer huic dederat florem Cyllenius album;
Moly vocant Superi. nigra radice tenetur, &c.*

There is a remarkable sweetness in the verse which describes the appearance of *Mercury* in the shape of a young man;

—— Νεννίη ἀνδρὶ εἰκῶς
Πρῶτον ὑπνότη τῷ πρὸς χαριεσάτη ἦεν.

—— On his bloomy face
Youth smil'd celestial ——

Virgil was sensible of the beauty of it, and imitated it.

Observations on the Tenth Book.

Ora puer primâ signans intonsa juventâ.

But in the opinion of *Macrobius*, he falls short of *Homer*, lib. 5. *Saturn.* 13. *Prætermisâ gratiâ incipientis pubertatis τὸ πρὸς χάρι-
εῖσάτην, Minus gratam fecit latinam descriptionem.*

XXV.

VERSE 379. *I took, and quaff'd it, confident in heav'n.*] It may be ask'd if *Ulysses* is not as culpable as his companions, in drinking this potion? Where lies the difference? and how is the Allegory carried on, when *Ulysses* yields to the solicitation of *Circe*, that is Pleasure, and indulges, not resists his appetites? The moral of the fable is, that all pleasure is not unlawful, but the excess of it: We may enjoy, provided it be with moderation. *Ulysses* does not taste till he is fortify'd against it; whereas his companions yielded without any care or circumspection; they indulged their appetites only, *Ulysses* tastes merely out of a desire to deliver his associates: he makes himself master of *Circe*, or Pleasure, and is not in the power of it, and enjoys it upon his own terms; they are slaves to it, and out of a capacity ever to regain their freedom but by the assistance of *Ulysses*. The general moral of the whole fable of *Circe* is, that Pleasure is as dreadful an enemy as Danger, and a *Circe* as hard to be conquer'd as a *Polypheme*.

XXVI.

VERSE 403. --- *Shall I be led
To share thy feast-rites.*]

Eustathius observes, that we have here the picture of a man truly wise, who when Pleasure courts him to indulge his appetites, not only knows how to abstain, but suspects it to be a bait to draw him into some inconveniencies: A man should never think himself in security in the house of a *Circe*. It may be added, that these apprehensions of *Ulysses* are not without a foundation; from this intercourse with that Goddess, *Telegonus* sprung, who accidentally slew his father *Ulysses*.

VERSE

XXVII.

VERSE 414. *Four faithful handmaids, &c.*] This large description of the entertainment in the Palace of *Circe* is particularly judicious; *Ulysses* is in an house of pleasure, and the Poet dwells upon it, and shews how every circumstance contributes to promote and advance it. The attendants are all Nymphs, and the bath and perfumes usher in the feast and wines. The four verses that follow, are omitted by *Dacier*, and they are mark'd in *Eustathius* as superfluous; they are to be found in other parts of the *Odyssey*; but that, I confess, would be no argument why they should not stand here, (such repetitions being frequent in *Homer*) if they had a due propriety, but they contain a tautology; we see before a table spread for the entertainment of *Ulysses*, why then should that circumstance be repeated? If they are omitted, there will no chasm or incoherence appear, and therefore probably they were not originally inserted here by *Homer*.

XXVIII.

VERSE 468. *More young,---more graceful to my eyes.*] *Homer* excellently carries on his allegory; he intends by this expression of the enlargement of the beauty of *Ulysses's* companions, to teach that men who turn from an evil course, into the paths of Virtue, excel even themselves; having learn'd the value of Virtue from the miseries they suffer'd in pursuit of Vice, they become new men, and as it were enjoy a second life. *Eustathius*.

XXIX.

VERSE 485. *As from fresh pastures and the dewy field, &c.*] If this simile were to be render'd literally it would run thus; "as
" calves seeing the droves of cows returning at night when they
" are fill'd with their pasturage, run skipping out to meet them;
" the stalls no longer detain them, but running round their dams
" they fill the plain with their lowings, &c." If a similitude of this nature were to be introduced into modern Poetry, I am of opinion it would fall under ridicule for a want of delicacy: but in reality, images drawn from Nature, and a rural life, have

always a very good effect; in particular, this before us enlivens a melancholy description of sorrows, and so exactly expresses in every point the joy of *Ulysses's* companions, we see them in the very description. To judge rightly of comparisons, we are not to examine if the subject from whence they are deriv'd be great or little, noble or familiar, but we are principally to consider if the image produc'd be clear and lively, if the Poet have skill to dignifie it by Poetical words, and if it perfectly paints the thing it is intended to represent. This rule fully vindicates *Homer*; tho' he frequently paints low life, yet he never uses terms which are not noble; or if he uses humble words or phrases, it is with so much art, that, as *Dionysius* observes, they become noble and harmonious: In short, a Top may be used with propriety and elegance in a similitude by a *Virgil*, and the Sun may be dishonour'd by a *Mævius*; a mean thought express'd in noble terms being more tolerable, than a noble thought disgrac'd by mean expressions. Things that have an intrinsic greatness need only to be barely represented to fill the soul with admiration, but it shews the skill of a Poet to raise a low subject, and exalt common appearances into dignity.

XXX.

VERSE 515. *Remember Cyclops, &c.*] The Poet paints *Eurylochus* uniformly, under great disorder of mind and terrible apprehensions; There is no similitude between *Circe* and *Cyclops*, with respect to the usage of the companions of *Ulysses*; but *Homer* puts these expressions into his mouth, to represent the nature of Terror, which confounds the thoughts, and consequently distracts the language of a person who is possessed by it. The character therefore of *Eurylochus* is the imitation of a person confounded with fears, speaking irrationally and incoherently.

Enstathius.

XXXI.

VERSE 579. *Far other journey —*

To tread th' uncomfortable paths beneath.]

There should in all the Episodes of Epic Poetry appear a Convenience, if not a Necessity of every incident; it may therefore be

be ask'd what Necessity there is for this descent of *Ulysses* into hell, to consult the shade of *Tiresias*? Could not *Circe*, who was a Goddess, discover to him all the future contingencies of his life? *Eustathius* excellently answers this objection; *Circe* declares to *Ulysses* the necessity of consulting *Tiresias*, that he may learn from the mouth of that Prophet, that his death was to be from the Ocean; she acts thus in order to dispose him to stay with her, after his return from the regions of the dead: or if she cannot persuade him to stay with her, that she may at least secure him from returning to her rival *Calypso*; she had promis'd him Immortality, but by this descent, he will learn that it is decreed that he should receive his death from the Ocean; for he dy'd by the bone of a sea-fish call'd *Xiphias*. Her love for *Ulysses* induces her not to make the discovery her self, for it was evident she would not find credit, but *Ulysses* would impute it to her love, and the desire she had to deter him from leaving her Island. This will appear more probable, if we observe the conduct of *Circe* in the future parts of the *Odyssey*: she relates to him the dangers of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, of the Oxen of *Phæbus*, and the *Sirens*; but says nothing concerning his death: This likewise gives an air of probability to the relation. The Isle of *Circe* was adjoining to *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, &c. and consequently she may be suppos'd to be acquainted with those places, and give an account of them to *Ulysses* with exactness, but she leaves the decrees of Heaven and the fate of *Ulysses* to the narration of the Prophet, it best suiting his character to see into futurity. By the descent of *Ulysses* into Hell may be signify'd, that a wise man ought to be ignorant of nothing, that he ought to ascend in thought into Heaven, and understand the heavenly appearances, and be acquainted with what is contain'd in the bowels of the earth, and bring to light the secrets of Nature: That he ought to know the nature of the Soul, what it suffers, and how it acts after it is separated from the body. *Eustathius*.

XXXII.

VERSE 584. *To whom Persephone, &c.*] *Homer* here gives the reason why *Tiresias* should be consulted, rather than any other ghost, because

Τὸ τε φρενὲς ἔμπεδοί εἰσι.

This expression is fully explain'd, and the notion of the Soul after death, which prevail'd among the Ancients, is set in a clear light, Verse 92, and 122, of the 23d book of the *Iliads*, to which passages I refer the Readers. But whence had *Tiresias* this privilege above the rest of the dead? *Callimachus* ascribes it to *Minerva*,

Καὶ μόνῳ εὖτε θάνη, πεπνυμένῳ ἐν νεκύεσσιν
Φοιτάσαι, μεγάλῳ τίμιῳ ἀγεσίλῳ.

Tully mentions this preheminance of *Tiresias* in his first book of *Divination*. Perhaps the whole fiction may arise from his great reputation among the Antients for Prophecy; and in honour to his memory they might imagine that his soul after death retain'd the same superiority. *Ovid* in his *Metamorphoses* gives us a very jocular reason, for the blindness and prophetic knowledge of *Tiresias*, from a matrimonial contest between *Jupiter* and *Juno*. *Cato Major*, as *Plutarch* in his *Political Precepts* informs us, apply'd this verse to *Scipio*, when he was made Consul contrary to the *Roman Statutes*,

Οἷός πέπνυται, τοὶ δὲ σκιαὶ αἰῶσιν.

But I ought not to suppress what *Diodorus Siculus* relates concerning *Tiresias*. *Biblioth. lib. 4.* he tells us, that he had a daughter nam'd *Daphne*, a Priestess at *Delphi*. Παρ' ἧς φασὶ καὶ τὸν ποιητὴν Ὅμηρον πολλὰ τῶν ἐπῶν σφειτρισάμενον, κοσμήσαι τὴν ἰδίαν ποίησιν. That is, "From whom it is said, that the Poet *Homer* received many (of the *Sibyls*) verses, and adorn'd his own Poetry with them." If this be true, there lay a debt of gratitude upon *Homer*, and he pays it honourably, by this distinguishing character, which he gives to the father. An instance of a worthy disposition in the Poet, and it remains at once an honour to *Tiresias*, and a monument of his own gratitude.

This descent of *Ulysses* into Hell has a very happy effect, it gives *Homer* an opportunity to embellish his Poetry with an admirable variety, and to insert Fables and Histories that at once instruct and delight: It is particularly happy with respect to the *Phæacians*, who could not but highly admire a person whose wisdom

dom had not only deliver'd him from so many perils on earth, but had been permitted by the Gods to see the regions of the dead, and return among the living: this relation could not fail of pleasing an audience, delighted with strange stories, and extraordinary adventures.

XXXIII.

VERSE 602. *Soon shalt thou reach old Ocean's utmost ends, &c.*] This whole scene is excellently imagin'd by the Poet, as *Eustathius* observes; the trees are all barren, the place is upon the shores where nothing grows; and all the rivers are of a melancholy signification, suitable to the ideas we have of those infernal regions. *Ulysses* arrives at this place, where he calls up the shades of the dead, in the space of one day; from whence we may conjecture, that he means a place that lies between *Cumæ* and *Baïæ*, near the lake *Avernus*, in *Italy*; which, as *Strabo* remarks, is the scene of the Necromancy of *Homer*, according to the opinion of Antiquity. He further adds, that there really are such rivers as *Homer* mentions, tho' not placed in their true situation, according to the liberty allowable to Poetry. Others write, that the *Cimmerii* once inhabited *Italy*, and that the famous cave of *Pausilipe* was begun by them about the time of the *Trojan* wars: Here they offer'd sacrifice to the *Manes*, which might give occasion to *Homer's* fiction. The *Grecians*, who inhabited these places after the *Cimmerians*, converted these dark habitations into stoves, bathes, &c.

Silius Italicus writes, that the *Lucrine* lake was anciently call'd *Cocytus*, lib. 12.

*Ast hic Lucrino mansisse vocabula quondam
Cocyti memorat. -----*

It is also probable, that *Acheron* was the ancient name of *Avernus*, because *Acherusia*, a large water near *Cumæ*, flows into it by conceal'd passages. *Silius Italicus* informs us, that *Avernus* was also called *Styx*.

*Ille olim populis dictum Styga, nomine verso
Stagna inter celebrem nunc mitia monstrat Avernum.*

Observations on the Tenth Book.

Here *Hannibal* offer'd sacrifice to the *Manes*, as it is recorded by *Livy*; and *Tully* affirms it from an ancient Poet, from whom he quotes the following fragment;

*Inde in viciniâ nostrâ Averni lacus
Unde animæ excitantur obscurâ umbrâ,
Alti Acherontis aperto ostio.*

This may seem to justify the observation that *Acheron* was once the name of *Avernus*, tho' the words are capable of a different interpretation.

If these remarks be true, it is probable that *Homer* does not neglect Geography, as most Commentators judge. *Virgil* describes *Aeneas* descending into Hell by *Avernus*, after the example of *Homer*. *Milton* places these rivers in Hell, and beautifully describes their natures, in his *Paradise Lost*.

----- Along the banks
Of four Infernal rivers, that disgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful streams,
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron, of sorrow, black and deep:
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
Heard on the ruful stream: fierce Phlegeton,
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage;
Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe the river of oblivion, rous
Her watry Labyrinth, whereof who drinks
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.

Thus also agreeably to the idea of Hell the offerings to the infernal powers are all black, the *Cimmerians* lie in a land of darkness; the Heifer which *Ulysses* is to offer is barren, like that in *Virgil*,

---- Sterilemque tibi, Proserpina, Vaccam;

to denote that the grave is unfruitful, that it devours all things, that it is a place where all things are forgotten.

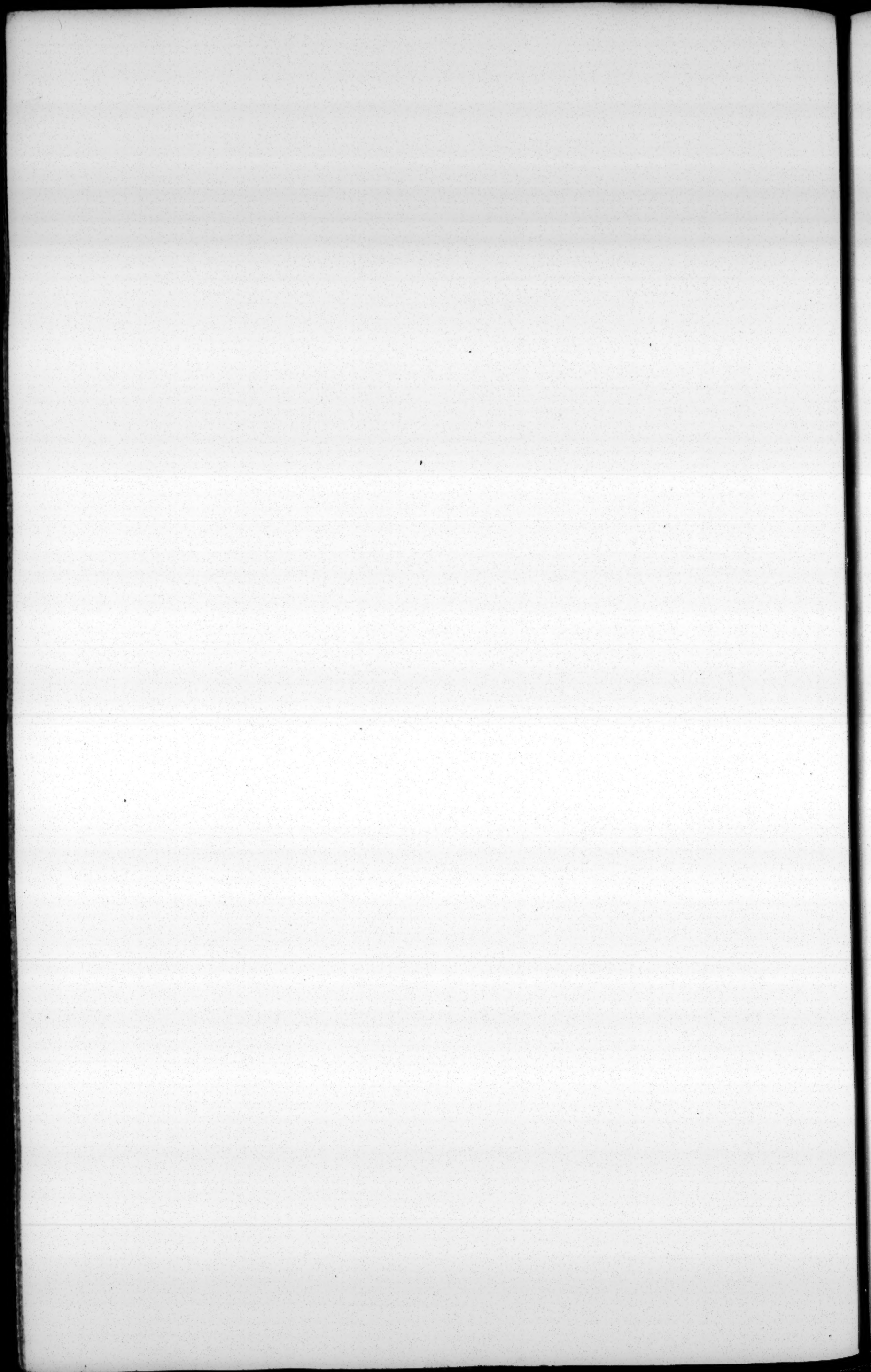
V E R S E

XXXIV.

VERSE 659. *A youth there was, Elpenor was he nam'd.*] *Ho-*
mer dismisses not the description of this house of Pleasure and
 Debauch, without shewing the Moral of his Fable, which is the
 ill consequences that attend those who indulge themselves in sen-
 suality; this is set forth in the punishment of *Elpenor*. He de-
 scribes him as a person of no worth, to shew that debauchery e-
 nervates our faculties, and renders both the mind and body inca-
 pable of thinking, or acting with greatness and bravery. At the
 same time these circumstantial relations are not without a good
 effect; for they render the story probable, as if it were spoken
 with the veracity of an History, not the liberty of Poetry.

I will conclude this book with a Paragraph from *Plutarch's*
Morals: It is a piece of advice to the Fair Sex, drawn from this
 story of *Circe* and *Ulysses*. “ They who bait their hooks (says
 “ this Philosopher) with intoxicated drugs may catch fish with
 “ little trouble; but then they prove dangerous to eat, and un-
 “ pleasant to the taste: Thus women who use arts to ensnare
 “ their admirers, become wives of fools or madmen: They
 “ whom the sorceress *Circe* enchanted, were no better than
 “ brutes; and she used them accordingly, enclosing them in
 “ styes; but she lov'd *Ulysses* entirely, whose prudence avoided
 “ her intoxications, and made his conversation agreeable. Those
 “ women who will not believe that *Pasiphae* was ever enam-
 “ our'd of a bull, are yet themselves so extravagant, as to abandon
 “ the society of men of sense and temperance, and to betake
 “ themselves to the embraces of brutal and stupid fellows.” *Plut.*
Conjugal Precepts.





THE
ELEVENTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

VOL. III.

U



The A R G U M E N T.

The descent into Hell.

Ulysses continues his Narration, How he arriv'd at the land of the Cimmerians; and what ceremonies he perform'd to invoke the dead. The manner of his descent, and the Apparition of the Shades; his conversation with Elpenor, and with Tiresias, who informs him in a prophetic manner of his fortunes to come. He meets his mother Anticlea, from whom he learns the state of his family. He sees the shades of the ancient Heroines, afterwards of the Heroes, and converses in particular with Agamemnon and Achilles. Ajax keeps at a sullen distance, and disdains to answer him. He then beholds Tityus, Tantalus, Syphilus, Hercules; 'till he is deterred from further curiosity by the apparition of horrid Spectres, and the cries of the wicked in torments.



T H E



THE
ELEVENTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.



OW to the shores we bend, a
mournful train,
Climb the tall bark, and launch
into the main:
At once the mast we rear, at
once unbind

The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind:
Then pale and pensive stand, with cares oppress, 5
And solemn horror saddens every breast.
A freshning breeze the * Magic pow'r supply'd,
While the wing'd vessel flew along the tyde:
Our oars we shipp'd: all day the swelling sails
Full from the guiding pilot catch'd the gales. 10

* *Circe.*

Now

Now sunk the Sun from his aerial height,
And o'er the shaded billows rush'd the night:
When lo! we reach'd old Ocean's utmost bounds,
Where rocks controul his waves with ever-during
15 There in a lonely land, and gloomy cells, [mounds.
The dusky nation of *Cimmeria* dwells;
The Sun ne'er views th' uncomfortable seats,
When radiant he advances, or retreats:
Unhappy race! whom endless night invades,
20 Clouds the dull air, and wraps them round in shades.

The ship we moor on these obscure abodes;
Dis-bark the sheep, an offering to the Gods;
And hellward bending, o'er the beach descry
The doleful passage to th' infernal sky.
25 The victims, vow'd to each *Tartarean* pow'r,
Eurylochus and *Perimedes* bore.

Here open'd Hell, all Hell I here implor'd,
And from the scabbard drew the shining sword;
And trenching the black earth on ev'ry side,
30 A cavern form'd, a cubit long and wide.
New wine, with honey-temper'd milk, we bring,
Then living waters from the chrystal spring;

O'er

O'er these was strow'd the consecrated flour,
And on the surface shone the holy store.

Now the wan shades we hail, th' infernal Gods, ³⁵
To speed our course, and waft us o'er the floods,
So shall a barren heifer from the stall
Beneath the knife upon your altars fall ;
So in our palace, at our safe return
Rich with unnumber'd gifts the Pyle shall burn; ⁴⁰
So shall a Ram, the largest of the breed,
Black as these regions, to *Tiresias* bleed.

Thus solemn rites and holy vows we paid
To all the Phantom nations of the dead.
Then dy'd the sheep; a purple torrent flow'd, ⁴⁵
And all the cavern smok'd with streaming blood.
When lo! appear'd along the dusky coasts,
Thin, airy shoals of visionary ghosts;
Fair, pensive youths, and soft-enamour'd maids,
And wither'd Elders, pale and wrinkled shades: ⁵⁰
Ghastly with wounds the forms of warriors slain
Stalk'd with majestic port, a martial train:
These, and a thousand more swarm'd o'er the ground,
And all the dire assembly shriek'd around.

55 Astonish'd at the sight, aghast I stood,
And a cold fear ran shivering thro' my blood;
Strait I command the sacrifice to haste,
Strait the flea'd victims to the flames are cast,
And mutter'd vows, and mystic song apply'd
60 To grieved *Pluto*, and his gloomy bride.

Now swift I wav'd my faulchion o'er the blood;
Back started the pale throngs, and trembling stood.
Round the black trench the gore untasted flows,
'Till awful, from the shades *Tiresias* rose.

65 There, wand'ring thro' the gloom I first survey'd,
New to the realms of death, *Elpenor's* shade:
His cold remains all naked to the sky
On distant shores unwept, unburied lye.
Sad at the sight I stand, deep fix'd in woe,
70 And ere I spoke the tears began to flow.

O say what angry pow'r *Elpenor* led
To glide in shades, and wander with the dead?
How could thy soul, by realms and seas disjoyn'd,
Out-fly the nimble sail, and leave the lagging wind?
75 The Ghost reply'd: To Hell my doom I owe,
Dæmons accurst, dire ministers of woe!

My

My feet thro' wine unfaithful to their weight,
Betray'd me tumbling from a tow'ry height,
Stagg'ring I reel'd, and as I reel'd I fell,
Lux'd the neck joynt — my soul descends to hell. 80
But lend me aid, I now conjure thee lend,
By the soft tye and sacred name of friend!
By thy fond consort! by thy father's cares!
By lov'd *Telemachus* his blooming years!
For well I know that soon the heav'nly pow'rs 85
Will give thee back to day, and *Circe's* shores:
There pious on my cold remains attend,
There call to mind thy poor departed friend.
The tribute of a tear is all I crave,
And the possession of a peaceful grave. 90
But if unheard, in vain compassion plead,
Revere the Gods, the Gods avenge the dead!
A tomb along the wat'ry margin raise,
The tomb with manly arms and trophies grace,
To shew posterity *Elpenor* was. } 95
There high in air, memorial of my name
Fix the smooth oar, and bid me live to fame.

To

To whom with tears: These rites, oh mournful shade,
Due to thy Ghost, shall to thy Ghost be paid.

100 Still as I spoke, the Phantom seem'd to moan,
Tear follow'd tear, and groan succeeded groan.
But as my waving sword the blood surrounds,
The shade withdrew, and mutter'd empty sounds.

There as the wond'rous visions I survey'd,
105 All pale ascends my royal mother's shade:
A Queen, to *Troy* she saw our legions pass;
Now a thin form is all *Anticlea* was!
Struck at the sight I melt with filial woe,
And down my cheek the pious sorrows flow.

110 Yet as I shook my falchion o'er the blood,
Regardless of her son the Parent stood.

When lo! the mighty *Theban* I behold;
To guide his steps he bore a staff of gold;
Awful he trod! majestic was his look,
115 And from his holy lips these accents broke.

Why, mortal, wandrest thou from chearful day,
To tread the downward, melancholy way?
What angry Gods to these dark regions led
Thee yet alive, companion of the dead?

But

But sheath thy ponyard, while my tongue relates 120
Heav'n's stedfast purpose, and thy future fates.

While yet he spoke, the Prophet I obey'd,
And in the scabbard plung'd the glitt'ring blade:
Eager he quaff'd the gore, and then express'd
Dark things to come, the counsels of his breast. 125

Weary of light, *Ulysses* here explores
A prosp'rous voyage to his native shores;
But know — by me unerring Fates disclose
New trains of dangers, and new scenes of woes:
I see! I see, thy bark by *Neptune* tost, 130
For injur'd *Cyclops*, and his eyeball lost!
Yet to thy woes the Gods decree an end,
If heav'n thou please; and how to please attend!
Where on *Trinacrian* rocks the Ocean roars,
Graze num'rous herds along the verdant shores; 135
Tho' hunger press, yet fly the dang'rous prey,
The herds are sacred to the God of day,
Who all surveys with his extensive eye,
Above, below, on earth and in the sky!
Rob not the God, and so propitious gales 140
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy sails:

But if his herds ye feize, beneath the waves
I see thy friends o'erwhelm'd in liquid graves!
The direful wreck *Ulysses* scarce survives!

145 *Ulysses* at his country scarce arrives!

Strangers thy guides! nor there thy labours end,
New foes arise, domestic ills attend!

There foul adult'ers to thy bride resort,
And lordly gluttons riot in thy court.

150 But vengeance hastes amain! These eyes behold
The deathful scene, Princes on Princes roll'd!
That done, a people far from Sea, explore,
Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows roar,
Or saw gay vessel stem the wat'ry plain,

155 A painted wonder flying on the main!

Bear on thy back an *Oar*: with strange amaze
A shepherd meeting thee, the *Oar* surveys,
And names a *Van*: there fix it on the plain,
To calm the God that holds the wat'ry reign;

160 A threefold off'ring to his Altar bring,
A bull, a ram, a boar; and hail the Ocean-King.
But home return'd, to each ætherial pow'r
Slay the due Victim in the genial hour:

So

BOOK XI. *HOMER'S ODYSSEY.*

83

So peaceful shalt thou end thy blisful days,
And steal thy self from life, by slow decays: 165

Unknown to pain, in age resign thy breath,
When late stern *Neptune* points the shaft with death;
To the dark grave retiring as to rest,
Thy people blessing, by thy people blest!

Unerring truths, oh man, my lips relate; 170
This is thy life to come, and this is fate.

To whom unmov'd; If this the Gods prepare,
What heav'n ordains the wise with courage bear.

But say, why yonder on the lonely strands
Unmindful of her son, *Anticlea* stands? 175

Why to the ground she bends her downcast eye?

Why is she silent, while her son is nigh?

The latent cause, oh sacred Seer, reveal!

Nor this, replies the Seer, will I conceal.
Know; to the spectres, that thy bev'rage taste, 180
The scenes of life recur, and actions past;

They, seal'd with truth return the sure reply,

The rest repell'd, a train oblivious fly.

The phantom Prophet ceas'd, and sunk from sight
To the black palace of eternal Night. 185

Still

Still in the dark abodes of death I stood,
When near *Anticlea* mov'd, and drank the blood.
Strait all the mother in her soul awakes,
And owning her *Ulysses*, thus she speaks.

190 Com'ft thou, my son, alive, to realms beneath,
The doleful realms of darkness and of death:
Com'ft thou alive from pure, ætherial day?
Dire is the region, dismal is the way!
Here lakes profound, there floods oppose their waves,
195 There the wide sea with all his billows raves!
Or (since to dust proud *Troy* submits her tow'rs)
Com'ft thou a wand'rer from the *Phrygian* shores?
Or say, since honour call'd thee to the field,
Hast thou thy *Ithaca*, thy bride, beheld?

200 Source of my life, I cry'd, from earth I fly
To seek *Tiresias* in the nether sky,
To learn my doom: for tost from woe to woe,
In every land *Ulysses* finds a foe:
Nor have these eyes beheld my native shores,
205 Since in the dust proud *Troy* submits her tow'rs.

But, when thy soul from her sweet mansion fled,
Say what distemper gave thee to the dead?

Has

Has life's fair lamp declin'd by flow decays,

Or swift expir'd it, in a sudden blaze?

Say if my fire, good old *Laertes*, lives?

210

If yet *Telemachus*, my son, survives?

Say by his rule is my dominion aw'd,

Or crush'd by traytors with an iron rod?

Say if my spouse maintains her royal trust,

Tho' tempted chaste, and obstinately just?

215

Or if no more her absent Lord she wails,

But the false woman o'er the wife prevails.

Thus I, and thus the parent shade returns.

Thee, ever thee, thy faithful consort mourns;

Whether the night descends, or day prevails,

220

Thee she by night, and thee by day bewails.

Thee in *Telemachus* thy realm obeys;

In sacred groves celestial rites he pays,

And shares the banquet in superior state,

Grac'd with such honours as become the Great.

225

Thy fire in solitude foment's his care:

The court is joyless, for thou art not there!

No costly carpets raise his hoary head,

No rich embroid'ry shines to grace his bed:

230 Ev'n when keen winter freezes in the skies,
Rank'd with his slaves, on earth the Monarch lies:
Deep are his sighs, his visage pale, his dress
The garb of woe and habit of distress.

And when the Autumn takes his annual round,
235 The leafy honours' scatt'ring on the ground;
Regardless of his years, abroad he lies,
His bed the leaves, his canopy the skies.
Thus cares on cares his painful days consume,
And bow his age with sorrow to the tomb!

240 For thee, my son, I wept my life away;
For thee thro' hell's eternal dungeons stray:
Nor came my fate by ling'ring pains and flow,
Nor bent the silver-shafted Queen her bow;
No dire disease bereav'd me of my breath;
245 Thou, thou my son wert my disease and death;
Unkindly with my love my son conspir'd,
For thee I liv'd, for absent thee expir'd.

Thrice in my arms I strove her shade to bind,
Thrice thro' my arms she flipt like empty wind,
250 Or dreams, the vain illusions of the mind.

Wild with despair, I shed a copious tyde
Of flowing tears, and thus with sighs reply'd.

Fly'ft thou, lov'd shade, while I thus fondly mourn?
Turn to my arms, to my embraces turn!
Is it, ye pow'rs that smile at human harms! 255

Too great a bliss to weep within her arms?
Or has hell's Queen an empty Image sent,
That wretched I might ev'n my joys lament?

O son of woe, the pensive shade rejoyn'd,
Oh most inur'd to grief of all mankind! 260

'Tis not the Queen of Hell who thee deceives:
All, all are such, when life the body leaves;
No more the substance of the man remains,
Nor bounds the blood along the purple veins;
These the funereal flames in atoms bear, 265
To wander with the wind in empty air,
While the impassive soul reluctant flies
Like a vain dream to these infernal skies.

But from the dark dominions speed thy way,
And climb the steep ascent to upper day; 270
To thy chaste bride the wond'rous story tell,
The woes, the horrors, and the laws of Hell.

Thus

Thus while she spoke, in swarms hell's Empress brings
 Daughters and wives of Heroes and of Kings;
 275 Thick, and more thick they gather round the blood,
 Ghost throng'd on ghost (a dire assembly) stood!
 Dauntless my sword I seize: the airy crew,
 Swift as it flash'd along the gloom, withdrew;
 Then shade to shade in mutual forms succeeds,
 280 Her race recounts, and their illustrious deeds.

Tyro began: whom great *Salmonæus* bred;
 The royal partner of fam'd *Cretheus'* bed.
 For fair *Enipeus*, as from fruitful urns
 He pours his wat'ry store, the Virgin burns;
 285 Smooth flows the gentle stream with wanton pride,
 And in soft mazes rous a silver Tide:
 As on his banks the maid enamour'd roves,
 The Monarch of the deep beholds and loves;
 In her *Enipeus'* form and borrow'd charms,
 290 The am'rous God descends into her arms:
 Around, a spacious arch of waves he throws,
 And high in air the liquid mountain rose;
 Thus in surrounding floods conceal'd he proves
 The pleasing transport, and compleats his loves.

Then

Then softly sighing, he the fair addrest, 295
And as he spoke her tender hand he prest.
Hail happy nymph! no vulgar births are ow'd
To the prolific raptures of a God:
Lo! when nine times the moon renews her horn,
Two brother heroes shall from thee be born; 300
Thy early care the future worthies claim,
To point them to the arduous paths of fame;
But in thy breast th'important truth conceal,
Nor dare the secret of a God reveal:
For know, thou *Neptune* view'st! and at my nod 305
Earth trembles, and the waves confess their God.

He added not, but mounting spurn'd the plain,
Then plung'd into the chambers of the main.

Now in the time's full process forth she brings
Jove's dread vicegerents, in two future Kings; 310
O'er proud *Iolcos Pelias* stretch'd his reign,
And god-like *Neleus* rul'd the *Pylian* plain:
Then fruitful, to her *Cretheus'* royal bed
She gallant *Pheres* and fam'd *Æson* bred:
From the same fountain *Amythaon* rose, 315
Pleas'd with the din of war, and noble shout of foes.

There mov'd *Antiope* with haughty charms,
 Who blest th' Almighty Thund'rer in her arms;
 Hence sprung *Amphion*, hence brave *Zethus* came,
 320 Founders of *Thebes*, and men of mighty name;
 Tho' bold in open field, they yet surround
 The town with walls, and mound inject on mound;
 Here ramparts stood, there tow'rs rose high in air,
 And here thro' sev'n wide portals rush'd the war.

325 There with soft step the fair *Alcmena* trod,
 Who bore *Alcides* to the thund'ring God;
 And *Megara*, who charm'd the son of *Jove*,
 And soften'd his stern soul to tender love.

Sullen and fow'r with discontented mien
 330 *Jocasta* frown'd, th'incestuous *Theban* Queen;
 With her own son she joyn'd in nuptial bands,
 Tho' father's blood embru'd his murd'rous hands:
 The Gods and men the dire offence detest,
 The Gods with all their furies rend his breast:
 335 In lofty *Thebes* he wore th'imperial crown,
 A pompous wretch! accurs'd upon a throne.
 The wife self-murder'd from a beam depends,
 And her foul soul to blackest Hell descends;

Thence

Thence to her son the choicest plagues she brings,
And the fiends haunt him with a thousand stings. 340

And now the beauteous *Chloris* I descry,
A lovely shade, *Amphion's* youngest joy!
With gifts unnumber'd *Neleus* fought her arms,
Nor paid too dearly for unequal'd charms;
Great in *Orchomenos*, in *Pylos* great, 345
He sway'd the scepter with imperial state.
Three gallant sons the joyful Monarch told,
Sage *Nestor*, *Periclimenus* the bold,
And *Chromius* last; but of the softer race,
One nymph alone, a miracle of grace. 350
Kings on their thrones for lovely *Pero* burn,
The Sire denies, and Kings rejected mourn.
To him alone the beauteous prize he yields,
Whose arm should ravish from *Phylacian* fields
The herds of *Iphichus*, detain'd in wrong; 355
Wild, furious herds, unconquerably strong!
This dares a Seer, but nought the Seer prevails,
In beauty's cause illustriously he fails:
Twelve moons the foe the captive youth detains
In painful dungeons, and coercive chains; 360

The

The foe at last from durance where he lay,
His art revering, gave him back to day;
Won by prophetic knowledge, to fulfill
The steadfast purpose of th' Almighty will.

365 With graceful port advancing now I spy'd
Leda the fair, the god-like *Tyndar*'s bride:
Hence *Pollux* sprung who wields with furious sway
The deathful gauntlet, matchless in the fray;
And *Castor* glorious on th' embattled plain
370 Curbs the proud steed, reluctant to the rein:
By turns they visit this ethereal sky,
And live alternate, and alternate die:
In hell beneath, on earth, in heav'n above
Reign the Twin-gods, the fav'rite sons of *Jove*.

375 There *Ephimedia* trod the gloomy plain,
Who charm'd the Monarch of the boundless main;
Hence *Ephialtes*, hence stern *Otus* sprung,
More fierce than Giants, more than Giants strong;
The earth o'erburthen'd groan'd beneath their weight,
380 None but *Orion* e'er surpass'd their height:
The wond'rous youths had scarce nine winters told,
When high in air, tremendous to behold,

Nine

Nine ells aloft they rear'd their tow'ring head,
And full nine cubits broad their shoulders spread.
Proud of their strength and more than mortal size,³⁸⁵
The Gods they challenge, and affect the skies;
Heav'd on *Olympus* tott'ring *Offa* stood;
On *Offa*, *Pelion* nods with all his wood:
Such were they Youths! had they to manhood grown,
Almighty *Jove* had trembled on his throne. ³⁹⁰
But ere the harvest of the beard began
To bristle on the chin, and promise man,
His shafts *Apollo* aim'd; at once they found,
And stretch the Giant-monsters o'er the ground.

There mournful *Phædra* with sad *Procris* moves, ³⁹⁵
Both beauteous shades, both hapless in their loves;
And near them walk'd, with solemn pace and flow,
Sad *Ariadne*, partner of their woe;
The royal *Minos Ariadne* bred,
She *Theseus* lov'd; from *Crete* with *Theseus* fled; ⁴⁰⁰
Swift to the *Dian* Isle the Heroe flies,
And tow'rd's his *Athens* bears the lovely prize;
There *Bacchus* with fierce rage *Diana* fires,
The Goddess aims her shaft, the Nymph expires.

405 There *Clymenè*, and *Mæra* I behold,
 There *Eriphylè* weeps, who loosely fold
 Her lord, her honour, for the lust of gold.
 But should I all recount, the night would fail,
 Unequal to the melancholy tale:

410 And all-composing rest my nature craves,
 Here in the court, or yonder on the waves;
 In you I trust, and in the heav'nly pow'rs,
 To land *Ulysses* on his native shores.

He ceas'd: but left so charming on their ear
 415 His voice, that list'ning still they seem'd to hear.
 'Till rising up, *Aretè* silence broke,
 Stretch'd out her snowy hand, and thus she spoke:

What wond'rous man heav'n sends us in our guest!
 Thro' all his woes the Hero shines confest;
 420 His comely port, his ample frame express
 A manly air, majestic in distress.

He, as my guest, is my peculiar care,
 You share the pleasure,—then in bounty share;
 To worth in misery a rev'ence pay,
 425 And with a gen'rous hand reward his stay;

For

For since kind heav'n with wealth our realm has blest,
Give it to heav'n, by aiding the distressed.

Then sage *Echeneus*, whose grave, rev'rend brow
The hand of Time had silver'd o'er with snow,
Mature in wisdom rose: Your words, he cries, 430
Demand obedience, for your words are wise.
But let our King direct the glorious way
To gen'rous acts; our part is to obey.

While life informs these limbs, (the King reply'd)
Well to deserve, be all my cares employ'd: 435
But here this night the royal guest detain,
'Till the sun flames along th' etherial plain;
Be it my task to send with ample stores
The stranger from our hospitable shores;
Tread you my steps: 'Tis mine to lead the race, 440
The first in glory, as the first in place.

To whom the Prince: This night with joy I stay,
O Monarch great in virtue as in sway!
If thou the circling year my stay controul,
To raise a bounty noble as thy soul; 445
The circling year I wait, with ampler stores
And fitter pomp to hail my native shores:

Then

Then by my realms due homage would be paid;
For wealthy Kings are loyally obey'd!

450 O King! for such thou art, and sure thy blood
Thro' veins (he cry'd) of royal fathers flow'd;
Unlike those vagrants who on falsehood live,
Skill'd in smooth tales, and artful to deceive,
Thy better soul abhors the liar's part,

455 Wise is thy voice, and noble is thy heart.
Thy words like music every breast controul,
Steal thro' the ear, and win upon the soul;
Soft, as some song divine, thy story flows,
Nor better could the Muse record thy woes.

460 But say, upon the dark and dismal coast,
Saw'st thou the Worthies of the *Grecian* Host?
The god-like leaders, who in battle slain,
Fell before *Troy*, and nobly prest the plain?
And lo! a length of night behind remains,

465 The evening stars still mount th' ethereal plains.
Thy tale with raptures I could hear thee tell,
Thy woes on earth, the wond'rous scenes in hell,
'Till in the vault of heav'n the stars decay,
And the sky reddens with the rising day.

O worthy of the pow'r the Gods assign'd, 470
 (*Ulysses* thus replies) a King in mind!

Since yet the early hour of night allows
 Time for discourse, and time for soft repose,
 If scenes of misery can entertain,
 Woes I unfold, of woes a dismal train. 475

Prepare to hear of murther and of blood;
 Of god-like Heroes who uninjur'd stood
 Amidst a war of spears in foreign lands,
 Yet bled at home, and bled by female hands.

Now summon'd *Proserpine* to hell's black hall 480
 The heroine shades; they vanish'd at her call.

When lo! advanc'd the forms of Heroes slain }
 By stern *Ægysthus*, a majestic train, }
 And high above the rest, *Atrides* prest the plain. }
 He quaff'd the gore: and strait his soldier knew, 485
 And from his eyes pour'd down the tender dew;
 His arms he stretch'd; his arms the touch deceive,
 Nor in the fond embrace, embraces give:
 His substance vanish'd, and his strength decay'd,
 Now all *Atrides* is an empty shade. 490

Mov'd at the sight, I for a space resign'd
To soft affliction all my manly mind,
At last with tears — O what relentless doom
Imperial Phantom, bow'd thee to the tomb?
495 Say while the sea, and while the tempest raves,
Has fate oppress'd thee in the roaring waves,
Or nobly seiz'd thee in the dire alarms
Of war and slaughter, and the clash of arms?

The Ghost returns: O chief of humankind
500 For active courage, and a patient mind;
Nor while the sea, nor while the tempest raves,
Has Fate oppress'd me on the roaring waves!
Nor nobly seiz'd me in the dire alarms,
Of war and slaughter, and the clash of arms.
505 Stab'd by a murd'rous hand *Atrides* dy'd,
A foul adult'rer, and a faithless bride;
Ev'n in my mirth and at the friendly feast,
O'er the full bowl, the traitor stab'd his guest;
Thus by the goary arm of slaughter falls
510 The stately Oxe, and bleeds within the stalls.
But not with me the direful murder ends,
These, these expir'd! their crime, they were my friends;

Thick

Thick as the boars, which some luxurious lord
 Kills for the feast, to crown the nuptial board.
 When war has thunder'd with its loudest storms, ⁵¹⁵
 Death thou hast seen in all her ghastly forms;
 In duel met her, on the lifted ground,
 When hand to hand they wound return for wound;
 But never have thy eyes astonish'd view'd
 So vile a deed, so dire a scene of blood. ⁵²⁰
 Ev'n in the flow of joy, when now the bowl
 Glows in our veins, and opens ev'ry soul,
 We groan, we faint; with blood the dome is dy'd,
 And o'er the pavement floats the dreadful tyde—
 Her breast all gore, with lamentable cries, ⁵²⁵
 The bleeding Innocent *Cassandra* dies!
 Then tho' pale death froze cold in ev'ry vein,
 My sword I strive to wield, but strive in vain;
 Nor did my traitress wife these eyelids close,
 Or decently in death my limbs compose. ⁵³⁰
 O Woman, woman, when to ill thy mind
 Is bent, all hell contains no fouler fiend:
 And such was mine! who basely plung'd her sword
 Thro' the fond bosom where she reign'd ador'd!
 Alas!

535 Alas! I hop'd, the toils of war o'ercome,
To meet soft quiet and repose at home;
Delusive hope! O wife, thy deeds disgrace
The perjur'd sex, and blacken all the race;
And should Posterity one virtuous find,
540 Name *Clytemnestra*, they will curse the kind.

O injur'd shade, I cry'd, what mighty woes
To thy imperial race from woman rose!
By woman here thou tread'st this mournful strand,
And *Greece* by woman lies a desert land.

545 Warn'd by my ills beware, the Shade replies,
Nor trust the sex that is so rarely wise;
When earnest to explore thy secret breast,
Unfold some trifle, but conceal the rest.
But in thy consort cease to fear a foe,

550 For thee she feels sincerity of woe:
When *Troy* first bled beneath the *Grecian* arms
She shone unrival'd with a blaze of charms,
Thy infant son her fragrant bosom prest,
Hung at her knee, or wanton'd at her breast;
555 But now the years a num'rous train have ran;
The blooming boy is ripen'd into man;

Thy

Thy eyes shall see him burn with noble fire,
The fire shall bless his son, the son his fire:
But my *Orestes* never met these eyes,
Without one look the murther'd father dies; 560
Then from a wretched friend this wisdom learn,
Ev'n to thy Queen disguis'd, unknown, return;
For since of womankind so few are just, -
Think all are false, nor ev'n the faithful trust.

But say, resides my son in royal port, 565
In rich *Orchomenos*, or *Sparta's* court?
Or say in *Pyle*? for yet he views the light,
Nor glides a Phantom thro' the realms of night.

Then I. Thy suit is vain, nor can I say 570
If yet he breathes in realms of chearful day;
Or pale and wan beholds these nether skies?
Truth I revere: For Wisdom never lies.

Thus in a tyde of tears our sorrows flow,
And add new horror to the realms of woe.
'Till side by side along the dreary coast 575
Advanc'd *Achilles'* and *Patroclus'* ghost,
A friendly pair! near these the * *Pylian* fray'd,
And tow'ring *Ajax*, an illustious shade!

War was his joy, and pleas'd with loud alarms,
580 None but *Pelides* brigher shone in arms.

Thro' the thick gloom his friend *Achilles* knew,
And as he speaks the tears descend in dew.

Com'ft thou alive to view the *Stygian* bounds,
Where the wan Spectres walk eternal rounds;
585 Nor fear'ft the dark and dismal waste to tread,
Throng'd with pale ghosts, familiar with the dead?

To whom with sighs: I pass these dreadful gates
To seek the *Theban*, and consult the Fates:
For still distress I rove from coast to coast,
590 Lost to my friends, and to my country lost.

But sure the eye of Time beholds no name
So blest as thine in all the rolls of Fame;
Alive, we hail'd thee with our guardian Gods,
And dead, thou rul'ft a King in these abodes.

595 Talk not of ruling in this dol'rous gloom,
Nor think vain words (he cry'd) can ease my doom;
Rather I chuse laboriously to bear
A weight of woes, and breath the vital air,
A slave to some poor hind that toils for bread;
600 Than reign the scepter'd monarch of the dead.

But

But say, if in my steps my son proceeds,
And emulates his god-like father's deeds?
If at the clash of arms, and shout of foes,
Swells his bold heart, his bosom nobly glows?
Say if my fire, the rev'rend *Peleus* reigns 605
Great in his *Pthia*, and his throne maintains;
Or weak and old, my youthful arm demands,
To fix the scepter stedfast in his hands?
O might the lamp of life rekindled burn,
And death release me from the silent urn! 610
This arm that thunder'd o'er the *Phrygian* plain,
And swell'd the ground with mountains of the slain,
Should vindicate my injur'd Father's fame,
Crush the proud rebel, and assert his claim.

Illustrious shade, (I cry'd) of *Peleus'* fates 615
No circumstance the voice of fame relates;
But hear with pleas'd attention the renown
The wars and wisdom of thy gallant son:
With me from *Scyros* to the field of fame
Radiant in arms the blooming Heroe came: 620
When *Greece* assembled all her hundred states
To ripen counsels, and decide debates,

Heav'ns!

Heav'ns! how he charm'd us with a flow of sense,
And won the heart with manly Eloquence!

625 He first was seen of all the Peers to rise,
The third in wisdom where they all were wise;
But when to try the fortune of the day
Host mov'd tow'rd host in terrible array,
Before the van, impatient for the fight,
630 With martial port he strode, and stern delight;
Heaps strow'd on heaps beneath his fauchion groan'd,
And monuments of dead deform'd the ground.
The time would fail should I in order tell
What foes were vanquish'd, and what numbers fell;
635 How, lost thro' love, *Eurypylus* was slain,
And round him bled his bold *Cetæan* train.
To *Troy* no Hero came of nobler line,
Or if of nobler, *Memnon*, it was thine.

When *Ilion* in the horse receiv'd her doom,
640 And unseen armies ambush'd in its womb;
Greece gave her latent warriors to my care,
'Twas mine on *Troy* to pour th'imprison'd war:
Then when the boldest bosom beat with fear,
When the stern eyes of Heroes dropp'd a tear;
Fierce

Fierce in his look his ardent valour glow'd, 645
 Flush'd in his cheek, or fally'd in his blood;
 Indignant in the dark recess he stands,
 Pants for the battle, and the war demands;
 His voice breath'd death, and with a martial air
 He grasp'd his sword, and shook his glitt'ring spear. 650
 And when the Gods our arms with conquest crown'd,
 When *Troy's* proud bulwarks smok'd upon the ground,
Greece to reward her soldier's gallant toils
 Heap'd high his navy with unnumber'd spoils.

Thus great in glory from the din of war 655
 Safe he return'd, without one hostile scar;
 Tho' spears in iron tempests rain'd around,
 Yet innocent they play'd, and guiltless of a wound.

While yet I spoke, the Shade with transport glow'd,
 Rose in his majesty, and noblier trod; 660
 With haughty stalk he sought the distant glades
 Of warrior Kings, and joyn'd th' illustrious shades.

Now without number ghost by ghost arose,
 All wailing with unutterable woes.
 Alone, apart, in discontented mood 665
 A gloomy shade, the fullen *Ajax* stood;

For ever sad with proud disdain he pin'd,
 And the lost arms for ever stung his mind;
 Tho' to the contest *Thetis* gave the laws,
 670 And *Pallas*, by the *Trojans* judg'd the cause.
 O why was I victorious in the strife!
 O dear-bought honour with so brave a life!
 With him the strength of war, the soldiers pride,
 Our second hope to great *Achilles* dy'd!
 675 Touch'd at the sight from tears I scarce refrain,
 And tender sorrow thrills in ev'ry vein;
 Pensive and sad I stand, at length accost,
 With accents mild, th' inexorable ghost.

Still burns thy rage? and can brave souls resent
 680 Ev'n after death? relent, great Shade, relent!
 Perish those arms which by the Gods decree
 Accurs'd our army with the loss of thee!
 With thee we fell; *Greece* wept thy hapless fates,
 And shook astonish'd thro' her hundred states;
 685 Not more, when great *Achilles* prest the ground,
 And breath'd his manly spirit thro' the wound.
 O deem thy fall not ow'd to man's decree,
Jove hated *Greece*, and punish'd *Greece* in thee!

Turn then, oh peaceful turn, thy wrath controul,
And calm the raging tempest of thy soul. 690

While yet I speak, the shade disdains to stay,
In silence turns, and fullen stalks away.

Touch'd at his sour retreat, thro' deepest night,
Thro' hell's black bounds I had pursu'd his flight,
And forc'd the stubborn spectre to reply; 695
But wond'rous visions drew my curious eye.
High on a throne, tremendous to behold,
Stern *Minos* waves a mace of burnish'd gold;
Around ten thousand thousand spectres stand
Thro' the wide dome of *Dis*, a trembling band. 700
Still as they plead, the fatal lots he rowls,
Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls.

There huge *Orion* of portentous size,
Swift thro' the gloom a Giant-hunter flies;
A pond'rous mace of brass with direful sway 705
Aloft he whirls, to crush the savage prey;
Stern beasts in trains that by his truncheon fell,
Now grievedly forms, shoot o'er the lawns of hell.

There *Tityus* large and long, in fetters bound,
O'erspreads nine acres of infernal ground; 710

Two rav'nous vultures furious for their food
Scream o'er the fiend, and riot in his blood,
Incessant gore the liver in his breast,
Th' immortal liver grows, and gives th' immortal feast.

⁷¹⁵ For as o'er *Panopé's* enamel'd plains
Latona journey'd to the *Pythian* fanes,
With haughty love th' audacious monster strove
To force the Goddess, and to rival *Jove*.

There *Tantalus* along the *Stygian* bounds
⁷²⁰ Pours out deep groans; (with groans all hell resounds)
Ev'n in the circling floods refreshment craves,
And pines with thirst amidst a sea of waves:
When to the water he his lip applies,
Back from his lip the treach'rous water flies.

⁷²⁵ Above, beneath, around his hapless head,
Trees of all kinds delicious fruitage spread;
There figs sky-dy'd, a purple hue disclose,
Green looks the olive, the pomegranate glows,
There dangling pears exalted scents unfold,

⁷³⁰ And yellow apples ripen into gold;
The fruit he strives to seize: but blasts arise,
Toss it on high, and whirl it to the skies.

I turn'd my eye, and as I turn'd survey'd
A mournful vision! the *Sisyphyan* shade;
With many a weary step, and many a groan, 735
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone;
The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the
Again the restless orb his toil renews, [ground.
Dust mounts in clouds, and sweat descends in dew. 740

Now I the strength of *Hercules* behold,
A tow'ring spectre of gigantic mold,
A shadowy form! for high in heav'n's abodes
Himself resides, a God among the Gods;
There in the bright assemblies of the skies, 745
He Nectar quaffs, and *Hebe* crowns his joys.
Here hovering ghosts, like fowl, his shade surround;
And clang their pinions with terrific sound;
Gloomy as night he stands, in act to throw
Th'aerial arrow from the twanging bow. 750
Around his breast a wond'rous Zone is rowl'd,
Where woodland monsters grin in fretted gold,
There fullen Lions sternly seem to roar,
The bear to growl, to foam the tusky boar:

755 There war and havoc and destruction flood,
And vengeful murder red with human blood.
Thus terribly adorn'd the figures shine,
Inimitably wrought with skill divine.

The mighty ghost advanc'd with awful look,
760 And turning his grim visage, sternly spoke.

O exercis'd in grief! by arts refin'd!

O taught to bear the wrongs of base mankind!

Such, such was I! still tost from care to care,

While in your world I drew the vital air;

765 Ev'n I who from the Lord of thunders rose,
Bore toils and dangers, and a weight of woes;
To a base Monarch still a slave confin'd,
(The hardest bondage to a gen'rous mind!)

Down to these worlds I trod the dismal way,

770 And drag'd the three-mouth'd dog to upper day;
Ev'n hell I conquer'd, thro' the friendly aid
Of *Maia's* off-spring and the martial Maid.

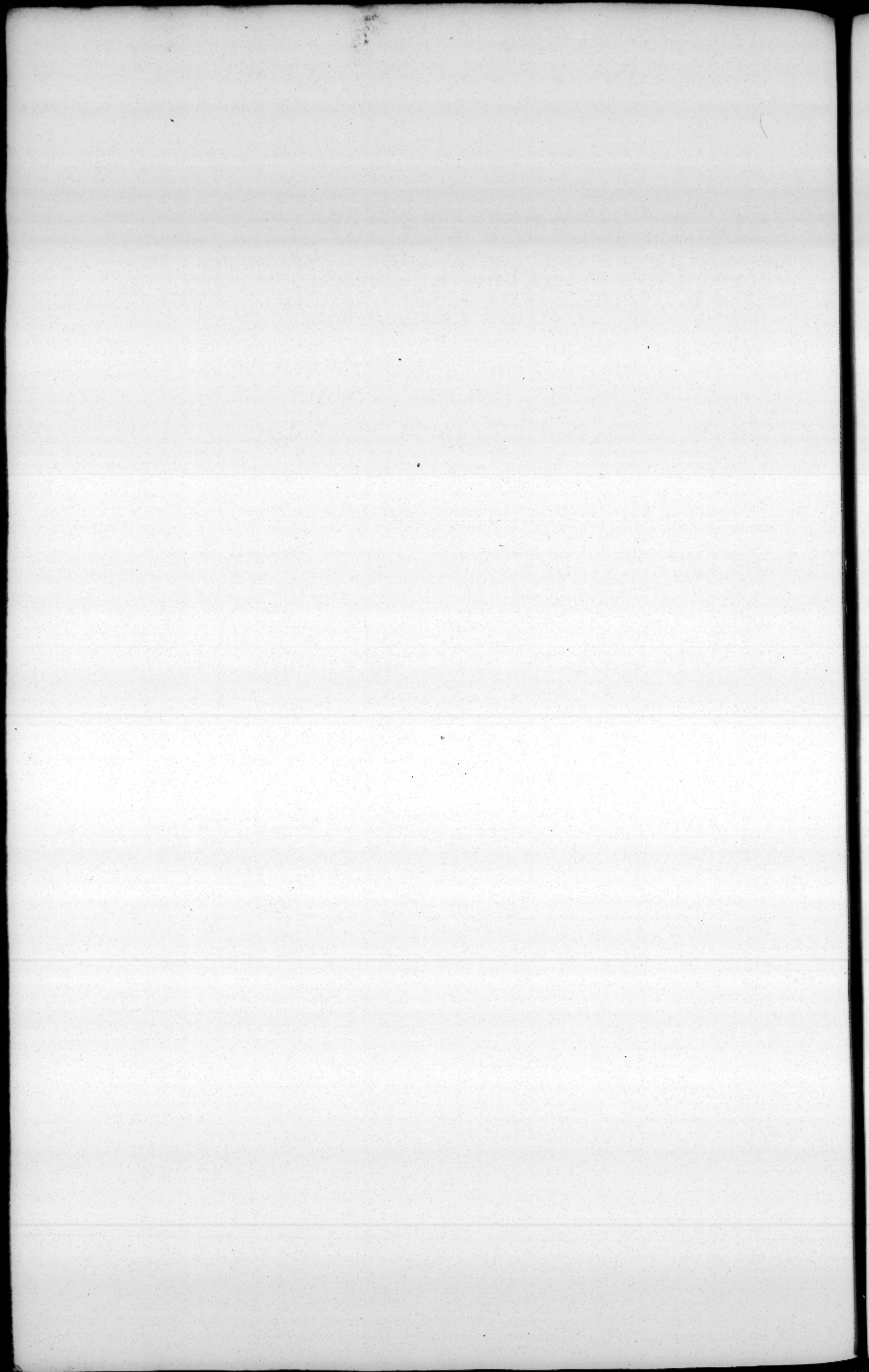
Thus he, nor deign'd for our reply to stay,
But turning stalk'd with giant strides away.

775 Curious to view the Kings of ancient days,
The mighty dead that live in endless praise,

Resolv'd

Resolv'd I stand! and haply had survey'd
The god-like *Theseus*, and *Perithous'* shade;
But swarms of spectres rose from deepest hell,
With bloodless visage, and with hideous yell, 780
They scream, they shriek; sad groans and dismal sounds
Stun my scar'd ears, and pierce hell's utmost bounds.
No more my heart the dismal din sustains,
And my cold blood hangs shiv'ring in my veins;
Left *Gorgon* rising from th' infernal lakes, 785
With horrors arm'd, and curls of hissing snakes,
Should fix me, stiffen'd at the monstrous sight,
A stony image, in eternal night!
Strait from the direful coast to purer air
I speed my flight, and to my mates repair. 790
My mates ascend the ship; they strike their oars;
The mountains lessen, and retreat the shores;
Swift o'er the waves we fly; the fresh'ning gales
Sing thro' the shrouds, and stretch the swelling sails.





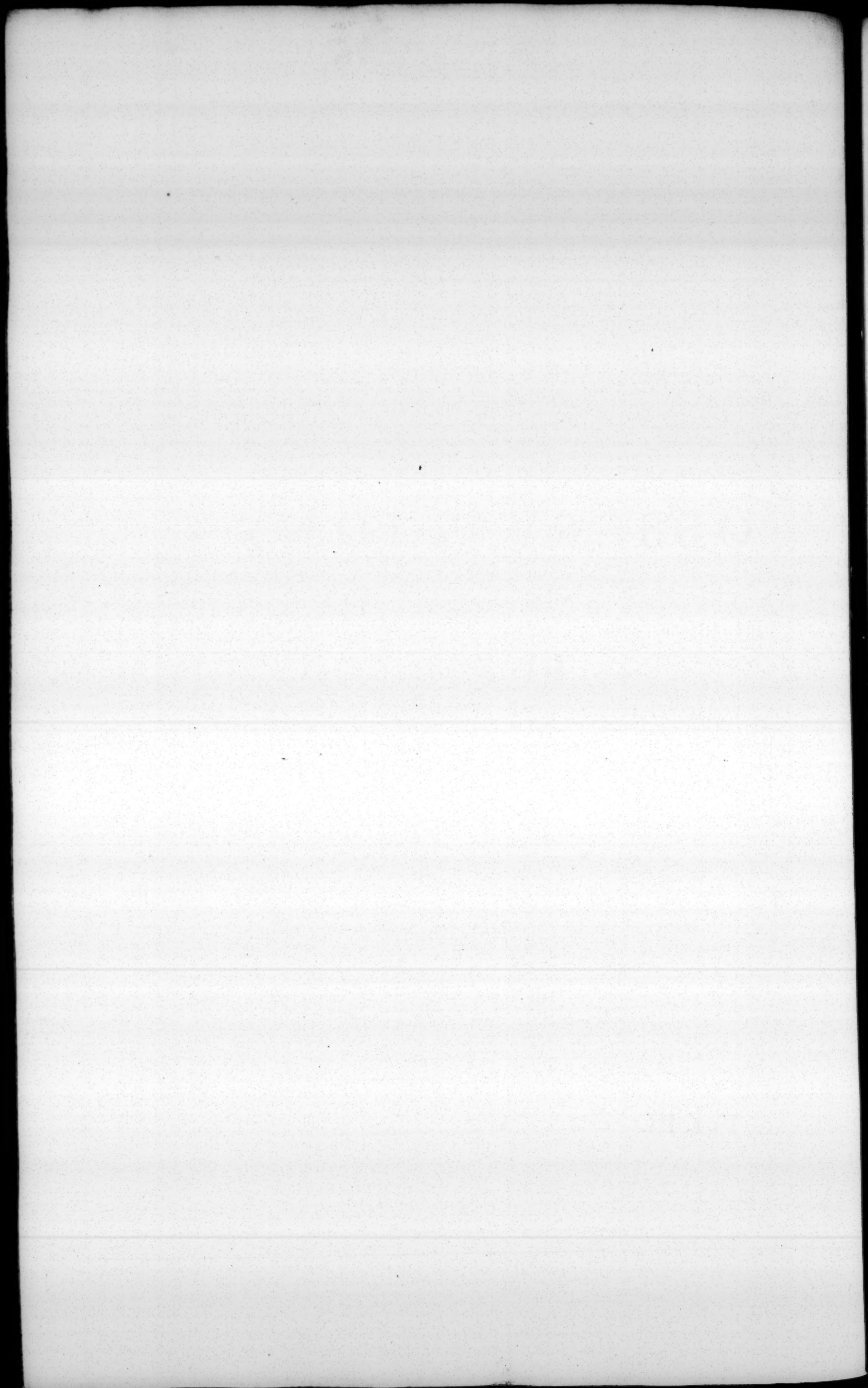
OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

ELEVENTH BOOK.

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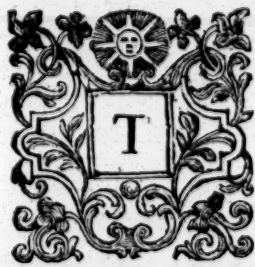


OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

ELEVENTH BOOK.

I.



THE Ancients call'd this book *Νεκρομαντεία*, or *Νεκύα*, the book of Necromancy: because (says *Eustathius*) it contains an interview between *Ulysses*, and the shades of the dead.

Virgil has not only borrow'd the general design from *Homer*, but imitated many particular incidents: *L'Abbé Fraguier* in the *Memoirs of Literature* gives his judgment in favour of the *Roman Poet*, and justly observes, that the end and design of the journey is more important in *Virgil* than in *Homer*. *Ulysses* descends to consult *Tiresias*, *Aeneas* his father. *Ulysses* takes a review of the shades of celebrated persons that preceded his times, or whom he knew at *Troy*, who have no relation to the story of the *Odyssey*: *Aeneas* receives the History of his own posterity; his father instructs him how to manage the *Italian* war, and how to conclude it with honour; that is, to lay the foundations of the greatest Empire in the world: and the Poet by a very happy address takes an opportunity to pay a noble compliment to his patron *Augustus*. In the *Aeneid* there is a magnificent description of the descent and entrance
into

into Hell; and the *diseases, cares, and terrors* that *Aeneas* sees in his journey, are very happily imagin'd, as an introduction into the regions of Death: whereas in *Homer* there is nothing so noble, we scarce are able to discover the place where the Poet lays his scene, or whether *Ulysses* continues below or above the ground. Instead of a descent into hell, it seems rather a conjuring up, or an evocation of the dead from hell; according to the words of *Horace*, who undoubtedly had this passage of *Homer* in his thoughts, *Satyr 8. lib. 1.*

-----*Scalpere terram*
Unguibus, & pullam divellere mordicus agnam
Caperunt; cruor in fossam confusus, ut inde
Manes elicerent, animas responsa daturas.

But if it be understood of an evocation only, how shall we account for several visions and descriptions in the conclusion of this book? *Ulysses* sees *Tantalus* in the waters of hell, and *Sisyphus* rowling a stone up an infernal mountain; these *Ulysses* could not conjure up, and consequently must be suppos'd to have enter'd at least the borders of those infernal regions. In short, *Fraguier* is of opinion, that *Virgil* profited more by the *Frogs* of *Aristophanes* than by *Homer*; and Mr. *Dryden* prefers the sixth book of the *Aeneid* to the eleventh of the *Odyssey*, I think with very great reason.

I will take this opportunity briefly to mention the original of all these fictions of infernal Rivers, Judges, &c. spoken of by *Homer*, and repeated and enlarged by *Virgil*. They are of *Aegyptian* extract, as Mr. *Sandys* (that faithful traveller, and judicious Poet) observes, speaking of the Mummies of *Memphis*, p. 134.

“ These ceremonies perform'd, they laid the corps in a
 “ boat to be wafted over *Acherusia*, a lake on the south of
 “ *Memphis*, by one only person, whom they call'd *Charon*;
 “ which gave *Orpheus* the invention of his infernal ferriman;
 “ an ill-favoured slovenly fellow, as *Virgil* describes him, *Aeneid 6.*
 “ About this lake stood the shady temple of *Hecate*, with the ports
 “ of *Cocytus* and *Oblivion*, separated by bars of brass, the original
 “ of like fables. When landed on the other side, the bodies were
 “ brought

“ brought before certain Judges; if convinc’d of an evil life
 “ they were depriv’d of burial; if otherwise they suffer’d them
 “ to be interr’d.” This explication shews the foundation of those
 ancient fables of *Charon*, *Rhadamanthus*, &c. And also that the
 Poets had a regard to truth in their inventions, and grounded
 even their fables upon some remarkable customs, which grew ob-
 scure and absurd only because the memory of the customs to
 which they allude is lost to posterity.

I will only add from *Dacier*, that this book is an evidence
 of the antiquity of the opinion of the Soul’s Immortality.
 It is upon this that the most ancient of all divinations was
 founded, I mean that which was perform’d by the evocation of
 the dead: There is a very remarkable instance of this in the holy
 Scriptures, in an age not very distant from that of *Homer*.
Saul consults one of these infernal agents to call up *Samuel*, who
 appears, or some evil spirit in his form, and predicts his impend-
 ing death and calamities. This is a pregnant instance of the an-
 tiquity of Necromancy, and that it was not of *Homer*’s inventi-
 on; it prevailed long before his days among the *Chaldeans*, and
 spread over all the oriental world. *Æschylus* has a Tragedy in-
 titled *Perseæ*, in which the shade of *Darius* is call’d up, like that
 of *Samuel*, and foretells Queen *Atossa* all her misfortunes. Thus it
 appears that there was a foundation for what *Homer* writes; he only
 embellishes the opinions of Antiquity with the ornaments of Poetry.

I must confess that *Homer* gives a miserable account of a fu-
 ture state; there is not a person describ’d in happiness, unless per-
 haps it be *Tiresias*; the good and the bad seem all in the same
 condition: Whereas *Virgil* has an Hell for the wicked, and an
Elysium for the just. Tho’ perhaps it may be a vindication of *Ho-*
mer to say, that the notions of *Virgil* of a future state were dif-
 ferent from these of *Homer*; according to whom Hell might on-
 ly be a receptacle for the vehicles of the dead, and that while
 they were in Hell, their *Φενη* or Spirit might be in Heaven, as
 appears from what is said of the *εἰδωλον* of *Hercules* in this 11th
 book of the *Odyssey*.

II.

VERSE 15. *There in a lonely land, and gloomy cells,
 The dusky nation of Cimmeria dwells.]*

It is the opinion of many Commentators, that *Homer* constantly
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in these voyages of *Ulysses* makes use of a fabulous Geography; but perhaps the contrary opinion in many places may be true: In this passage, *Ulysses* in the space of one day sails from the Island of *Circe* to the *Cimmerians*: Now it is very evident from *Herodotus* and *Strabo*, that they inhabited the regions near the *Bosphorus*, and consequently *Ulysses* could not sail thither in the compass of a day; and therefore, says *Strabo*, the Poet removes not only the *Cimmerians*, but their climate and darkness, from the northern *Bosphorus* into *Campania* in *Italy*.

But that there really were a people in *Italy* named *Cimmerians* is evident from the testimony of many Authors. So *Lycophron* plainly understands this passage, and relates these adventures as perform'd in *Italy*. He recapitulates all the voyages of *Ulysses*, and mentioning the descent into Hell and the *Cimmerians*, he immediately describes the infernal rivers, and adds, (speaking of the *Apennine*)

Ἐξ οὗ τὰ πάντα χύτλα, ἢ πᾶσαι μυχῶν
Πηγαί, κατ' Ἀυσονίτιν ἔλκονταί χθόνα.

That is, “ From whence all the rivers, and all the fountains “ flow thro’ the regions of *Italy*.” And these lines of *Tibullus*,

*Cimmerion etiam obscuras accessit ad arces,
Queis nunquam candente dies apparuit ortu,
Sive supra terras Phæbus, seu curreret infra.*

are understood by all interpreters to denote the *Italian Cimmerians*; who dwelt near *Baia* and the lake *Avernus*; and therefore *Homer* may be imagin'd not entirely to follow a fabulous Geography. It is evident from *Herodotus* that these *Cimmerians* were anciently a powerful nation, for passing into *Asia* (says that Author in his *Clio*) they possess'd themselves of *Sardis*, in the time of *Ardyes*, the son of *Gyges*. If so, it is possible they might make several settlements in different parts of the world, and call those settlements by their original name, *Cimmerians*, and consequently there might be *Italian*, as well as *Scythian Cimmerians*.

It must be allow'd that this horrid region is well chosen, for the descent into Hell: It is describ'd as a land of obscurity and horrors,

horrors, and happily imagin'd to introduce a relation concerning the realms of death and darkness.

III.

VERSE 31. *New wine, with honey-temper'd milk.*] The word in the original is, *μελίκρατον*, which (as *Eustathius* observes) the Ancients constantly understood to imply a mixture of honey and milk; but all writers who succeeded *Homer* as constantly used it to signify a composition of water mix'd with honey. The *Latin* Poets have borrow'd their magical rites from *Homer*: Thus *Ovid Metam.* 7. 243.

*Haud procul egestâ scrobibus tellure duabus
Sacra facit: cultrosque in guttura velleris atrî
Conjicit; & patulas perfundit sanguine fossas,
Tum super invergens liquidi carchesia Bacchi,
Æneaque invergens tepidi carchesia lactis, &c.*

Thus also *Statius*:

-----*Tellure cavatâ
Inclinat Bacchi latices, & munera verni,
Lactis, & Actæos imbres, &c.*

This libation is made to all the departed shades; but to what purpose (objects *Eustathius*) should these rites be paid to the dead, when it is evident from the subsequent relation that they were ignorant of these ceremonies 'till they had tasted the libation? He answers from the Ancients, that they were merely honorary to the regents of the dead, *Pluto* and *Proserpina*; and used to obtain their leave to have an interview with the shades in their dominions.

IV.

VERSE 47. *When lo! appear'd along the dusky coasts,
Thin airy shoals of visionary ghosts.*]

We are inform'd by *Eustathius*, that the Ancients rejected these six verses; for say they, these are not the shades of persons newly slain, but

but who have long been in these infernal regions: How then can their wounds be suppos'd still to be visible, especially thro' their armour, when the Soul was separated from the body? Neither is this the proper place for their appearance, for the Poet immediately subjoins, that the ghost of *Elpenor* was the first that he encounter'd in these regions of darkness. But these objections will be easily answer'd by having recourse to the notions which the Ancients entertain'd concerning the dead; we must remember that they imagin'd that the soul tho' freed from the body had still a vehicle, exactly resembling the body; as the figure in a mold retains the resemblance of the mold, when separated from it; the body is but as a case to this vehicle, and it is in this vehicle that the wounds are said to be visible; this was suppos'd to be less gross than the mortal body, and less subtile than the Soul; so that whatever wounds the outward body receiv'd when living, were believ'd to affect this inward Substance, and consequently might be visible after separation.

It is true that the Poet calls the ghost of *Elpenor* the first ghost, but this means the first whom he knew: *Elpenor* was not yet buried, and therefore was not yet receiv'd into the habitation of the dead, but wanders before the entrance of it. This is the reason why his shade is said to present it self the foremost; it comes not up from the realm of death, but descends towards it from the upper world.

But these shades of the warriors are said still to wear their armour in which they were slain, for the Poet adds that it was stain'd with blood: How is it possible for these ghosts, which are only a subtile substance, not a gross body, to wear the armour they wore in the other world? How was it convey'd to them in these infernal regions? All that occurs to me in answer to this objection is, that the Poet describes them suitably to the characters they bore in life; the warriors on earth are warriors in Hell; and that he adds these circumstances only to denote the manner of their death, which was in battle, or by the sword. No doubt but *Homer* represents a future state according to the notions which his age entertain'd of it, and this sufficiently justifies him as a Poet, who is not oblig'd to write severe truths, but according to fame and common opinions.

But to prove these verses genuine, we have the authority of *Virgil*: he was too sensible of their beauty not to adorn his Poems with them. *Georg.* 4. 470.

*At cantu commotæ Erebi de sedibus imis
Umbræ ibant tenues, simulacraque luce carentum,
Matres, atque viri, defunctaque corpora vitâ
Magnanimum heroum, pueri, innuptæque puellæ,
Impositique rogis juvenes, &c.*

It must be confess'd that the *Roman* Poet omits the circumstance of the armour in his translation, as being perhaps contrary to the opinions prevailing in his age; but in the sixth book he describes his Heroes with arms, horses, and infernal chariots; and in the story of *Deiphobus* we see his shade retain the wounds in Hell, which he received at the time of his death in *Troy*.

----- *Lacerum crudeliter ora
Deiphobum vidi, &c.*

V.

VERSE 73. *How could thy soul, by realms and seas disjoyn'd,
Out-fly the nimble sail?*]

Eustathius is of opinion, that *Ulysses* speaks pleasantly to *Elpenor*, for were his words to be literally translated they would be, *Elpenor, thou art come hither on foot, sooner than I in a ship*. I suppose it is the worthless character of *Elpenor* that led that Critic into this opinion; but I should rather take the sentence to be spoken seriously, not only because such railleries are an insult upon the unfortunate, and levities perhaps unworthy of Epic Poetry, but also from the general conduct of *Ulysses*, who at the sight of *Elpenor* bursts into tears, and compassionates the fate of his friend. Is there any thing in this that looks like raillery? if there be, we must confess that *Ulysses* makes a very quick transition from sorrow to pleasantry. The other is the more noble sense, and therefore I have follow'd it, and it excellently paints the surprize of *Ulysses* at the unexpected sight of *Elpenor*, and expresses his wonder that the Soul the moment it leaves the body, should reach the receptacle of departed shades.

But it may be ask'd what connection this story of *Elpenor* has to the subject of the Poem, and what it contributes to the end of it? *Bosſu* very well answers that the Poet may insert some in-

cidents that make no part of the fable or action; especially if they be short, and break not the thread of it: this before us is only a small part of a large Episode, which the Poet was at liberty to insert or omit, as contributed most to the beauty of his Poetry: besides, it contains an excellent moral, and shews us the ill effects of drunkenness and debauchery. The Poet represents *Elpenor* as a person of a mean character, and punishes his crime with sudden death, and dishonour.

I will only add that *Virgil* treads in the footsteps of *Homer*, and *Misenus* in the *Aeneid*, is the *Elpenor* of the *Odyssey*: There is indeed some difference; *Misenus* suffers for his presumption, *Elpenor* for his debauchery.

VI.

VERSE 75. -----To hell my doom I owe,
Dæmons accurst, dire ministers of woe.]

The words in the original are, Ἀσέ με Δαίμονες αἶσα. The identity of sound in ἄσε and αἶσα may perhaps appear a little inharmonious, and shock the ear. It is a known observation that the nice ears in the Court of *Augustus* could not pardon *Virgil* for a like similitude of cadence in this verse.

At regina Pyra -----

But these are rather negligences than errors; they are indeed to be avoided, but a great genius sometimes overlooks such niceties, and sacrifices sound to sense.

The words of *Quintilian* are very apposite to this purpose, lib. 8. cap. 3. *Ejusdem verbi aut sermonis iteratio, quanquam non magnopere summis authoribus vitata, interim vitium videri potest; in quod sæpe incidit etiam Cicero, securus tam parvæ observationis.* He brings an instance of it from his oration for *Cluentius*, *Non solum igitur illud judicium, judicii simile, indices, non fuit.* It must be confess'd, that the sense is not only darken'd, but the ear shock'd at the repetition of the same word in the same period.

This is a very pregnant instance, that the opinion of an evil Dæmon or Genius prevail'd in the days of *Homer*: but this excuse of *Elpenor*, in ascribing his calamity to a Dæmon, gives great offence to *Maximus Tyrius*, he being a Stoic Philosopher. He says

Elpenor is guilty of falshood in this excuse to *Ulysses*; for *Dæmons*, *parcæ*, &c. are nothing but the idle pretext of wicked men, who are industrious to transfer their own follies to the Gods, according to those verses in the beginning of the *Odysssey*.

*Why charge mankind on heav'n their own offence,
And call their woes the crime of providence?
Blind! who themselves their miseries create,
And perish by their folly, not their fate.*

VII.

VERSE 105. *All pale ascends my royal mother's shade.*] The behaviour of *Ulysses* with respect to his mother may appear not sufficiently tender and affectionate, he refrains all manner of address to her, a conduct which may be censur'd as inconsistent with filial piety; but *Plutarch* very fully answers this objection. "It is (says that Author) a remarkable instance of the prudence of *Ulysses*, who descending into the regions of the dead, refus'd all conference even with his mother, 'till he had obtain'd an answer from *Tiresias*, concerning the business which induc'd him to undertake that infernal journey." A wise man is not inquisitive about things impertinent; accordingly *Ulysses* first shews himself a wise man, and then a dutiful son. Besides, it is very judicious in *Homer* thus to describe *Ulysses*: the whole design of the *Odysssey* is the return of *Ulysses* to his country; this is the mark at which the Heroe should continually aim, and therefore it is necessary that all other incidents should be subordinate to this; and the Poet had been blameable if he had shew'd *Ulysses* entertaining himself with amusements, and postponing the consideration of the chief design of the *Odysssey*. *Lucian* speaks to the same purpose in his piece upon Astrology.

VIII.

VERSE 120. *But sheath thy ponyard. ---*] The terror which the shades of the departed express at the sight of the sword of *Ulysses* has been frequently censur'd as absurd and ridiculous: *Risum cui non moveat*, says *Scaliger*, *cum ensem ait & vulnera metuisset*? What have the dead to fear from a sword, who are beyond the power

power of it, by being reduc'd to an incorporeal shadow? But this description is consistent with the notions of the Ancients concerning the dead. I have already remark'd, that the shades retain'd a vehicle, which resembled the body, and was liable to pain as well as the corporeal substance; if not, to what purpose are the Furies describ'd with iron scourges, or the Vultur tearing the liver of *Tityus*?

Virgil ascribes the like fears to the shades in the *Æneis*; for the *Sibyl* thus commands *Æneas*,

Tuque invade viam, vaginâque eripe ferrum.

And the shades of the *Greeks* are there said to fly at the sight of his arms.

*At Danaûm proceres, Agamemnoniæque Phalanges
Ut vidère virum, fulgentiaque arma per umbras
Ingenti trepidare metu.*

Tiresias is here describ'd consistently with the character before given him by the Poet, I mean with a preheminance above the other shades; for (as *Eustathius* observes) he knows *Ulysses* before he tastes the ingredients; a privilege not claim'd by any other of the infernal inhabitants. *Elpenor* indeed did the same, but for another reason; because he was not yet buried, nor enter'd the regions of the dead, and therefore his Soul was yet intire.

IX.

VERSE 145. *Ulysses at his country scarce arrives!*] The Poet conducts this interview with admirable judgment. The whole design of *Ulysses* is to engage the *Phæacians* in his favour, in order to his transportation to his own country: How does he bring this about? By shewing that it was decreed by the Gods that he should be conducted thither by strangers; so that the *Phæacians* immediately conclude, that they are the people destin'd by Heaven to conduct him home; to give this the greater weight, he puts the speech into the mouth of the Prophet *Tiresias*, and exalts his character in an extraordinary manner, to strengthen the credit of the prediction: By this method likewise the

the Poet interweaves his Episode into the texture and essence of the Poem, he makes this journey into Hell contribute to the restoration of his Heroe, and unites the subordinate parts very happily with the main action.

X.

VERSE 152. *That done, a people far from Sea, explore,
Who ne'er knew salt. -----]*

It is certain that *Tiresias* speaks very obscurely, after the manner of the Oracles; but the Ancients generally understood this people to be the *Epirots*: Thus *Pausanias* in his *Attics*. 'Οι μηδ' αλσος ἰλίε θάλασσαν, μηδ' ἄλσιν ἠπίσαντο χεῖναι, μαρτυρεῖ δὲ μοι καὶ Ὀμήρου ἐπεὶ ἐν ὀδυσείᾳ.

-----'Οι ἐκ ἴσασι θάλασσαν.

That is; "The *Epirots* even so lately as after the taking of " *Troy*, were ignorant of the sea, and the use of salt, as *Homer* " testifies in his *Odyssey* :

Who ne'er knew salt, nor heard the billows roar.

So that they who were ignorant of the sea, were likewise ignorant of the use of salt, according to *Homer*: whence it may be conjectur'd, that the Poet knew of no salt but what was made of sea-water. The other token of their ignorance of the sea was, that they should not know an Oar, but call it a Corn-van. This verse was once sarcastically apply'd to *Philip* of *Macedon*, by *Amerdion* a *Grecian*, who flying from him and being apprehended, was ask'd whither he fled? he bravely answer'd, to find a people who knew not *Philip*.

Εἶσοκε τὰς ἀφίκωμαι, οἳ ἐκ ἴσασι Φίλιππον.

I persuade my self that this passage is rightly translated: Νέας Φοινικοπαρέης, and τὰ τε πλερὰ νευσὶ πέλονται,

A painted wonder, flying on the main.

for the wings of the ship signify the sails, (as *Eustathius* remarks) and not the oars, as we might be misled to conclude from the immediate connection with *ἑστμα*, or Oars. The Poet, I believe, intended to express the wonder of a person upon his first sight of a ship, who observing it to move swiftly along the seas, might mistake the sails for wings, according to that beautiful description of Mr. *Dryden* upon a like occasion in his *Indian Emperor*.

*The objects I could first distinctly view,
Were tall streight trees which on the waters flew;
Wings on their sides instead of leaves did grow,
Which gather'd all the breath the winds could blow;
And at their roots grew floating Palaces, &c.*

Eustathius tells us the reason of this command given to *Ulysses*, to search out a people ignorant of the sea: It was in honour of *Neptune*, to make his name regarded by a nation which was entirely a stranger to that Deity; and this injunction was laid by way of atonement for the violence offer'd to his son *Polyphemus*.

Many Critics have imagin'd that this passage is corrupted; but, as *Eustathius* observes, we have the authority of *Sophocles* to prove it genuine, who alluding to this passage, writes,

Ὡμοις ἀθηρόεωτον ὄργανον φέρον.

XI.

VERSE 167. *When late stern Neptune points the shaft with death.*] The death of *Ulysses* is related variously, but the following account is chiefly credited: *Ulysses* had a son by *Circe* named *Telegonus*, who being grown to years of maturity, sail'd to *Ithaca* in search of his father; where seizing some sheep for the use of his attendants, the shepherds put themselves into a posture to rescue them; *Ulysses* being advertis'd of it, went with his son *Telemachus* to repel *Telegonus*, who in defending himself wounded *Ulysses*, not knowing him to be his father. Thus *Oppian*, *Hyginus*, and *Dictys* relate the story. Many Poets have brought this upon the stage, and *Aristotle* criticizing upon one of these Tragedies gives us the title of it, which was, *Ulysses wounded*. But if *Ulysses* thus dy'd,
how

how can Neptune be said to point the shaft with death? We are inform'd that the spear with which *Telegonus* gave the wound, was pointed with the bone of a sea Turtle; so that literally his death came from the sea, or ἐξ ἁλός: and Neptune being the God of the Ocean, his death may without violence be ascrib'd to that Deity. It is true, some Critics read ἐξ ἁλῶ, as one word, and then it will signify that *Ulysses* should escape the dangers of the sea, and die upon the continent far from it; but the former sense is most consonant to the tenour of the Poem, thro' which Neptune is constantly represented as an enemy to *Ulysses*.

I will only add the reason why *Ulysses* is enjoyn'd to offer a Bull, a Ram, and a Boar to Neptune: the Bull represents the roaring of the sea in storms; the Ram the milder appearance of it when in tranquility: the Boar was used by the Ancients as an emblem of fecundity, to represent the fruitfulness of the Ocean. This particular sacrifice of three animals was call'd τετρίνα.
Eustathius.

XII.

VERSE 195. *There the wide sea with all his billows raves.*] If this passage were literally translated, it would run thus: *My son, how didst thou arrive at this place of darkness, when so many rivers, and the Ocean lie in the midway?* This (says *Eustathius*) plainly shews that *Homer* uses a fabulous Geography; for whereas the places that are mention'd in these voyages of *Ulysses* are really situated upon the *Mediterranean*, *Anticlea* here says that they lie in the middle of the Ocean. But this is undoubtedly an error: The whole of the observation depends upon the word μέσσω; But why must this denote the midway so exactly? Is it not sufficient to say, that between *Ithaca* and this infernal region, rivers and the Ocean roul? And that this is the real meaning is evident from this book, for *Ulysses* sails in the space of one day from the Island of *Circe* to the place where he descends: How then could these places where *Ulysses* touches in his voyage lie in the middle of the Ocean, unless we can suppose he pass'd half the Ocean in one day? The Poet directly affirms, that he descends at the extremity of it; but this extremity is no more than one day's voyage from the Island of *Circe*, and consequently that Island could not lie in the middle of the Ocean: Therefore
this

this place is no evidence that *Homer* uses a fabulous Geography.

Eustathius very justly observes, that *Homer* judiciously places the descent into Hell at the extremity of the Ocean: for it is natural to imagine, that to be the only passage to it, by which the Sun and the Stars themselves appear to descend, and sink into the realms of darkness.

XIII.

VERSE 218. ——— *Thus the parent shade returns.*] The questions which *Ulysses* asks (remarks *Eustathius*) could not fail of having a very good effect upon his *Phæacian* audience: By them he very artfully (and as it seems undesignedly) lets them into the knowledge of his dignity, and shews the importance of his person; to induce them to a greater care to conduct him to his country. The process of the whole story is so artfully carried on, that *Ulysses* seems only to relate an accidental interview, while he tacitly recommends himself, and lets them know the person who asks their assistance is a King. It is observable that *Anticlea* inverts the order in her answer, and replies last to the first question. Orators always reserve the strongest argument for the conclusion, to leave it fresh upon the memory of their auditors: or rather, the Poet uses this method to introduce the sorrow of *Ulysses* for the death of his mother more naturally: He steals away the mind of the Reader from attending the main action, to enliven it with a scene of tenderness and affection in these regions of horror.

XIV.

VERSE 224. *And shares the banquet in superior state, &c.*] This passage is fully explain'd by *Eustathius*: he tells us, that it was an ancient custom to invite Kings and Legislators to all publick feasts; this was to do them honour: and the chief seat was always reserved for the chief Magistrate. Without this observation, the lines are unintelligible. It is evident that the words are not spoken of sacrifices or feasts made to the Gods, but social entertainments, for they are general, πάντες κάλεσσι, “all the people of the realm invite *Telemachus* to their feasts;” And this seems to have been a right due to the chief Magistrate, for ἀλεγύνειν implies

implies it, which word *Eustathius* explains by ἐν λόγῳ ποιῆσαι;
“such an honour as ought not to be neglected,” or

Grac'd with such honours as become the Great.

It gives us a very happy image of these ages of the world, when we observe such an intercourse between the King and the subject: The Idea of power carries no terror in it, but the Ruler himself makes a part of the public Joy.

XV.

VERSE 248. *Thrice in my arms I strove her shade to bind,
Thrice thro' my arms -----]*

This passage plainly shews that the vehicles of the departed were believ'd by the Ancients to be of an aerial substance, and retain nothing of corporeal grossness.

Virgil has borrow'd these verses.

*Ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum;
Ter frustra comprehensa manus effugit imago,
Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.*

Scaliger gives the preference to the Roman Poet, because he uses three verses, at a time when the word *ter* occurs in the description, whereas *Homer* concludes in little more than two lines. But this is not criticizing, but trifling; and ascribing to an Author what the Author himself had no thought of. This puts me in mind of a story in *Lucian*, where a person of a strong imagination thinking there was a mystery in μῆνιν, the first word in the *Iliad*, is introduc'd enquiring of *Homer* in the regions of the dead, why he placed it in the beginning of his Poem? he answers, Because it first came into his head. I doubt not but the number of the lines in this place in both Poets was equally accidental; *Virgil* adds nothing to the thought of *Homer*, tho' he uses more words.

XVI.

VERSE 256. ----- *A blifs to weep within her arms.]* This is almost a literal translation; the words in the Greek are, τεταγ-
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πῶμεθα γόοιο, or, *that we may delight our selves with sorrow*, which *Eustathius* explains by saying, *there is a pleasure in weeping*: I should rather understand the words to signify, that in the instant while he is rejoycing at the sight of his mother, he is compell'd to turn his joy into tears, to find the whole scene a delusion.

XVII.

VERSE 279. *Then shade to shade — succeeds.*] Nothing can better shew the invention of *Homer*, than his capacity of furnishing out a scene of such great variety in this infernal region: He calls up the Heroes of former ages from a state of inexistence to adorn and diversify his Poetry. If it be ask'd what relation this journey into hell has to the main action of the *Odyssey*? the answer is, It has an Episodic affinity with it, and shews the sufferings of *Ulysses* more than any of his voyages upon the Ocean, as it is more horrible and full of terrors. What a treasury of ancient History and fables has he open'd by this descent? he lets us into a variety of different characters of the most famous personages recorded in ancient story; and at the same time lays before us a supplement to the *Iliad*. If *Virgil* paid a happy piece of flattery to the *Romans*, by introducing the greatest persons of the best families in *Rome*, in his descent in the *Æneid*; *Homer* no less happily interests the *Grecians* in his story, by honouring the Ancestors of the noblest families who still flourish'd in *Greece*, in the *Odyssey*; a circumstance that could not fail of being very acceptable to a *Grecian* or *Roman* Reader, but perhaps less entertaining to us, who have no particular interest in these stories.

XVIII.

VERSE 281. *Tyro — whom great Salmoneus bred.*] *Virgil* gives a very different character of *Salmoneus* from this of *Homer*: he describes him as an impious person who presum'd to imitate the thunder of *Jupiter*, whereas *Homer* stiles him blameless, or ἀμύμων; an argument, says *Eustathius*, that the preceding story is a fable invented since the days of *Homer*. This may perhaps be true, and
we

we may naturally conclude it to be true from his silence of it, but not from the epithet *ἀμύμων*; for in the first book of the *Odyssey*, *Jupiter* gives the same appellation to *Ægysthus*, even while he condemns him of murder and adultery. *Eustathius* adds, that *Salmoneus* was a great proficient in Mechanics, and inventor of a vessel call'd *βροντήιον*, which imitated thunder by rousing stones in it, which gave occasion to the fictions of the Poets.

XIX.

VERSE 283. *For fair Enipeus, as from fruitful urns
He pours his wat'ry store, the Virgin burns.*]

There are no fables in the Poets that seem more bold than these concerning the commerce between women, and river Gods; but *Eustathius* gives us a probable solution: I will translate him literally. It was customary for young Virgins to resort frequently to rivers to bathe in them; and the Ancients have very well explain'd these fables about the intercourse between them and the water Gods: *Receive my Virginitie O Scamander!* says a Lady; but it is very apparent who this *Scamander* was: Her lover *Cimon* lay conceal'd in the reeds. This was a good excuse for female frailty, in ages of credulity: for such imaginary intercourse between the fair Sex and Deities was not only believ'd, but esteem'd honourable. No doubt the Ladies were frequently deceiv'd; their lovers personated the Deities, and they took a *Cimon* to their arms in the disguise of a *Scamander*.

It is uncertain where this *Enipeus* flows: *Strabo* (says *Eustathius*) imagines it to be a river of *Peloponnesus*, that disembogues its waters into the *Alpheus*; for the *Thessalian* river is *Eniseus*, and not *Enipeus*: This rises from mount *Othrys*, and receives into it the *Epidanus*. The former seems to be the river intended by *Homer*, for it takes its source from a village call'd *Salmone*; and what strengthens this conjecture is the neighbourhood of the Ocean (or *Neptune* in this fable) to that river. *Lucian* has made this story of *Enipeus* the subject of one of his Dialogues.

XX.

VERSE 319. *Hence sprung Amphion.*-----] The fable of *Thebes* built by the power of Music is not mention'd by *Homer*,
and

and therefore may be supposed to be of later invention. *Homer* relates many circumstances in these short histories differently from his successors; *Epicaſte* is call'd *Jocasta*, and the Tragedians have entirely varied the story of *OEdipus*: They tell us he tore out his eyes, that he was driven from *Thebes*, and being conducted by his daughter *Antigone*, arriv'd at *Athens*, where entering the Temple of the Furies, he dy'd in the midst of a furious storm, and was carried by it into Hell: Whereas *Homer* directly affirms, that he continued to reign in *Thebes* after all his calamities.

It is not easy to give a reason why the mother, and not the father, is said to send the Furies to torment *Oedipus*, especially because he was the murderer of his father *Laius*: *Eustathius* answers, that it was by accident that he slew *Laius*; but upon the discovery of his wickedness in marrying his mother *Jocasta*, he used her with more barbarity and rigour than was necessary, and therefore she pursues him with her vengeance. *Jocasta* and *Dido* both die after the same manner by their own hands: I agree with *Scaliger*, that *Virgil* has describ'd hanging more happily than *Homer*.

Informis Lethi nodum trabe neſcit ab altâ.

Ἀψαμαμένη βρόχον αἰπὺν ἀφ' ἀΨηλοῖο μελάθρε.

There is nothing like the *Informis Lethi nodus* in *Homer*: and as that Critic observes, *tam atrox res aliquo verborum ambitu studiosius comprehenda fuit*. The story of *Oedipus* is this: *Laius* being inform'd by the Oracle, that he should be slain by his son, caus'd *Oedipus* immediately to be expos'd by his shepherds to wild beasts; but the shepherds preserv'd him, and gave him education: When he came to years of maturity he went toward *Thebes* in search of his father, but meeting *Laius* by the way, and a quarrel arising, he slew him ignorantly, and married *Jocasta* his mother; This is the subject of two Tragedies in *Sophocles*.

XXI.

VERSE 341. -----[The beauteous Chloris I descry.] A Critic ought not only to endeavour to point out the beauties in the sense, but also in the versification of a Poet: *Dionysius Halicarn.* cites these two verses as peculiarly flowing and harmonious.

Καὶ Χλωῆριν εἶδον ποικιλλέα, τὴν ποτε Νελεὺς.
Γῆμεν ἐὼν διὰ Κάλλῳ, ἐπεὶ πόρε μύρια ἔνδα.

There is not one elision, nor one rough vowel or consonant, but they flow along with the utmost smoothness, and the beauty of the Muse equals that of *Chloris*.

XXII.

VERSE 345. *Great in Orchomenos* ———] This is a very considerable city lying between *Bæotia* and *Phocis*, upon the river *Cephisus*: *Homer* calls it the *Minyan Orchomenos*, because the *Minyans* an ancient people inhabited it; it was the colony of these *Minyans* that sail'd to *Iolcos*, and gave name to the *Argonauts*. *Eustathius*.

XXIII.

VERSE 357. *This dares a Seer, &c.*] This story is related with great obscurity, but we learn from the 15th book that the name of this Prophet was *Melampus*. *Iphyclus* was the son of *Deioneus*, and Uncle to *Tyro*; he had seiz'd upon the goods of *Tyro* the mother of *Neleus*, among which were many beautiful oxen: these *Neleus* demands, but is unjustly deny'd by *Iphyclus*: *Neleus* had a daughter named *Pero*, a great beauty who was courted by all the neighbouring Princes, but the father refuses her, unless to the man who recovers these oxen from *Iphyclus*: *Bias* was in love with *Pero*, and persuades his brother *Melampus* a Prophet to undertake the recovery; he attempts it, but being vanquish'd, is thrown into prison; but at last set at liberty, for telling *Iphyclus*, who was childless, how to procure issue. *Iphyclus* upon this gave him the oxen for a reward.

Nothing can be more ridiculous than the explanation of this story in *Eustathius*, which I will lay before the Reader for his entertainment. *Melampus*, after he was made a prisoner, was trusted to the care of a man and a woman; the man used him with mercy, and the woman with cruelty: One day he heard a low noise, and a family of worms in conference. (He understood the language of all the animal creation, beasts and reptiles) These worms were discoursing how they had eaten thro' a great beam

that lay over the head of *Melampus*: He immediately provides for his own safety, feigns a sickness, and begs to be carried into the fresh air; The woman and the man immediately comply with his request; at which instant the beam falling, kills the woman: An account of this is forthwith carried to *Iphyclus*, who sending for *Melampus*, asks who he is? He tells him, a Prophet, and that he came for the Oxen of *Neleus*; *Iphyclus* commands him to declare how he may have an heir? *Melampus* kills an Ox, and calls all the birds of the air to feast on it; they all appear except the Vultur; he proposes the case to them, but they give no satisfactory answer; at last the Vultur appears, and gives *Melampus* a full information: Upon this *Iphyclus* obtains a child, and *Melampus* the Oxen of *Neleus*.

XXIV.

VERSE 348. ----- *Periclimenus the bold.*] The reason why *Homer* gives this epithet to *Periclimenus* may be learn'd from *Hesiod*: *Neptune* gave him the power to change himself into all shapes, but he was slain by *Hercules*: *Periclimenus* assaulted that Heroe in the shape of a bee, or fly, who discovering him in that disguise, by the means of *Pallas* slew him with his club. This is the person of whom *Ovid* speaks, but adds that he was slain in the shape of an eagle by *Hercules*.

*Mira Periclymeni mors est, cui posse figuras
Sumere quas vellet, rursusque reponere sumptas,
Neptunus dederat, &c.*

Euphorion speaks of him in the shape of a bee or fly.

----- Ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε μελισῶν ἀγλαὰ φύλα
Ἄλλοτε δεινὸς Ὀφίς ----

XXV.

VERSE 364. *The steadfast purpose of th' Almighty will.*] These words, δῖός δ' ἐτελείετο βῆλῃ, seem to come in without any connection with the story, and consequently unnecessarily; but *Homer* speaks of it concisely, as an adventure well known in his times,

times, and therefore not wanting a further explication: But *Apollodorus* relates the whole at large, *lib. 1.* The reason why these words are inserted is, to inform us that there were ancient Prophecies concerning *Iphyclus*, that it was decreed by *Jupiter* he should have no children 'till he had recourse to a Prophet, who explaining these Prophecies to him should shew him how to obtain that blessing: In this sense the will of *Jupiter* may be said to be fulfill'd.

XXVI.

VERSE 372. *And live alternate, and alternate die.*] *Castor* and *Pollux* are called Διόσκηγοι, or the sons of *Jupiter*; but what could give occasion to this fiction, of their living and dying alternately? *Eustathius* informs us that it is a physical Allegory: They represent the two Hemispheres of the world; the one of which is continually enlighten'd by the sun, and consequently the other is then in darkness: and these being successively illuminated according to the order of the day and night, one of these sons of *Jupiter* may be said to revive when one part of the world rises into day, and the other to die, when it descends into darkness. What makes this Allegory the more probable is, that *Jupiter* denotes in many allegories of *Homer*, the Air, or the upper regions of it.

XXVII.

VERSE 383. *Nine ells aloft they rear'd their head.*] This is undoubtedly a very bold fiction, and has been censur'd by some Critics as monstrous, and prais'd by others as sublime. It may seem utterly incredible that any human creatures could be nine ells, that is, eleven yards and a quarter in height, at the age of nine years. But it may vindicate *Homer* as a Poet to say that he only made use of a fable, that had been transmitted down from the earliest times of the world, for so early the war between the Gods and Giants was supposed to be. There might a rational account be given of these apparent incredibilities; if I might be allow'd to say what many Authors of great name have conjectur'd, that these stories are only traditional, and all founded upon the ejection of the fall'n Angels from Heaven, and the wars they had with the good Angels to regain their stations. If this might be allow'd,

allow'd, we shall then have real Giants, who endeavour'd to take Heaven by assault; then nothing can be invented by a Poet so boldly, as to exceed what may justly be believ'd of these beings: then the stories of heaping mountain upon mountain will come within the bounds of credibility. But without having recourse to this solution, *Longinus* brings this passage as an instance of true sublimity, *Chap. 6.* He is proving that the Sublime is sometimes found without the pathetic, for some passions are mean, as fear, sadness, sorrow, and consequently incapable of sublimity; and on the other hand, there are many things great and sublime, in which there is no passion; of this kind is what *Homer* says concerning *Otus*, and *Ephialtes*, with so much boldness.

The Gods they challenge, and affect the skies.

And what he adds concerning the success of these Giants is still bolder.

*Had they to manhood grown, the bright abodes
Of Heav'n had shook, and Gods been heap'd on Gods.*

Virgil was of the opinion of *Longinus*, for he has imitated *Homer*.

*Hic & Aloidas geminos immania vidi
Corpora, qui manibus magnum rescindere cælum
Aggressi, superisque Jovem detrudere regnis.*

Macrobius, lib. 5. *Saturn. cap. 13.* judges these verses to be inferior to *Homer's* in Majesty; in *Homer* we have the height and breadth of these Giants, and he happily paints the very size of their limbs in the run of his Poetry; two words, ἐννέωγοι, and ἐννε-
απήχες, almost make one verse, designedly chosen to express their bulk in the turn of the words; but *Virgil* says only *immania corpora*, and makes no addition concerning the Giants, omitting entirely the circumstance of their size; *Homer* relates the piling hill upon hill; *Virgil* barely adds, that they endeavour'd to storm the heavens.

Scaliger is firm and faithful to *Virgil*, and vindicates his favourite in the true spirit of criticism; I persuade my self he glances at *Macrobius*, for he cavils at those instances which he produces

as

as beauties in *Homer*; I give his answer in his own words. *Admirantur Græculi pueriles mensuras; nimis sæpe cogor exclamare, aliud esse Græculum circulatorem, aliud regie orationis authorem: Indignam censuit suâ majestate Virgilius hanc minutam superstitionem, &c.*

Eustathius remarks that the Ancients greatly admir'd the exact proportion of these Giants, for the body is of a due symmetry, when the thickness is three degrees less than the height of it: According to this account, these Giants grew one cubit every year in bulk, and three in height. *Homer* says, that they fell by the shafts of *Apollo*, that is they dy'd suddenly; but other writers relate, that as they were hunting, *Diana* sent a stag between them, at which both at once aiming their weapons and she withdrawing the stag, they fell by their own darts. *Eustath.*

XXVIII.

VERSE 387. ---[On Olympus tott'ring *Ossa* stood, &c.] *Strabo* takes notice of the judgment of *Homer*, in placing the mountains in this order; they all stand in *Macedonia*; *Olympus* is the largest, and therefore he makes it the basis upon which *Ossa* stands, that being the next to *Olympus* in magnitude, and *Pelion* being the least is placed above *Ossa*, and thus they rise pyramidically. *Virgil* follows a different regulation,

*Ter sunt conati imponere Pelion Ossæ,
Scilicet atque Ossæ frondosum imponere Olympum.*

Here the largest mountain is placed uppermost, not so naturally as in the order of *Homer*. There is a peculiar beauty in the former of these verses, in which *Virgil* makes the two vowels in *conati imponere* meet without an elision, to express the labour and straining of the Giants in heaving mountain upon mountain. I appeal to the ear of every Reader, if he can pronounce these two words without a pause and stop; the difficulty in the flow of the verse excellently represents the labour of the Giants straining to shove *Pelion* upon *Ossa*. *Dacier* remarks that *Virgil* follows the situation of the mountains, without regarding the magnitude; thus *Pelion* lies first on the north of *Macedonia*, *Ossa* is the second, and the third *Olympus*; but she prefers *Homer's* method as most rational.

XXIX.

VERSE 402. *And tow'rd's his Athens bears the lovely prize.*]
 Homer justifies *Theseus* from any crime with relation to *Ariadna*, he is guilty of no infidelity, as succeeding Poets affirm; she dy'd suddenly in *Dia*, or *Naxos* (an Island lying between *Thera* and *Crete*) *Diana* slew her at the instigation of *Bacchus*, who accused her to that Goddess, for prophaning her temple by too free an intercourse with *Theseus*; this Homer calls *μαεργὴν Διονύσῃ*. *Clymene* was a daughter of *Mynias*, *Mara* of *Prætus* and *Antea*, who having made a vow to *Diana* of perpetual virginity, broke it; and therefore fell by that Goddess. *Phædra* was wife to *Theseus*, and fell in love with her son *Hippolytus*. *Eriphyle* was the daughter of *Talæus* and *Lysimache*, wife of the Prophet *Amphiaræus*; who being brib'd with a collar of gold by *Polynices*, oblig'd her husband to go to the war of *Thebes*, tho' she knew he was decreed to fall before that city: she was slain by her son *Alcæon*. *Eustathius*.

Ulysses, when he concludes, says it is time to repose

Here in the court, or yonder on the waves.

To understand this the Reader must remember, that in the beginning of the eighth book all things were prepar'd for his immediate voyage, or as it is there express'd,

----- *Ev'n now the gales*
Call thee aboard, and stretch the swelling sails.

So that he desires to repose in the ship, that he may begin his voyage early in the morning.

XXX.

VERSE 414. *He ceas'd: but left so charming on their ear*
His voice-----]

I cannot tell whether this pause, or break in the narration of *Ulysses*, has a good effect or not; whether it gives a relief to the Reader, or is an unexpected disappointment of the pursuit of the story?

story? But certainly what is inserted during this short interruption, is particularly well chosen; it unites the Episode with the main action, and shews how it contributes to the end of the *Odysssey*, in influencing the *Phæacians* not only to restore *Ulysses*, but restore him with wealth and honour; which is the aim of the whole Poem.

XXXI.

VERSE 416. ----- Aretè *silence broke.*] *Eustathius* observes, that the two motives which the Queen uses to move the *Phæacians* to liberality, is the relation *Ulysses* has to her, as her peculiar guest, (for *Nausicaa* first recommended him to the Queen's protection) and their own wealth: (for so he renders ἐξας & δ' εὐμογε τιμῆς, and *Dacier* follows his interpretation) I have adventur'd to translate it differently, in this sense: " 'Tis true, he is " my peculiar guest, but you all share in the honour he does us, " and therefore it is equitable to joyn in his assistance;" then she closes her speech with reminding them of their abilities; which in the other sense would be tautology.

XXXII.

VERSE 425. --- *With a gen'rous hand reward his stay.*] This I am persuaded is the true meaning of the passage; *Ulysses* had shew'd a desire immediately to go aboard, and the Queen draws an argument from this to induce the *Phæacians* to a greater contribution, and *Ulysses* to a longer stay; she persuades them to take time to prepare their presents, which must occasion the stay of *Ulysses* 'till they are prepar'd. They might otherwise (observes *Dacier*) have pretended to comply with the impatience of *Ulysses*, and immediately dismiss'd him with a small gratuity, under the pretext of not having time to prepare a greater. It must be confess'd, to the reproach of Human Nature, that this is but too just a picture of it; Self-interest makes the Great very ready to gratify their petitioners with a dismissal, or to comply with them to their disadvantage.

VERSE

XXXIII.

VERSE 444. *If thou the circling year, &c. -----*] This speech of *Ulysses* has been condemn'd by the Critics, as avaritious; and therefore *Eustathius* judges it to be spoken artfully and complimentally; *Didymus*, with a well-bred urbanity, or χαρίεντως: I see nothing mean in it, what *Ulysses* speaks proceeds from the gratitude of his soul; the heart of a brave man is apt to overflow while it acknowledges an obligation. *Spondanus* imagines that *Ulysses* may possibly speak jocosely, and asks if it is probable that he could be induc'd to stay from his country out of a mean consideration of a few presents, who had already prefer'd it to immortality? But in truth, *Ulysses* never behaves with levity; and it would give us an ill idea of that Heroe, should he return the united kindness of the Peers of *Phæacia* with scorn and derision: Besides, *Ulysses* values these presents no otherwise than as they may contribute to his re-establishment in his country; for he directly says,

*So by my realms due homage should be paid,
A wealthy Prince is loyally obey'd.*

This is an evidence, that the words of *Ulysses* flow not from so base a fountain as avarice, but that all his thoughts and actions center upon his country.

XXXIV.

VERSE 454. *Thy better soul abhors the liar's part,
Wife is thy voice -----*]

This is an instance of the judgment of *Homer* in sustaining his characters; the *Phæacians* were at first describ'd as a credulous people, and he gives us here an instance of their credulity, for they swallow all these fables as so many realities. The verse in the original is remarkable.

Σοὶ δ' ἐπὶ μὲν μορφή, ἐπέωνε ἐπὶ δὲ φρενὲς ἔδλαι.

Which *Eustathius* thinks was used by *Alcinous*, to tell *Ulysses* that his fables were so well laid together as to have the appearance of truths: *Dacier* follows him, and (as usual) delivers his opinion as her own sentiment. But this cannot be *Homer's* intention, for it supposes *Alcinous* to look upon these relations as fables, contrary to the universal character of their ignorant credulity; I therefore am persuaded that *μορφὴν ἐπέων* signifies the pleasantness or beauty of his relation, and *φρενὲς ἐδιδάκει* the integrity of his heart in opposition to the character of a liar, or perhaps his wisdom in general: and this excellently agrees with his resembling him to a Musician, (who always was a Poet in those ages, and sung the exploits of Heroes, &c. to the lyre) In this view the sweetness of the music represents the agreeableness of the narration, and the subject of the musician's song the story of his adventures.

XXXV.

VERSE 539. *And should posterity one virtuous find,*

Name Clytemnestra, they will curse the kind.]

There cannot be a greater satyr upon the fair sex than this whole conference between *Ulysses* and *Agamemnon*. *Terence* has fall'n into the same sentiment with *Homer*.

Ædēpol, nē nos æquē sumus omnes in-vīsæ viris

Propter paucas, quæ omnes faciunt dignæ ut videamur malo.

But how is this to be reconciled to justice, and why should the innocent suffer for the crimes of the guilty? We are to take notice, that *Agamemnon* speaks with anger, an undistinguishing passion, and his words flow from resentment, not reason; it must be confess'd that *Agamemnon* had received great provocation, his wife had dishonour'd his bed, and taken his life away, it is therefore no wonder if he flies out into a vehemence of language: a Poet is oblig'd to follow nature, and give a fierceness to the features, when he paints a person in such emotions, and add a violence to his colours.

It has been objected that *Homer*, and even *Virgil* were enemies to the fairest part of the creation; that there is scarce a good character of a woman in either of the Poets: But *Andromache* in

the *Iliad*, and *Penelope*, *Arete*, and *Nausicaa* in the *Odyssey*, are instances to the contrary. I must own I am a little at a loss to vindicate *Ulysses* in this place; he is speaking before *Arete* and *Nausicaa*, a Queen and her daughter; and entertains them with a satyr upon their own sex, which may appear unpolite, and a want of decency; and be apply'd by *Alcinous* as a caution to beware of his spouse, and not to trust her in matters of importance with his secrets: for this is the moral that is naturally drawn from the fable. Madam *Dacier* gives up the cause, and allows the advice of not trusting women to be good; it comes from her indeed a little unwillingly, with *I will not say but the counsel may be right*. I for my part will allow *Ulysses* to be in an hundred faults, rather than lay such an imputation upon the Ladies; *Ulysses* ought to be consider'd as having suffer'd twenty years calamities for that sex in the cause of *Helen*, and this possibly may give a little acrimony to his language. He puts it indeed in the mouth of *Agamemnon*; but the objection returns, why does he chuse to relate such a story before a Queen and her daughter? In short, I think they ought to have torn him to pieces, as the Ladies of *Thrace* serv'd *Orpheus*.

XXXVI.

VERSE 541.

-----What mighty woes

To thy imperial race from woman rose?]

Ulysses here means *Aëropè* the wife of *Atreus*, and mother of *Agamemnon*, who being corrupted by *Thyestes*, involv'd the whole family in the utmost calamities. *Eustathius*.

XXXVII.

VERSE 565. *But say, resides my son -----]* *Eustathius* gives us the reason why *Agamemnon* mentions *Pyle*, *Sparta*, and *Orchomenos*, as places where *Orestes* might make his residence: *Sparta* was under the dominion of his brother *Menelaus*: *Pyle*, of his old friend and faithful Counsellor *Nestor*; and *Orchomenos* was a city of great strength, and therefore of great security. We may evidently gather from this passage what notion the Ancients had concerning a future state: namely, that persons after death were entirely strangers to the affairs of this world: For *Orestes* his son had

had slain his murderer *Ægysthus*, and reign'd in peaceable possession of his dominions; when *Agamemnon* is ignorant of the whole transaction, and desires *Ulysses* to give him information.

XXXVIII.

VERSE 576. ——— Achilles' and Patroclus' ghost.] *Homer* lets no opportunity pass of celebrating his Heroe *Achilles*, he cannot fail of awakening our attention to hear the story of this great man after death, of whom alive we saw such wonders. Besides, the Poet pays an honour to true friendship: The person whom *Achilles* best loved on earth, is his chief companion in the other world: a very strong argument to cultivate friendship with sincerity. *Achilles* here literally fulfils what he promis'd in the *Iliad*.

*If in the melancholy shades below
The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,
Yet mine shall sacred last; mine undecay'd
Burn on thro' death, and animate my shade.*

XXXIX.

VERSE 599. *A slave to some poor hind who toils for bread,
Than reign the scepter'd Monarch of the dead.]*

Nothing sure can give us a more disadvantageous image of a future state, than this speech which *Homer* puts into the mouth of so great an Heroe as *Achilles*: If the Poet intended to shew the vanity of that destructive glory which is purchas'd by the sword, and read a lecture to all the disturbers of mankind, whom we absurdly honour as Heroes, it must be allow'd he has done it effectually: If this was not his design, the remark of *Plato* 3 *Repub.* is not without a foundation; he there proscribes this whole passage as dangerous to morals, and blames the Poet for making *Achilles* say he prefers misery and servitude to all the honours which the dead are capable of enjoying. For what, says he, can make death more terrible to young persons? and will it not dispose them to suffer all calamities to avoid it, deter them from exposing themselves to danger, even in the defence of their country, and teach them to be cowards and slaves? *Lucian* was of *Plato's* opinion, for he mentions this passage, and ridicules it in his

his dialogues. *Dacier* gives a different turn to it, and endeavours to shew that there is no danger of such consequences, as *Plato* draws from it: “*Achilles*, adds she, speaks directly contrary to his declared sentiments and actions, and therefore there is no danger he should persuade mankind to prefer servitude before death, when he himself dy’d rather than not revenge his friend *Patroclus*. Such words which are contradicted both by the sentiments and actions of him that speaks, have on the contrary a very good effect.” But I cannot come into her opinion, I will let *Achilles* answer for himself out of *Lucian*: “In the other world I was ignorant, says he, of the state of the dead, I had not experienced the difference between the two states, when I preferr’d a little empty glory to life.” This is an answer to what *Dacier* advances, for *Achilles* speaks with experience, and yet prefers misery and life before glory and death. I know not how to vindicate *Homer*, unless it be a vindication to say, that he wrote according to the opinions that anciently prevail’d in the world; or that like *Hercules*, while the vehicle of *Achilles* is in this state of horror, his soul may be in Heaven; especially since he received divine honours after death, as well as *Hercules*. *Tull. Nat. Deor.* 3. *Astypalæa Achillem sanctissimè colit, qui si Deus est, & Orpheus, &c.*

XL.

VERSE 626. *The third in wisdom-----*] I have not ventured to render the *Greek* literally, *Ulysses* says that *Neoptolemus* was so wise, that only he himself and *Nestor* were wiser; a truth that would appear more graceful, if spoken by any other person than *Ulysses*. But perhaps the Poet puts these words into his mouth, only because he is speaking to the *Phæacians*, who loved themselves to boast, and were full of vain-glory; and consequently they could not think self-praise a crime in *Ulysses*; on the contrary, it could not fail of having a very good effect, as it sets him off as a person of consummate wisdom.

The Poet excellently sustains the character of *Achilles* in this interview: In the *Iliad* he is describ’d a dutiful son, and always expressing a tender affection for his father *Peleus*; in the *Odysssey* he is drawn in the same soft colours: In the *Iliad* he is represented as a man of strong resentment; in the *Odysssey*, he first
6
imagines

imagines that his father suffers, and upon this imagination he immediately takes fire, and flies into threats and fury.

Diſtys, lib. 6. relates, that *Peleus* was expuls'd from his kingdom by *Acastus*, but that *Pyrrhus* the son of *Achilles* afterwards reveng'd the injury.

XLI.

VERSE 635. *How lost, thro' love, Eurypylus was slain.*] It must be own'd that this passage is very intricate: *Strabo* himself complains of its obscurity: The Poet (says that Author) rather proposes an *Ænigma*, than a clear History: for who are these *Ceteans*, and what are these presents of women? and adds, that the Grammarians darken, instead of clearing the obscurity. But it is no difficulty to solve these objections from *Eustathius*.

It is evident from *Strabo* himself, that *Eurypylus* reign'd near the river *Caïcus*, over the *Mysians*, and *Pliny* confines it to *Teuthranes*; this agrees with what *Ovid* writes, *Metam.* 2.

-----*Teuthrantæusque Caïcus.*

And *Virgil* shews us that *Caïcus* was a river of *Mysia*, *Georg.* 4.

Saxosumque sonans Hypanis, Mysusque Caïcus.

But what relation has *Caïcus* to the *Ceteans*? *Hesychius* informs us, that they are a people of *Mysia*, so call'd from the river *Cetium*, which runs thro' their country; *Κήτειοι, γένος Μυσῶν, ἀπὸ τοῦ παρρέοντος ποταμοῦ Κήτεος*. This river discharges it self into the *Caïcus*, and consequently the *Ceteans* were *Mysians*, over whom *Eurypylus* reign'd. It would be endless to transcribe the different opinions of writers cited by *Eustathius*; some read the verse thus:

Χήτειοι κλείνοιντο γυναικῶν, εἴνεκα δώρων.

Then the meaning will be, *How they fell far from their wives, for the sake of a reward*; that is, for their pay from *Hector*, who, as it appears from the *Iliad*, tax'd the *Trojans* to pay the auxiliaries, one of whom was *Eurypylus*. Others think the word signifies, *Great*

of stature, and in this sense we find it used in the first line of the 4th *Odyssey*.

----- Λακεδαιμόνα Κητώεσαν.

But I have follow'd the first opinion, as appearing most probable and natural.

But how are we to explain the second objection, or γυναικῶν ἐννεα δώγων? Some (says *Eustathius*) understand the expression as apply'd to *Neoptolemus*, and not *Eurypylus*; namely, *Eurypylus* and his soldiers fell by means of the gifts of women; that is, *Neoptolemus* was led to the war by the promise of having *Hermione* in marriage, the daughter of *Menelaus*, which promise occasion'd the death of *Eurypylus*, by bringing *Neoptolemus* to the siege of *Troy*. Others understand it to be spoken of a golden vine, sent by *Priam* to his sister *Astyoche* the mother of *Eurypylus*, to induce her to persuade her son to undertake this expedition to *Troy*, where he was slain by the son of *Achilles*; this vine was said to be given to *Tros* the father of *Priam* by *Jupiter*, as a recompense for his carrying away his son *Ganymede* to be his cup-bearer; but this is too much a fable to be follow'd. Others more probably assert, that *Priam* had promis'd one of his daughters to *Eurypylus*, to engage his assistance in the war; and this agrees very well with *Homer's* manner of writing in many places of the *Iliad*; and there is a great resemblance between *Eurypylus* in the *Odyssey* and *Othryoneus* in the *Iliad*, lib. 13. 460.

*Cassandra's love he sought, with boasts of pow'r,
And promis'd conquest was the proffer'd dow'r.*

Spondanus cites a passage from *Dictys*, lib. 4. that very well explains these difficulties: *Inter quæ tam leta, (nimirum mortem Achilles, &c.) Priamo supervenit nuncius Eurypylum Telephi filium ex Mysia adventare, quem rex multis antea illectum præmiis, ad postremum oblatione Cassandræ confirmaverat, addiderat etiam auream vitem, & ob id per populos memorabilem.*

XLII.

VERSE 669. *Tho' to the contest Thetis gave the laws,
And Pallas, by the Trojans, judg'd the cause.*]

There are two particulars which want explication in these verses: How did *Thetis* give the law to the contest between *Ajax* and *Ulysses*? and how could the *Trojans* be made judges to determine between two *Grecian* Heroes? *Thetis* the mother of *Achilles* was a Goddess, and out of honour to her, the Chiefs of the *Grecian* army propos'd the arms of her son as a reward to the most worthy; and Poetry, to give a magnificence to the story, introduces the Goddess as acting in person what is done upon her account. *Thetis* may properly be said to be desirous that the memory of her son should be honour'd; and *Homer* to express this desire poetically, tells us it was the act of that Goddess, to propose the arms of *Achilles* as a reward to the most worthy of the *Grecian* Heroes.

The second difficulty is fully explain'd by *Eustathius*: *Agamemnon* finding it an invidious affair to give the preference to any one of the *Grecian* Heroes, and being willing to avoid the reproach of partiality, commanded the *Trojan* prisoners to be brought before the whole army, and ask'd from which of the two Heroes *Ajax* or *Ulysses* they had received the greater detriment, they immediately reply'd from *Ulysses*; thus the *Trojans* adjudg'd the cause. The Poet adds, that this was done by *Minerva*; that is, the affair was conducted with wisdom, the result of which in Poetry is usually ascrib'd to the Goddess of it; and no doubt but the Goddess of Wisdom must always prefer Wisdom to mere Valour, or an *Ulysses* to an *Ajax*. This decision is related in a very different manner by other Poets; in particular, by *Ovid* in his *Metamorphosis*; but *Lucian* in his Dialogues agrees with *Homer* in every point very circumstantially; and consequently, with some obscurity; but what I have here said fully explains that dialogue of *Lucian*, as well as this passage of *Homer*.

XLIII.

VERSE 691. ----- *The shade disdains to stay,
In silence turns, and sullen stalks away.*]

This silence of *Ajax* was very much admir'd by the Ancients,
and

and *Longinus* proposes it as an instance of the true sublimity of thought, which springs from an elevation of soul, and not from the diction; for a man may be truly sublime without speaking a word: Thus in the silence of *Ajax* there is something more noble, than in any thing he could possibly have spoken. *Monf. Rapin* agrees with *Longinus*: The stubborn, untractable *Ajax*, (says that Author) could not have made a better return to the compliments full of submission which were paid him by *Ulysses*, than by a disdainful and contemptuous silence: *Ajax* has more the air of grandeur and majesty, when he says nothing, than when the Poet makes him speak. *Virgil* was sensible of the beauty of it, and paints *Dido* in the attitude of *Ajax*. *Fraguier* infinitely prefers the silence of *Dido* to that of *Ajax*; she was a woman disappointed in love, and therefore no wonder if she was greatly passionate, and sunk under the weight of the calamity; but *Ajax* was a Heroe, and ought to have freed himself by his courage from such an unworthy degree of resentment. But to me there appears no weight in this objection: We must remember what an Heroe *Ajax* is, a slow'r, stubborn, untractable Heroe; and upon all occasions given to taciturnity; this is his universal and notorious character thro' the whole *Iliad*: The Poet therefore adapts his description to it, and he is the same *Ajax* in the *Odyssy* as he was in the *Iliad*: Had this been spoken of any other Heroe, the criticism had been more just, but in *Ajax* this stubborn silence is proper and noble.

XLIV.

VERSE 701. *Still as they plead-----*] The expression in the Greek is remarkable, ἤμενοι, ἑσταότες τε; that is, "standing and sitting;" this is to be referr'd to different persons; the ἑσταότες were the συνδικασαί, or persons who pleaded the cause of the guilty or innocent before the infernal judges: The ἤμενοι were the persons for whom they pleaded, or those who were about to receive judgment. I doubt not but this was a custom observ'd in the courts of Judicature in the days of *Homer*. *Eustath.*

VERSE

XLV.

VERSE 703. ----- Orion of portentous size,
Swift thro' the gloom a giant-hunter flies.]

The diversion of this infernal hunter may seem extraordinary in pursuing the shades of beasts; but it was the opinion of the Ancients, that the same passions to which men were subject on earth continued with them in the other world; and their shades were liable to be affected in the same manner as their bodies: Thus we frequently see them shedding tears, and *Sisyphus* sweats, in rolling the stone up the mountain. *Virgil*.

*Stant terra defixæ hastæ, passimque soluti
Per campos pascuntur equi, quæ cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.*

And again,

----- *Curæ non ipsâ in morte relinquunt.*

I cannot but be of opinion that *Milton* has far surpass'd both the *Greek* and the *Roman Poet*, in the description of the employment of the fall'n Angels in Hell, as the Ideas are more noble and suitable to the characters he describes.

*Part on the plain, or in the air sublime
Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,
As at th' Olympian games or Pythian fields:
Part curb the fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.
Others with vast Typhæan rage more fell
Rend up both rocks, and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind: Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.*

----- Others more mild

*Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes Angelical to many an harp,
Their own heroic deeds -----
The song was partial, but the harmony
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience, &c.*

XLVI.

VERSE 709. *There Tityus*-----] It is needless to mention that *Virgil* has adorn'd his descent into Hell with most of these fables borrow'd from *Homer*; It is equally unnecessary to relate what antiquity says of these fabled persons, and their histories; but the moral of them all is observ'd by *Eustathius*, and fully explain'd by *Lucretius*, which I will lay together from Mr. *Dryden's* translation.

-----The dismal tales that Poets tell
 Are verify'd on earth, and not in hell;
 No Tantalus looks with a fearful eye,
 Or dreads th' impending rock to crush him from on high;
 No Tityus, torn by Vulturs, lies in hell,
 Nor could the lobes of his rank liver swell
 To that prodigious mass, for their eternal meal.
 But he's the Tityus, who, by love oppress'd,
 Or tyrant passion preying on his breast,
 And ever anxious thoughts, is robb'd of rest.
 The Sisyphus is he, whom noise and strife
 Seduce from all the soft retreats of life,
 To vex the government, disturb the laws,
 Drunk with the fumes of popular applause,
 He courts the giddy croud to make him great,
 And sweats and toils in vain, to mount the sov'reign seat;
 For still to aim at pow'r, and still to fail,
 Ever to strive, and never to prevail,
 What is it, but in reason's true account,
 To heave the stone against the rising mount?

I will only add the reason from *Eustathius*, why *Tityus* was fabled to be the son of the earth; it was from his being immers'd in worldly cares, and from his centring all his affections upon the earth, as if he had sprung from it; this is alluded by the expression *κείμενον ἐν δαπέδῳ*. *Spondanus* gives us another reason; *Elara* being pregnant by *Jupiter*, he to avoid the jealousy of *Juno* conceal'd her in a cavern of the earth, where *Tityus* being born, is fabled to be the son of the earth: He adds, that the fiction of his

his covering nine acres, arose from that space of ground which was enclosed for his place of burial. Perhaps the story of *Tantalus* was invented solely to paint the nature of a covetous person, who starves amidst plenty, like *Tantalus* in the midst of water. Thus *Horace* applies it, *Satyr.* 1. v. 70.

*Tantalus a labris sitiens fugientia captat
Flumina. quid rides? mutato nomine de te
Fabula narratur. congestis undique saccis
Indormis inhians, & tanquam parcere sacris
Cogeris -----*

XLVII.

VERSE 736. *Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone.*] This is a very remarkable instance of the beauty of *Homer's* verification; it is taken notice of by *Eustathius*, but copiously explain'd by *Dionysius Halicarn.* in his treatise of placing of words.

Λᾶαν βασιζοῖα πελώριον ἀμφοτέρησιν,
Ἦτοι ὁ μὲν σκηριπτόμενος χερσὶν τε ποσὶν τε,
Λᾶαν ἄνω ὤθεσκε -----

Here (says *Dionysius*) we see in the choice and disposition of the words the fact which they describe; the weight of the stone, and the striving to heave it up the mountain: To effect this, *Homer* clogs the verse with Spondees or long syllables, and leaves the vowels open, as in *Λᾶαν*, and in *ἄνω ὤθεσκε*, which two words it is impossible to pronounce without hesitation and difficulty; the very words and syllables are heavy, and as it were make resistance in the pronunciation, to express the heaviness of the stone, and the difficulty with which it is forced up the mountain. To give the *English* Reader a faint image of the beauty of the original in the translation, I have loaded the verse with monosyllables, and these almost all begin with *Aspirates*.

Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone.

Homer is no less happy in describing the rushing down of the stone from the top of the mountain. Αὔτις

Αὖτις ἔπειτα πέδονδε κυλίνδετο λαῶας ἀναιδῆς.

Is it not evident, (continues *Dionysius*) that the swiftness of the verse imitates the celerity of the stone in its descent; nay, that the verse runs with the greater rapidity? What is the cause of this? It is because there is not one monosyllable in the line, and but two dissyllables, ten of the syllables are short, and not one spondee in it, except one that could not be avoided at the conclusion of it; there is no hiatus or gap between word and word, no vowels left open to retard the celerity of it: the whole seems to be but one word, the syllables melt into one another, and flow away with the utmost rapidity in a torrent of Dactyls. I was too sensible of the beauty of this not to endeavour to imitate it, tho' unsuccessfully: I have therefore thrown it into the swiftness of an *Alexandrine*, to make it of a more proportionable number of syllables with the *Greek*.

I refer the Reader for a fuller explication of these verses to *Dionysius*.

XLVIII.

VERSE 743. -----Hercules, *a shadowy form*.] This is the passage formerly referr'd to in these annotations, to prove that *Hercules* was in Heaven, while his shade was in the infernal regions; a full evidence of the partition of the human composition into three parts: The body is buried in the earth; the image or εἰδωλον descends into the regions of the departed; and the soul, or the divine part of man, is receiv'd into Heaven: Thus the body of *Hercules* was consumed in the flames, his image is in Hell, and his soul in Heaven. There is a beautiful moral couch'd in the fable of his being married to *Hebe*, or *youth*, after death: to imply, that a perpetual youth or a reputation which never grows old, is the reward of those Heroes, who like *Hercules* employ their courage for the good of humankind.

XLIX.

VERSE 758. *Inimitably wrought with skill divine*.] This verse is not without obscurity; *Eustathius* gives us several interpretations of it.

Mh

Μὴ τεχνησάμενΘ, μὴ δ' Ἄλλό τι τεχνήσαιο.

The negative *μὴ*, by being repeated, seems to be redundant; and this in a great measure occasions the difficulty; but in the *Greek* language two negatives more strongly deny; this being premis'd, we may read the verse as if the former *μὴ* were absent, and then the meaning will be, "He that made this zone, never made any thing equal to it:" as if we should say that *Phidias* who made the statue of *Jupiter* never made any other statue like it; that is, he employ'd the whole power of his skill upon it. Others understand the verse as an execration: *Oh never, never may the hand that made it, make any thing again so terrible as this Zone!* And this will give some reason for the repetition of the negative particles. *Dacier* approves of this latter explication, and moralizes upon it: It proceeds (says she) from a tender sentiment of humanity in *Ulysses*, who wishes that there may never more be occasion for such a design, as the artist executed in this belt of *Hercules*; that there may be no more giants to conquer, no more monsters to tame, or no more human blood be shed. I wish that such a pious and well-natur'd explication were to be drawn from the passage! But how is it possible that the artist who made this Zone should ever make another, when he had been in his grave some Centuries? (for such a distance there was between the days of *Hercules* and *Ulysses*;) and consequently it would be impertinent to wish it. I have therefore follow'd the former interpretation. I will only add, that this belt of *Hercules* is the reverse of the girdle of *Venus*; in that, there is a collection of every thing that is amiable, in this a variety of horrors; but both are master-pieces in their kind.

L.

VERSE 769. *Down to these worlds I trod the dismal way.*] Nothing can be more artfully inserted than the mention of this descent of *Hercules* into the regions of the dead: *Ulysses* shews by it at least that it was a vulgar opinion, and consequently within the degrees of poetical probability; a Poet being at liberty to follow common fame: In particular, it could not fail of having a full effect upon his *Phæacian* auditors, not only as it in some

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measure sets him upon a level with *Hercules*, but as it is an example of a like undertaking with this which he has been relating, and therefore a probable method to gain their belief of it.

Eustathius.

LI.

VERSE 777. ----- *And haply had survey'd*
The God-like Theseus -----]

Plutarch in his life of *Theseus* informs us, that this verse has been thought not genuine; but added to the *Odyssey* in honour of the *Athenians* by *Pisistratus*.

The Poet shews us that he had still a noble fund of invention, and had it in his power to open new scenes of wonder and entertainment; but that this infernal Episode might not be too long, he shifts the scene: The invention of the Gorgon, which terrifies him from a longer abode in these realms of darkness gives a probable reason for his immediate return. *Eustathius* informs us from *Athenæus*, that *Alexander* the *Mydian* writes in his History of Animals, that there really was a creature in *Libya*, which the *Nomades* call'd a Gorgon; it resembled a wild Ram, or as some affirm a calf; whose breath was of such a poisonous nature, as to kill all that approach'd it: In the same region the *Catoblepton* is found, a creature like a bull, whose eyes are so fix'd in the head as chiefly to look downward; *Pliny* calls it *Catoblepas*, lib. 8. cap. 21. which is likewise suppos'd to kill with its eyes: The Gorgon (proceeds *Athenæus*) has its hair hanging over its eyes down from the forehead, of such thickness that it scarce is able to remove it, to guide it self from danger; but it kills not by its breath, but with emanations darted from its eyes: The beast was well known in the time of *Marius*, for certain of his soldiers seeing it, mistook it for a wild sheep, and pursued it to take it; but the hair being remov'd by the motion of its flying, it flew all upon whom it look'd: at length the *Nomades*, who knew the nature of the beast, destroy'd it with darts at a distance, and carried it to the General *Marius*. Howsoever little truth there be in this story, it is a sufficient ground for poetical fictions, and all the fables that are ascrib'd to the Gorgon.

VERSE

LII.

VERSE 789. -----To purer air
I speed my flight -----]

It may not probably be unpleasant to the Reader to observe the manner how the two great Poets *Homer* and *Virgil* close the scene of their infernal adventures, by restoring their Heroes to the earth. *Ulysses* returns by the same way he descended, of which we have a plain description in the beginning of this book: *Virgil* takes a different method, he borrows his conclusion from another part of *Homer*; in which he describes the two gates of sleep; the one is ivory, the other of horn: Thro' the ivory gate, issue falsehoods, thro' the gate of horn truths: *Virgil* dismisses *Aeneas* thro' the gate of falsehood: Now what is this, but to inform us that all that he relates is nothing but a dream, and that dream a falsehood? I submit it to the Critics who are more dispos'd to find fault than I am, to determine whether *Virgil* ought to be censur'd for such an acknowledgment, or prais'd for his ingenuity?



THE
TWELFTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

VOL. III.

Sf



The A R G U M E N T.

The Syrens, Scylla, and Charybdis.

He relates, how after his return from the Shades, he was sent by Circe on his voyage, by the coast of the Sirens, and by the streight of Scylla and Charybdis: The manner in which he escap'd those dangers: How being cast on the Island Trinacria, his companions destroy'd the Oxen of the Sun: The vengeance that follow'd; how all perish'd by shipwreck except himself, who swimming on the mast of the ship, arriv'd on the Island of Calypso. With which his narration concludes.



T H E



THE
TWELFTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.



HUS o'er the rolling surge the
vessel flies,
'Till from the waves th' *Ææan*
hills arise.
Here the gay Morn resides in ra-
diant bow'rs,

Here keeps her revels with the dancing *Hours*;
Here *Phæbus* rising in th' etherial way, 5
Thro' heav'n's bright portals pours the beamy day.
At once we fix our haulsers on the land,
At once descend, and press the desert sand;
There worn and wasted, lose our cares in sleep
To the hoarse murmurs of the rowling deep. 10

5
Soon

Soon as the morn restor'd the day, we pay'd
Sepulchral honours to *Elpenor's* shade.

Now by the axe the rushing forest bends,
And the huge pyle along the shore ascends.

15 Around we stand, a melancholy train,
And a loud groan re-ecchoes from the main.
Fierce o'er the Pyre, by fanning breezes spread,
The hungry flame devours the silent dead.

A rising tomb, the silent dead to grace,
20 Fast by the roarings of the main we place ;
The rising tomb a lofty column bore,
And high above it rose the tapering oar.

Mean-time the * Goddess our return survey'd
From the pale ghosts, and hell's tremendous shade.
25 Swift she descends: A train of nymphs divine
Bear the rich viands and the generous wine:
In act to speak the † Pow'r of magic stands,
And graceful thus accosts the list'ning bands.

O sons of woe! decreed by adverse fates
30 Alive to pass thro' hell's eternal gates!
All, soon or late, are doom'd that path to tread;
More wretched you! twice number'd with the dead!

* *Circe.*† *Circe.*

This

This day adjourn your cares; exalt your souls,
 Indulge the taste, and drein the sparkling bowls:
 And when the morn unveils her safron ray, 35
 Spread your broad sails, and plow the liquid way:
 Lo I this night, your faithful guide, explain
 Your woes by land, your dangers on the main.

The Goddess spoke; in feasts we waste the day,
 'Till *Phæbus* downward plung'd his burning ray; 40
 Then fable Night ascends, and balmy rest
 Seals ev'ry eye, and calms the troubled breast.
 Then curious she commands me to relate
 The dreadful scenes of *Pluto's* dreary state.
 She fate in silence while the tale I tell, 45
 The wond'rous visions, and the laws of Hell.

Then thus: The lot of man the Gods dispose;
 These ills are past; now hear thy future woes.
 O Prince attend! some fav'ring pow'r be kind,
 And print th'important story on thy mind! 50

Next, where the *Sirens* dwell, you plow the seas;
 Their song is death, and makes destruction please.
 Unblest the man, whom music wins to stay
 Nigh the curst shore, and listen to the lay;

55 No more that wretch shall view the joys of life,
His blooming offspring, or his beauteous wife!
In verdant meads they sport, and wide around
Lie human bones, that whiten all the ground;
The ground polluted floats with human gore,
60 And human carnage taints the dreadful shore.

Fly swift the dang'rous coast; let ev'ry ear
Be stop'd against the song! 'tis death to hear!
Firm to the mast with chains thy self be bound,
Nor trust thy virtue to th' enchanting sound.

65 If mad with transport, freedom thou demand,
Be every fetter strain'd, and added band to band.

These seas o'erpass'd, be wise! but I refrain
To mark distinct thy voyage o'er the main:
New horrors rise! let prudence be thy guide,
70 And guard thy various passage thro' the tyde.

High o'er the main two Rocks exalt their brow,
The boiling billows thund'ring roll below;
Thro' the vast waves the dreadful wonders move,
Hence nam'd *Erratic* by the Gods above.

75 No bird of air, no dove of swiftest wing,
That bears *Ambrosia* to th' Ætherial King,

Shuns

Shuns the dire rocks: In vain she cuts the skies,
The dire rocks meet, and crush her as she flies;
Not the fleet bark when prosp'rous breezes play,
Plows o'er that roaring surge its desp'rate way; 80
O'erwhelm'd it sinks: while round a smoke expires,
And the waves flashing seem to burn with fires.
Scarce the fam'd *Argo* pass'd these raging floods,
The sacred *Argo*, fill'd with demigods!
Ev'n she had sunk, but *Jove's* imperial bride 85
Wing'd her fleet sail, and push'd her o'er the tyde.

High in the air the rock its summit shrouds,
In brooding tempests, and in rousing clouds;
Loud storms around and mists eternal rise,
Beat its bleak brow, and intercept the skies. 90
When all the broad expansion bright with day
Glow with th' autumnal or the summer ray,
The summer and the autumn glows in vain,
The sky for ever low'rs, for ever clouds remain.
Impervious to the step of man it stands, [hands; 95
Tho' born by twenty feet, tho' arm'd with twenty
Smooth as the polish of the mirror rise
The slippery sides, and shoot into the skies.

Full

Full in the center of this rock display'd,
100 A yawning cavern casts a dreadful shade:
Nor the fleet arrow from the twanging bow
Sent with full force, cou'd reach the depth below.
Wide to the west the horid gulph extends,
And the dire passage down to hell descends.
105 O fly the dreadful fight! expand thy sails,
Ply the strong oar, and catch the nimble gales;
Here *Scylla* bellows from her dire abodes,
Tremendous pest! abhorr'd by man and Gods!
Hideous her voice, and with less terrors roar
110 The whelps of Lions in the midnight hour.
Twelve feet deform'd and foul the fiend dispreads;
Six horrid necks she rears, and six terrific heads;
Her jaws grin dreadful with three rows of teeth;
Jaggy they stand, the gaping den of death:
115 Her parts obscene the raging billows hide;
Her bosom terribly o'erlooks the tyde.
When stung with hunger she embroils the flood,
The Sea-dog and the Dolphin are her food;
She makes the huge Leviathan her prey,
120 And all the monsters of the wat'ry way;

The swiftest racer of the azure plain
Here fills her sails and spreads her oars in vain;
Fell *Scylla* rises, in her fury roars,
At once six mouths expands, at once six men devours.

Close by, a rock of less enormous height 125
Breaks the wild waves, and forms a dang'rous freight;
Full on its crown a fig's green branches rise,
And shoot a leafy forest to the skies;
Beneath, *Charybdis* holds her boist'rous reign
'Midst roaring whirlpools, and absorbs the main, 130
Thrice in her gulphs the boiling seas subside,
Thrice in dire thunders she refunds the tyde.
Oh if thy vessel plow the direful waves
When seas retreating roar within her caves,
Ye perish all! tho' he who rules the main 135
Lend his strong aid, his aid he lends in vain.
Ah shun the horrid gulph! by *Scylla* fly,
'Tis better six to lose, than all to die.

I then: O nymph propitious to my pray'r,
Goddeſs divine, my guardian pow'r, declare, 140
Is the foul fiend from human vengeance freed?
Or if I rise in arms, can *Scylla* bleed?

Then she: O worn by toils, oh broke in fight,
 Still are new toils and war thy dire delight?
 145 Will martial flames for ever fire thy mind,
 And never, never be to Heav'n resign'd?
 How vain thy efforts to avenge the wrong?
 Deathless the pest! impenetrably strong!
 Furious and fell, tremendous to behold!
 150 Ev'n with a look she withers all the bold!
 She mocks the weak attempts of human might;
 O fly her rage! thy conquest is thy flight.
 If but to seize thy arms thou make delay,
 Again the fury vindicates her prey,
 155 Her fix mouths yawn, and fix are snatch'd away. }
 From her foul womb *Cratæis* gave the air
 This dreadful Pest! To her direct thy pray'r,
 To curb the monster in her dire abodes,
 And guard thee thro' the tumult of the floods.
 160 Thence to *Trinacria's* shore you bend your way,
 Where graze thy herds, illustrious Source of day!
 Sev'n herds, sev'n flocks enrich the sacred plains,
 Each herd, each flock full fifty heads contains:

The wond'rous kind a length of age survey,
By breed increase not, nor by death decay. 165
Two sister Goddesses possess the plain,
The constant guardians of the woolly train;
Lampetie fair, and *Phaethusa* young,
From *Phæbus* and the bright *Neæra* sprung;
Here watchful o'er the flocks, in shady bow'rs 170
And flow'ry meads they waste the joyous hours.
Rob not the God! and so propitious gales
Attend thy voyage, and impell thy sails;
But if thy impious hands the flocks destroy,
The Gods, the Gods avenge it, and ye die! 175
'Tis thine alone (thy friends and navy lost)
Thro' tedious toils to view thy native coast.

She ceas'd: And now arose the morning ray;
Swift to her dome the Goddess held her way.
Then to my mates I measur'd back the plain, 180
Climb'd the tall bark, and rush'd into the main;
Then bending to the stroke, their oars they drew
To their broad breasts, and swift the galley flew.
Up sprung a brisker breeze; with freshning gales
The friendly Goddess stretch'd the swelling sails; 185

We

We drop our oars: at ease the pilot guides;
The vessel light along the level glides.
When rising sad and slow, with pensive look,
Thus to the melancholy train I spoke:

190 O friends, oh ever partners of my woes,
Attend while I what Heav'n foredooms disclose.
Hear all! Fate hangs o'er all! on you it lies
To live, or perish! to be safe, be wise!

In flow'ry meads the sportive *Sirens* play,
195 Touch the soft lyre, and tune the vocal lay;
Me, me alone, with fetters firmly bound,
The Gods allow to hear the dangerous sound.
Hear and obey: If freedom I demand,
Be ev'ry fetter strain'd, be added band to band.

200 While yet I speak the winged gally flies,
And lo! the *Siren* shores like mists arise.
Sunk were at once the winds; the air above,
And waves below, at once forgot to move!
Some Demon calm'd the Air, and smooth'd the deep,
205 Hush'd the loud winds, and charm'd the waves to sleep.
Now every sail we furl, each oar we ply;
Lash'd by the stroke the frothy waters fly.

The

The ductile wax with busy hands I mold,
And cleft in fragments, and the fragments roll'd;
Th'aereal region now grew warm with day, 210
The wax dissolv'd beneath the burning ray;
Then every ear I barr'd against the strain,
And from access of phrenzy lock'd the brain.
Now round the mast my mates the fetters roll'd,
And bound me limb by limb, with fold on fold. 215
Then bending to the stroke, the active train
Plunge all at once their oars, and cleave the main.

While to the shore the rapid vessel flies,
Our swift approach the *Siren* quire descries;
Celestial music warbles from their tongue, 220
And thus the sweet deluders tune the song.

O stay, oh pride of *Greece*! *Ulysses* stay!
O cease thy course, and listen to our lay!
Blest is the man ordain'd our voice to hear,
The song instructs the soul, and charms the ear. 225
Approach! thy soul shall into raptures rise!
Approach! and learn new wisdom from the wise.
We know whate'er the Kings of mighty name
Atchiev'd at *Ilion* in the field of fame;

230 Whate'er beneath the sun's bright journey lies.

O stay, and learn new wisdom from the wife!

Thus the sweet charmers warbled o'er the main;

My soul takes wing to meet the heav'nly strain;

I give the sign, and struggle to be free:

235 Swift row my mates, and shoot along the sea;

New chains they add, and rapid urge the way,

'Till dying off, the distant sounds decay:

Then scudding swiftly from the dang'rous ground,

The deafen'd ear unlock'd, the chains unbound.

240 Now all at once tremendous scenes unfold;

Thunder'd the deeps, the smoking billows roll'd!

Tumultous waves embroil'd the bellowing flood,

All trembling, deafen'd, and aghast we stood!

No more the vessel plow'd the dreadful wave,

245 Fear seiz'd the mighty, and unnerv'd the brave;

Each drop'd his oar: But swift from man to man

With look serene I turn'd, and thus began.

O friends! Oh often try'd in adverse storms!

With ills familiar in more dreadful forms!

250 Deep in the dire *Cyclopean* den you lay,

Yet safe return'd—*Ulysses* led the way.

Learn

Learn courage hence! and in my care confide:

Lo! still the same *Ulysses* is your guide!

Attend my words! your oars incessant ply;

Strain ev'ry nerve, and bid the vessel fly. 255

If from yon jostling rocks and wavy war

Jove safety grants; he grants it to your care.

And thou whose guiding hand directs our way,

Pilot, attentive listen and obey!

Bear wide thy course, nor plow those angry waves 260

Where rolls yon smoke, yon tumbling ocean raves;

Steer by the higher rock; lest whirl'd around

We sink, beneath the circling eddy drown'd.

While yet I speak, at once their oars they seize,

Stretch to the stroke, and brush the working seas. 265

Cautious the name of *Scylla* I suppress;

That dreadful sound had chill'd the boldest breast.

Mean-time, forgetful of the voice divine,

All dreadful bright my limbs in armour shine;

High on the deck I take my dang'rous stand, 270

Two glitt'ring javelins lighten in my hand;

Prepar'd to whirl the whizzing spear I stay,

'Till the fell fiend arise to seize her prey.

Around

Around the dungeon, studious to behold

²⁷⁵ The hideous pest, my labouring eyes I roll'd;
In vain! the dismal dungeon dark as night
Veils the dire monster, and confounds the sight.

Now thro' the rocks, appal'd with deep dismay,
We bend our course, and stem the desp'rate way;

²⁸⁰ Dire *Scylla* there a scene of horror forms,
And here *Charybdis* fills the deep with storms.
When the tyde rushes from her rumbling caves
The rough rock roars; tumultuous boil the waves;
They tofs, they foam, a wild confusion raise,

²⁸⁵ Like waters bubbling o'er the fiery blaze;
Eternal mists obscure th'aereal plain,
And high above the rock she spouts the main:
When in her gulphs the rushing sea subsides,
She dreins the ocean with the reflux tides:

²⁹⁰ The rock rebellows with a thund'ring sound;
Deep, wond'rous deep, below appears the ground.

Struck with despair, with trembling hearts we view'd
The yawning dungeon, and the tumbling flood;
When lo! fierce *Scylla* stoop'd to seize her prey,

²⁹⁵ Stretch'd her dire jaws, and swept six men away;

Chiefs of renown! loud echoing shrieks arise;
I turn, and view them quivering in the skies;
They call, and aid with out-stretch'd arms implore:
In vain they call! those arms are stretch'd no more.
As from some rock that overhangs the flood, 300
The silent fisher casts th'insidious food,
With fraudulent care he waits the finny prize,
And sudden lifts it quivering to the skies:
So the foul monster lifts her prey on high,
So pant the wretches, struggling in the sky, 305
In the wide dungeon she devours her food,
And the flesh trembles while she churns the blood.
Worn as I am with griefs, with care decay'd;
Never, I never, scene so dire survey'd!
My shiv'ring blood congeal'd forgot to flow, 310
Aghast I stood, a monument of woe!

Now from the rocks the rapid vessel flies,
And the hoarse din like distant thunder dies;
To *Sol's* bright Isle our voyage we pursue,
And now the glitt'ring mountains rise to view. 315
There sacred to the radiant God of day
Graze the fair herds, the flocks promiscuous stray;

Then suddenly was heard along the main
To low the ox, to bleat the woolly train.

320 Strait to my anxious thoughts the sound convey'd
The words of *Circe* and the *Theban* Shade;
Warn'd by their awful voice these shores to shun,
With cautious fears oppress'd, I thus begun.

O friends! oh ever exercis'd in care! [hear!
325 Hear heav'n's commands, and rev'rence what ye
To fly these shores the prescient *Theban* Shade
And *Circe* warns! O be their voice obey'd:
Some mighty woe relentless heav'n forebodes:
Fly the dire regions, and revere the Gods!

330 While yet I spoke, a sudden sorrow ran
Thro' every breast, and spread from man to man,
'Till wrathful thus *Eurylochus* began. }

O cruel thou! some fury sure has steel'd
That stubborn soul, by toil untaught to yield!
335 From sleep debarr'd, we sink from woes to woes;
And cruel, envielt thou a short repose?
Still must we restless rove, new seas explore,
The sun descending, and so near the shore?

And lo! the night begins her gloomy reign,
And doubles all the terrors of the main. 340

Oft in the dead of night loud winds arise,
Lash the wild surge, and bluster in the skies;
Oh should the fierce south-west his rage display,
And toss with rising storms the wat'ry way,
Tho' Gods descend from heav'n's aerial plain 345
To lend us aid, the Gods descend in vain:

Then while the night displays her awful shade,
Sweet time of slumber! be the night obey'd!
Haste ye to land! and when the morning ray
Sheds her bright beam, pursue the destin'd way. 350

A sudden joy in every bosom rose;
So will'd some Demon, minister of woes!

To whom with grief—O swift to be undone,
Constrain'd I act what wisdom bids me shun.
But yonder herds, and yonder flocks forbear; 355
Attest the heav'ns, and call the Gods to hear:
Content, an innocent repast display,
By *Circe* giv'n, and fly the dang'rous prey.

Thus I: and while to shore the vessel flies,
With hands uplifted they attest the skies; 360

Then

Then where a fountain's gurgling waters play,
They rush to land, and end in feasts the day:
They feed; they quaff; and now (their hunger fled)
Sigh for their friends devour'd, and mourn the dead.
365 Nor cease the tears, 'till each in slumber shares
A sweet forgetfulness of human cares.

Now far the night advanc'd her gloomy reign,
And setting stars roll'd down the azure plain;
When, at the voice of *Jove*, wild whirlwinds rise,
370 And clouds and double darkness veil the skies;
The moon, the stars, the bright ætherial host
Seem as extinct, and all their splendors lost;
The furious tempest roars with dreadful sound:
Air thunders, rolls the ocean, groans the ground.
375 All night it rag'd: when morning rose, to land
We haul'd our bark, and moor'd it on the strand,
Where in a beauteous Grotto's cool recess
Dance the green *Nereids* of the neighb'ring seas.

There while the wild winds whistled o'er the main,
380 Thus careful I address the list'ning train.

O friends be wise! nor dare the flocks destroy
Of these fair pastures: If ye touch, ye die.

Warn'd

Warn'd by the high command of heav'n, be aw'd;
 Holy the flocks, and dreadful is the God!
 That God who spreads the radiant beams of light, ³⁸⁵
 And views wide earth and heav'n's unmeasur'd height.

And now the Moon had run her monthly round,
 The south-east blust'ring with a dreadful sound;
 Unhurt the beeves, untouch'd the woolly train
 Low thro' the grove, or range the flow'ry plain: ³⁹⁰
 Then fail'd our food; then fish we make our prey,
 Or fowl that screaming haunt the wat'ry way.
 'Till now from sea or flood no succour found,
 Famine and meager want besieg'd us round.
 Pensive and pale from grove to grove I stray'd, ³⁹⁵
 From the loud storms to find a *Sylvan* shade;
 There o'er my hands the living wave I pour;
 And heav'n and heav'n's immortal thrones adore,
 To calm the roarings of the stormy main,
 And grant me peaceful to my realms again. ⁴⁰⁰
 Then o'er my eyes the Gods soft slumber shed,
 While thus *Eurylochus* arising said.

O friends, a thousand ways frail mortals lead
 To the cold tomb, and dreadful all to tread;

405 But dreadful most, when by a slow decay
 Pale hunger wastes the manly strength away.
 Why cease ye then t' implore the pow'rs above,
 And offer hecatombs to thund'ring *Jove*?
 Why seize ye not yon beeves, and fleecy prey?
 410 Arise unanimous; arise and slay!
 And if the Gods ordain a safe return,
 To *Phæbus* shrines shall rise, and altars burn.
 But should the pow'rs that o'er mankind preside,
 Decree to plunge us in the whelming tide,
 415 Better to rush at once to shades below,
 Then linger life away, and nourish woe!
 Thus he: the beeves around securely stray,
 When swift to ruin they invade the prey.
 They seize, they kill!—but for the rite divine,
 420 The barley fail'd, and for libations, wine.
 Swift from the oak they strip the shady pride;
 And verdant leaves the flow'ry cake supply'd.
 With pray'r they now address th' æthereal train,
 Slay the selected beeves, and flea the slain;
 425 The thighs, with fat involv'd, divide with art,
 Strow'd o'er with morsels cut from ev'ry part.

Water,

Water, instead of wine, is brought in urns,
 And pour'd prophanely as the victim burns.
 The thighs thus offer'd, and the entrails drest,
 They roast the fragments, and prepare the feast. 430

'Twas then soft slumber fled my troubled brain:
 Back to the bark I speed along the main.
 When lo! an odour from the feast exhales,
 Spreads o'er the coast, and scents the tainted gales;
 A chilly fear congeal'd my vital blood, 435
 And thus, obtesting Heav'n I mourn'd aloud.

O Sire of men and Gods, immortal *Jove*!
 Oh all ye blisful pow'rs that reign above!
 Why were my cares beguil'd in short repose?
 O fatal slumber, paid with lasting woes! 440
 A deed so dreadful all the Gods alarms,
 Vengeance is on the wing, and heav'n in arms!

Mean-time *Lampetiè* mounts th'aereal way,
 And kindles into rage the God of day: [hand
 Vengeance, ye Pow'rs, (he cries) and thou whose 445
 Aims the red bolt, and hurls the writen brand!
 Slain are those herds which I with pride survey,
 When thro' the ports of heav'n I pour the day,
 Or deep in Ocean plunge the burning ray. }

450 Vengeance, ye Gods! or I the skies forego,
 And bear the lamp of heav'n to shades below.
 To whom the thund'ring Pow'r: O source of day!
 Whose radiant lamp adorns the azure way,
 Still may thy beams thro' heav'n's bright portals rise,
 455 The joy of earth, and glory of the skies;
 Lo! my red arm I bare, my thunders guide,
 To dash th' offenders in the whelming tyde.
 To fair *Calypso*, from the bright abodes,
Hermes convey'd these councils of the Gods.

460 Mean-time from man to man my tongue exclaims,
 My wrath is kindled, and my soul in flames.
 In vain! I view perform'd the direful deed,
 Beeves, slain by heaps, along the ocean bleed.

Now heav'n gave signs of wrath; along the ground
 465 Crept the raw hides, and with a bellowing sound }
 Roar'd the dead limbs; the burning entrails groan'd. }
 Six guilty days my wretched mates employ
 In impious feasting, and unhallow'd joy;
 The sev'nth arose, and now the Sire of Gods
 470 Rein'd the rough storms, and calm'd the tossing floods:
 With speed the bark we climb: the spacious sails
 Loos'd from the yards invite th' impelling gales.

Past

Past sight of shore, along the surge we bound,
 And all above is sky, and ocean all around!
 When lo! a murky cloud the Thund'rer forms 475
 Full o'er our heads, and blackens heav'n with storms.
 Night dwells o'er all the deep: and now out flies
 The gloomy West, and whistles in the skies.
 The mounting billows roar: the furious blast
 Howls o'er the shroud, and rends it from the mast: 480
 The mast gives way, and crackling as it bends,
 Tears up the deck; then all at once descends:
 The pilot by the tumbling ruin slain,
 Dash'd from the helm falls headlong in the main.
 Then *Jove* in anger bids his thunders roll, 485
 And forky lightnings flash from pole to pole;
 Fierce at our heads his deadly bolt he aims,
 Red with uncommon wrath, and wrapt in flames:
 Full on the bark it fell; now high, now low,
 Toft and retoft, it reel'd beneath the blow; 490
 At once into the main the crew it shook:
 Sulphureous odors rose, and smould'ring smoke.
 Like fowl that haunt the floods, they sink, they rise,
 Now lost, now seen, with shrieks and dreadful cries;
 And strive to gain the bark; but *Jove* denies. 495

Firm at the helm I stand, when fierce the main
 Rush'd with dire noise, and dash'd the fides in twain;
 Again impetuous drove the furious blast,
 Snapt the strong helm, and bore to sea the mast.

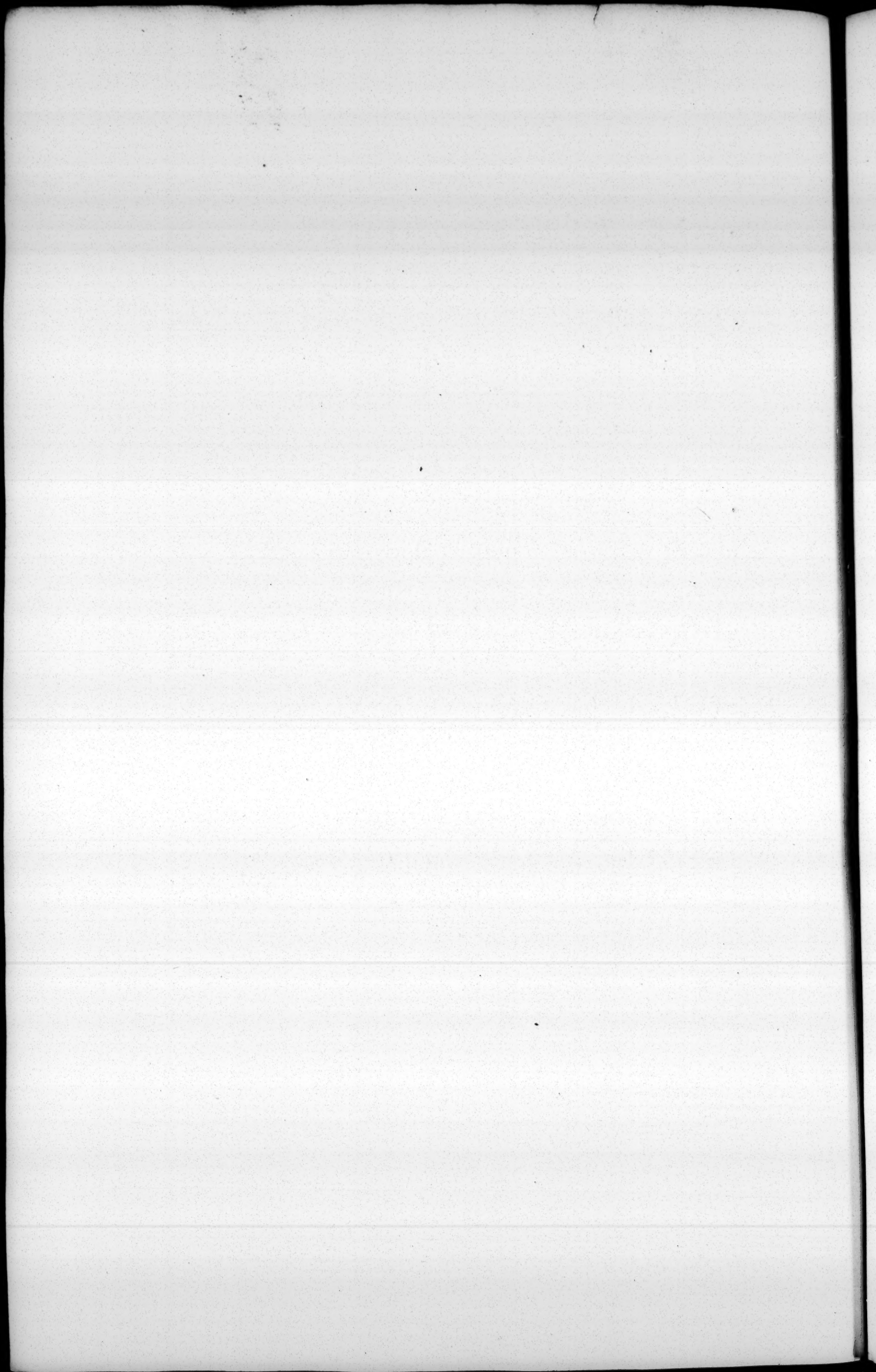
500 Firm to the mast with cords the helm I bind, }
 And ride aloft, to Providence resign'd, }
 Thro' tumbling billows, and a war of wind. }

Now sunk the West, and now a southern breeze
 More dreadful than the tempest, lash'd the seas;
 505 For on the rocks it bore where *Scylla* raves,
 And dire *Charybdis* rolls her thund'ring waves.
 All night I drove; and at the dawn of day
 Fast by the rocks beheld the desp'rate way:
 Just when the sea within her gulphs subsides,
 510 And in the roaring whirlpools rush the tides.
 Swift from the float I vaulted with a bound,
 The lofty figtree seiz'd, and clung around.
 So to the beam the Bat tenacious clings,
 And pendent round it clasps his leathern wings.
 515 High in the air the tree its boughs display'd,
 And o'er the dungeon cast a dreadful shade.
 All unsustain'd between the wave and sky,
 Beneath my feet the whirling billows fly.

What-time the Judge forsakes the noisy bar
To take repast, and stills the wordy war; 520
Charybdis rumbling from her inmost caves,
The mast refunded on her reflux waves.
Swift from the tree, the floating mast to gain,
Sudden I drop'd amidst the flashing main;
Once more undaunted on the ruin rode, 525
And oar'd with lab'ring arms along the flood.
Unseen I pass'd by *Scylla's* dire abodes:
So *Jove* decreed, (dread Sire of men and Gods.)
Then nine long days I plow'd the calmer seas,
Heav'd by the surge and wafted by the breeze. 530
Weary and wet th' *Ogygian* shores I gain,
When the tenth sun descended to the main.
There in *Calypso's* ever-fragrant bow'rs
Refresh'd I lay, and Joy beguil'd the hours.

My following fates to thee oh King, are known, 535
And the bright partner of thy royal throne.
Enough: In misery, can words avail?
And what so tedious as a twice-told tale?

OBSE-



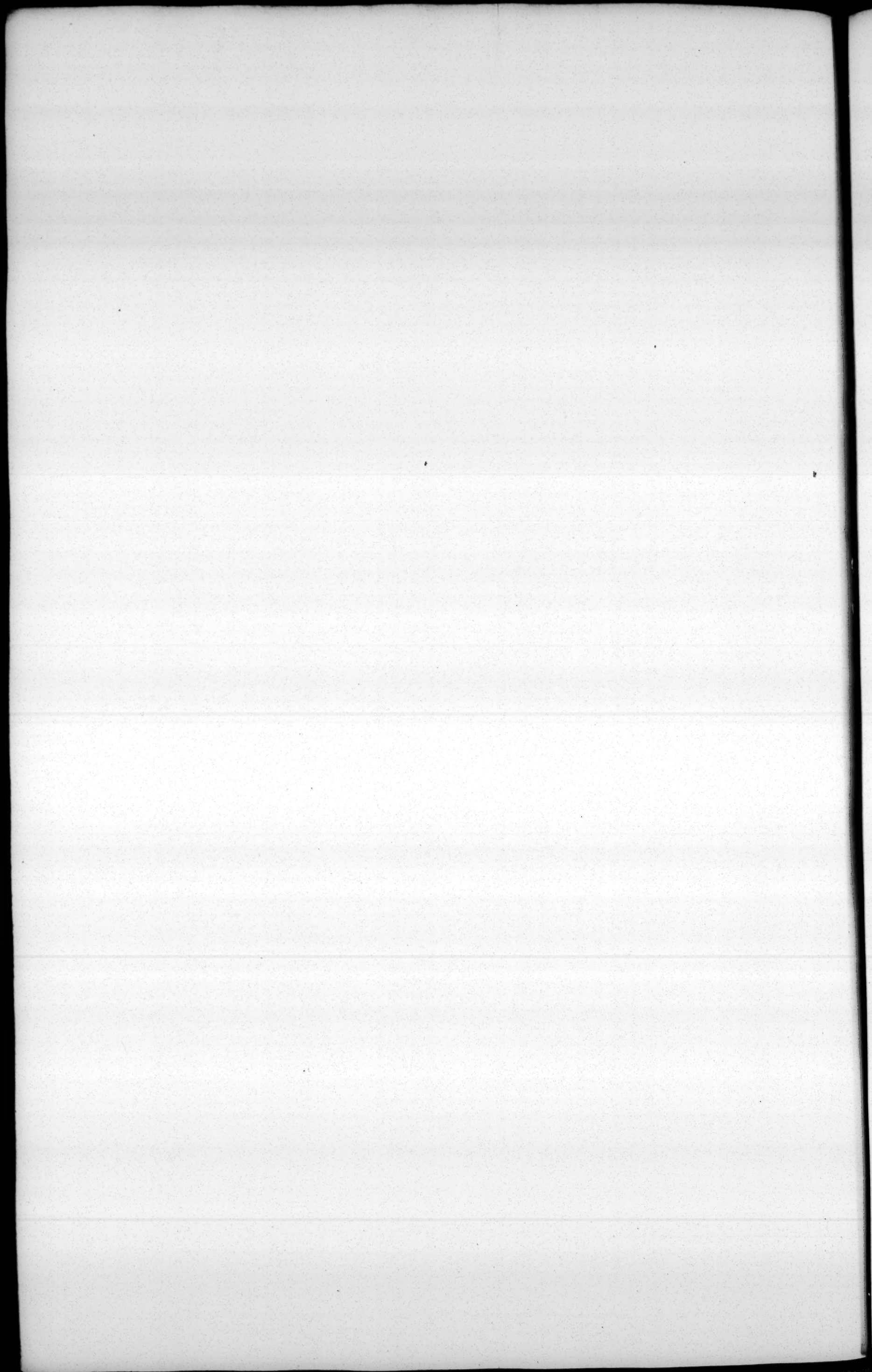
OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

TWELFTH BOOK.

VOL. III.

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OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

TWELFTH BOOK.

I.



WE are now drawing to a conclusion of the Episodic narration of the *Odyssey*; it may therefore not be unentertaining to speak something concerning the nature of it, before we dismiss it.

There are two ways of relating past subjects; the one, simply and methodically by a plain rehearsal, and this is the province of History; the other artificially, where the Author makes no appearance in person, but introduces Speakers, and this is the practice of Epic Poetry. By this method the Poet brings upon the stage those very persons who perform'd the action he represents: he makes them speak and act over again the words and actions they spoke or perform'd before, and in some sort transports his auditors to the time when, and the places where, the action was done. This method is of great use; it prevents the Poet from delivering his story in a plain simple way like an Historian, it makes the Auditors witnesses of it, and the action discovers it self. Thus for instance, it is not *Homer* but *Ulysses* who speaks; the Poet is withdrawn, and the Heroe whose
story

story we hear is as it were rais'd from the grave, and relates it in person to the audience. *Aristotle* observes, that the Epic Poem ought to be Dramatic, that is active; *Homer* (says that Author) ought to be especially commended for being the only Poet who knew exactly what to do; he speaks little himself, but introduces some of his persons, a man or a woman, a God or a Goddess; and this renders his Poem active, or Dramatic. Narration is the very soul that animates the Poem, it gives an opportunity to the Poet to adorn it with different Episodes; it has, as it were, the whole world for its stage, and gives him liberty to search thro' the Creation for incidents or adventures for the employment of his Heroes: Thus for instance, he was at liberty to ascribe the several dangers of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, of *Polypheme* and *Antiphatēs* to *Ulysses*, tho' that Heroe had been as unacquainted with those dangers, as *Æneas* was in reality with *Dido*; the choice of the Episodes being not essential, but arbitrary.

In short, it is from this Episodic narration that the Poet could at all find room to place these Episodes in the *Odysssey*. *Aristotle*, I confess, has set no precise limits to the time of the action, but the Critics in general confine it to one Campaign; at least, they affirm this to be the most perfect duration, according to the model of the *Iliad* and *Odysssey*. Now this Episodic narration gives the Poet an opportunity to relate all that is contain'd in four books without breaking in upon the time of the action: for all that we read between the eighth book and the thirteenth comprehends only the space of one evening; namely, the evening of the thirty third day. The Poet inserts all the adventures that happen'd to *Ulysses* in almost ten years from his departure from *Troy*, into the compass of one evening by way of narration, and so maintains the Unity both of the time and action.

I speak not of the Narration in general; concerning which the curious may consult *Bossu*, or *Dryden's* preface to the translation of the *Æneis*.

II.

VERSE I. *Thus o'er the rolling surge -----*] The words in the original are ποτομοῖο ῥόον ὠκεανοῖο, which *Strabo* judges to mean no more than a *part* of the ocean, for if it be otherwise understood

stood it will be a tautology, and who would write that *he went out of the ocean into the ocean*, as it must be rendered if ποταμός be the same with θάλασσα in the next line? But it is perhaps better to understand the passage literally and plainly, only to denote the place from whence *Ulysses* return'd from his infernal voyage; that is, from the extremity of the Ocean. It is usual for the waves of the sea to bear violently and rapidly upon the same shores, the waters being pent up by the nearness of the land, and therefore forming a current, or ρόον. So that the expression means no more than *Ulysses* surmounted this current, and then gain'd the wide Ocean.

It is likewise evident from the beginning of this book, that *Ulysses* pass'd only one night in Hell; for he arriv'd at the *Cimmerians* in one day, saw the visions of Hell in the following night, and in the space of the next day return'd from the *Cimmerians* in the evening to *Circe's* Island, as appears from his going to repose immediately upon his landing.

It may be further prov'd that this was a Nocturnal interview, from the nature of the magical incantations which were always perform'd by night: all sacrifices were offer'd by night to the infernal powers, the offering it self was black, to represent the kingdom of darkness: Thus also in other Poets the Moon is said to turn pale at these magical rites, or as *Virgil* expresses it,

Carmina vel cælo possunt deducere lunam.

And indeed, as *Eustathius* observes (from whom this note is chiefly translated) it would have been absurd to have represented the realms of darkness survey'd by the light of the day.

III.

VERSE 3. *Here the gay Morn resides in radiant bow'rs,
Here keeps her revels-----]*

This passage is full of obscurity: For how is it possible to suppose this Island of *Circe* to be the residence of the Morning; that is, for the day to rise immediately upon it, when it is known to lie in a western situation? Some have imagin'd that this is spoken solely with respect to *Ulysses*, who returning from the shades, might properly say that he arriv'd at the place

where the day resides, that is to a place enlighten'd by the sun. Others understand it comparatively, with respect to the *Cimmerians*, or rather to the realms of death, which *Homer* places in the west; with regard to these, *Ææa* may be said to lie in the east, or in the poetical language, to be the residence of the morning. Besides the *Circean* promontory is of an extraordinary altitude, and consequently the beams at sun-rising may fall upon it; nay, it is said to be illustrated by the Sun even by night. Others have conjectur'd, that what is here said implies no more than that *Ulysses* landed upon the eastern parts of the Island: And lastly, others not improbably refer the whole to the word *Ocean* in the former line, and then the whole passage will be clear, and agree with the fable of the Sun's rising and setting in the Ocean. This is what *Eustathius* remarks, who adds, that the Ancients understood *χόρη* not to signify *dances*, but *χώρη*, the *regions of the morning*. I have translated it in the former sense, according to the consent of most interpreters: And I am persuaded it is used to denote the pleasure and gaiety which the Sun restores to the whole Creation, when dispelling the melancholy darkness, he restores light and gladness to the earth; which is imagin'd to us by the playing or dancing of the first beams of the Sun; or rather of *Aurora*, who properly may be said to dance, being a Goddess. *Dacier* renders *χόρη*, dances; but judges that *Homer* here follows a fabulous Geography, and that as he transported the *Cimmerians* with all their darkness from the *Bosphorus* to *Campania*; so likewise he now removes *Ææa* with all its light from *Cholchis* into *Italy*: and therefore the Poet gives the properties and situation to the Island of *Circe*, which are only true of the eastern *Cholchis*.

It is very evident, (continues she) that *Homer* was perfectly acquainted with the *Phœnician* story; he tells us that *Elpenor* was buried upon the promontory on the sea-shores, and that it was called by his name, *Elpenor*. Now the *Phœnicians*, who endeavour'd to naturalize all names in their own language, affirm'd, according to *Bochart*, that this promontory was not so call'd from *Elpenor*, but from their word *Hilbinor*, which signifies, *ubi albescit lux matutina*; that is, "where the dawning of the day begins to appear:" This Promontory being of great height, the rays of the morning might fall upon it; and this tradition might furnish *Homer* with his fiction of the bow's, and dances of it.

What

What may seem to confirm *Dacier's* opinion of the transportation of *Cholchis* into *Italy*, is the immediate mention the Poet makes of *Jason*, and *Æetes* King of *Cholchis*: Besides the Ancients believ'd *Phasis*, a river of *Cholchis*, to be the bounds of the habitable oriental world: and *Æea* being the capital of it, lying upon the *Phasis* it might very rationally be mistaken for the place where the Sun rose; thus *Mimnermus* writes,

Ἀϊτάο πόλιν τόθι τ' ὠκεὸς ἡελίοιο
Ἀκτῖνες χρυσέῳ κείται ἐν θαλάμῳ
Ὠκεανὸς παρὰ χεῖλεσ' ἢ ὥχετο θεῶν Ἰήσων.

That is, “ the city of *Æetes* where the rays of the Sun appear
“ in a bed of gold, above the margin of the Ocean, where the
“ divine *Jason* arriv'd:” This is an evidence that the Poet was well acquainted with Antiquity, and that (as *Strabo* judges) his astonishing fictions have truth for their foundation.

IV.

VERSE 51. Next, *where the Sirens dwell* -----] The Critics have greatly labour'd to explain what was the foundation of this fiction of the *Sirens*. We are told by some, that the *Sirens* were Queens of certain small Islands, named *Sirenusæ*, that lye near *Caprea* in *Italy*, and chiefly inhabited the Promontory of *Minerva*, upon the top of which that Goddess had a Temple, as some affirm, built by *Ulysses*, according to this verse of *Seneca*, *Epist.* 77.

Alta procelloso speculatur vertice Pallas.

Here, there was a renown'd Academy in the reign of these *Sirens*, famous for Eloquence and the liberal Sciences, which gave occasion for the invention of this fable of the sweetness of the voice, and attracting songs of the *Sirens*. But why then are they fabled to be destroyers, and painted in such dreadful colours? We are told that at last the Students abus'd their knowledge, to the colouring of wrong, the corruption of manners, and subversion of government; that is, in the language of Poetry, they were feign'd to be transform'd into monsters, and with their music to have entic'd passengers to their ruin, who there consum'd their parimonies,

trimonies, and poison'd their virtues with riot and effeminacy. The place is now call'd *Massa*. In the days of *Homer* the *Sirens* were fabled to be two only in number, as appears from his speaking of them in the dual, as ὅπα Σειρήνοιν, νῆσον Σειρήνοιν; their names (adds *Eustathius*) were *Thelxiepæa*, and *Aglaophemè*. Other writers, in particular *Lycophron*, mention three *Sirens*, *Ligæa*, *Parthenope*, and *Leucosia*. Some are of opinion (continues the same Author) that they were ψαλτερίας ἢ ἐταερίδας; that is, "singing women and harlots," who by the sweetness of their voices drew the unwary to ruin their health and fortune. Others tell us of a certain Bay contracted within winding streights and broken cliffs, which by the singing of the winds, and beating of the waters, returns a delightful harmony; that allures the passenger to approach, who is immediately thrown against the rocks, and swallow'd up by the violent eddies.

But others understand the whole passage allegorically, or as a fable containing an excellent moral, to shew that if we suffer our selves to be too much allur'd by the pleasures of an idle life, the end will be destruction: thus *Horace* moralizes it;

-----*Vitanda est improba Siren*
Desidia-----

But the fable may be apply'd to all pleasures in general, which if too eagerly pursued betray the uncautious into ruin; while wise men, like *Ulysses*, making use of their reason stop their ears against their insinuations.

V.

VERSE 57.

-----*Around**Lie human bones, that whiten all the ground]*

There is a great similitude between this passage and the words of *Solomon* in the *Proverbs*, where there is a most beautiful description of an harlot, in the eighth and ninth chapters.

I beheld among the simple ones, I discern'd among the youths, a young man void of understanding; and behold there met him a woman with the attire of an harlot, and subtil of heart, &c. With her much fair speech she caused him to yield, she forced him with the flattering of her lips: he goeth after her straightway, as an Ox goeth to the slaughter,

slaughter, but he knoweth not that the dead are there, and her guests are in the depths of Hell.

This may serve for a comment upon *Homer*, and it is an instance, that without any violence the nature of harlots may be conceal'd under the fable of the *Sirens*.

VI.

VERSE 71. *High o'er the main two Rocks-----* } There is undoubtedly a great amplification in the description of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*; it may not therefore be unnecessary to lay before the Reader, what is truth and what fiction.

Thucydides, lib. 4. thus describes it. " This streight is the sea
" that flows between *Rhegium* and *Messene*, where at the narrowest distance, *Sicily* is divided from the Continent; and this is
" that part of the sea which *Ulysses* is said to have pass'd, and 'tis
" called *Charybdis*: This sea, by reason of the streights, and the course of the *Tyrrhene* and *Sicilian* seas breaking violently into it,
" and there raising great commotions, is with good reason call'd
" *χαλεπή*, or destructive." *Charybdis* stands on the coast of *Sicily*; *Scylla* on the coast of *Italy*.

Mr. *Sandys* examin'd these rocks and seas with a particular view to the descriptions of the Poets: Speaking of *Charybdis*, he writes,
" When the winds begin to ruffle, especially from the south, it
" forthwith runs round with violent eddies, so that many vessels
" miscarry by it. The stream thro' the streight runs toward the
" *Ionian*, and part of it sets into the haven, which turning about,
" and meeting with other streams makes so violent an encounter that ships are glad to prevent the danger by coming to an
" anchor. *Scylla*, adds he, is seated in the midst of a bay,
" upon the neck of a narrow mountain, which thrusts it self
" into the sea, having at the uppermost end a steep high rock,
" so celebrated by the Poets, and hyperbolically describ'd by *Homer* as unaccessable. The fables are indeed well fitted to the
" place, there being divers little sharp rocks at the foot of the
" greater: These are the dogs that are said to bark there, the
" waters by their repercussion from them make a noise like the
" barking of dogs; and the reason why *Scylla* is said to devour the
" fishes, as *Homer* expresses it.

*When stung with hunger she embroils the flood,
The Sea-dog and the Dolphin are her food;
She makes the huge Leviathan her prey,
And all the monsters of the wat'ry way.*

“ The reason of this is, because these rocks are frequented by
“ Lamprons, and greater fishes, that devour the bodies of the
“ drown'd. But *Scylla* is now without danger, the current not set-
“ ting upon it; and I much wonder at the proverb,

Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim,

“ when they stand twelve miles distant : I rather conjecture, adds
“ he, that there has been more than one *Charybdis*, occasion'd by
“ the recoiling streams : As one there is between the south end
“ of this bay of *Scylla*, and the opposite point of *Sicily*; there
“ the waves justling make a violent eddy, which when the winds
“ are rough, more than threaten destruction to ships, as I have
“ heard from the *Scyllians*, when seeking perhaps to avoid the
“ then more impetuous turning they have been driven by wea-
“ ther upon the not far distant *Scylla*.

Strabo, (as *Eustathius* remarks) speaking of the *Leontines*, says, that they were an inhospitable people, *Cyclopeans* and *Læstrigons* : and adds, that *Scylla* and *Charybdis* were inhabited by robbers and murderers. From the terrible situation of those rocks, and the murders and depredation of the robbers these fictions might arise; they might murder six of the companions of *Ulysses*, and throw them into the sea from *Scylla*, which may be expressed in their being said to be swallow'd up by that monster.

Bochart judges the names of *Scylla* and *Charybdis* are of *Phæacian* extract, the one deriv'd from *Sool*, which signifies loss and ruin, the other from *Chorobdam*, which implies the abyss of destruction.

It is highly probable that these rocks were more dangerous formerly than at these times, the violence of the waters may not only have enlarg'd their channel by time, but by throwing up banks and sands, have diverted their course from bearing upon these rocks with the same violence as anciently; add to this, that men by art may have contributed to render these seas more safe,

safe, being places of great resort and navigation. Besides, the unskilfulness of the Ancients in sea affairs, and the smallness and form of their vessels, might render those seas very dangerous to them, which are safe to modern navigators.

VII.

VERSE 74. *Hence nam'd Erratic----*] It will reconcile the Reader in some measure to the boldness of these fictions, if he considers that *Homer*, to render his Poetry more marvellous, joyns what has been related of the *Symplegades*, to the description of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*: such a fiction of the jutting of these rocks could not be shocking to the ears of the Ancients, who had before heard of the same property in the *Symplegades*. The whole fable is perhaps grounded upon appearance: Navigators looking upon these rocks at a distance, might in different views, according to the position of the ship, sometimes see them in a direct line, and then they would appear to joyn, and after they had pass'd a little further they might look upon them obliquely, and then they would be discover'd to be at some distance; and this might give occasion to the fable of their meeting and recoiling alternately. *Strabo* agrees that *Homer* borrow'd his description of *Scylla* and *Charybdis* from the *Symplegades*; *Homer* (says he) describes these, like the *Cyanean* rocks; he continually lays the foundation of his fables upon some well known History: Thus he feigns these rocks to be full of dangers and horrors, according to the relations of the *Cyanean*, which from their jutting are call'd *Symplegades*.

VIII.

VERSE 75. ----- *No dove of swiftest wing,
That bears Ambrosia to th' Ætherial King.]*

What might give *Homer* this notion, might be what is related of the *Symplegades*. *Phineus* being ask'd by *Jason* if he could pass those rocks with safety, he desires to know how swift the vessel was; *Jason* answers, as swift as a dove; Then, said *Phineus*, send a dove between the rocks, and if she escapes, you may pass in safety: *Jason* complies, and the pigeon in her passage lost only her tail; that Heroe immediately sets sail, and escapes with the loss only

only of his rudder: This story being reported of the *Symplegades*, might give *Homer* the hint of applying the crushing of the doves to *Scylla* and *Charybdis*. You may find in *Eustathius* several far-fetcht notions upon this passage, but I shall pass them over in silence. *Longinus* blames it, and I have ventur'd in the translation to omit that particular which occasion'd his censure.

IX.

VERSE 85. -----Jove's imperial bride
Wing'd her fleet sail-----]

A Poet should endeavour to raise his images and expressions as far as possible above meanness and vulgarity: In this respect no Poet was ever more happy than *Homer*: This place is an instance of it; it means no more than that while *Jason* made his voyage he had favourable winds and serene air. As *Juno* is frequently used in *Homer* to denote the air, he ascribes the prosperous wind to that Goddess, who presides over the air: Thus in Poetry, *Juno*

Wing'd her fleet sail, and push'd her o'er the tyde.

Eustathius.

X.

VERSE 104. *And the dire passage down to hell descends.*] *Homer* means by Hell, the regions of Death, and uses it to teach us that there is no passing by this rock without destruction, or in *Homer's* words it is a sure passage into the kingdom of death.

Eustathius.

XI.

VERSE 109. -----With less terrors roar
The whelps of Lions-----]

The words in the original are, σκύλακ' νεογιλῆς, which in the proper and immediate sense do not confine it to the whelps of a Lion, but to whelps in general, and perhaps chiefly of the canine kind; νεογιλὸν *Eustathius* interprets νεωστὶ γινόμενον, or newly whelp'd, and in the latter sense the passage is understood by that Author; for he writes, φωνὴ σκύλακ' ὀλίγη, Σκύλλη δὲ
4
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μεγαλὸν κακὸν; that is, “the voice of a whelp is low, but *Scylla* “ is describ’d as an huge monster;” and the Poet uses it as we do this expression; *The voice of a wicked man is soft, but his deeds are mischievous and abominable.* I have adventur’d to translate the words in the other sense, after most interpreters, for *Homer* expresses the voice of *Scylla* by Δεινὸν λελακῦα, or *uttering a dreadful noise*: Now what he calls her voice, is nothing but the roaring of the waves in storms when they beat against that rock; and this being very loud, is better represented by the roaring of a Lion, than the complaining of a young whelp. *Chapman* follows *Eustathius*.

*For here the whuling Scylla shrouds her face,
That breathes a voice, at all parts, no more base
Than are a newly-kitten’d killing’s cries.*

which is really burlesque enough. *Dacier* renders the words by *rugissement d’un jeune Lion*, or the roarings of a young Lion.

XII.

VERSE 118. *The Sea-dog and the Dolphin are her food.*] *Polybius* (as *Strabo* remarks) contends, that *Homer* in all his fictions alludes to the customs of Antiquity: For instance, *Scylla* was a famous fishery for taking such fishes as *Homer* mentions: This was the manner of taking the Sea-dog; several small boats went out only with two men in it, the one rowed, the other stood with his instrument ready to strike the fish; all the boats had one speculator in common, to give notice when the fish approach’d, which usually swum with more than half of the body above water: *Ulysses* is this speculator, who stands arm’d with his spear; and it is probable, adds *Polybius*, that *Homer* thought *Ulysses* really visited *Sicily*, since he ascribes to *Scylla* that manner of fishing which is really practis’d by the *Scyllians*.

XIII.

VERSE 127. *Full on its crown a fig’s green branches rise.*] These particularities, which seem of no consequence, have a very good effect in Poetry, as they give the relation an air of truth
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and probability. For what can induce a Poet to mention such a tree, if the tree were not there in reality? Neither is this fig-tree describ'd in vain, it is the means of preserving the life of *Ulysses* in the sequel of the story. The Poet describes the fig-tree loaded with leaves; even this circumstance is of use, for the branches would then bend downward to the sea by their weight, and be reach'd by *Ulysses* more easily. It shews likewise, that this shipwreck was not in winter, for then the branches are naked. *Eustath.*

Dacier gathers from hence, that the season was Autumn, meaning the time when *Ulysses* arriv'd among the *Phæacians*; but this is a mistake, for he was cast upon the *Ogygian* coast by this storm, and there remain'd with *Calypso* many years. The branch with which *Ulysses* girds his loins in the sixth book is describ'd with leaves, and that is indeed a full proof that he was thrown upon the *Phæacian* shores before the season in which trees shed their leaves, and probably in the Autumn.

XIV.

VERSE 131. *Thrice in her gulphs the boiling seas subside,
Thrice in dire thunders she refunds the tyde.]*

Strabo quotes this passage to prove, that *Homer* understood the flux and reflux of the Ocean. “An instance, says he, of the care that Poet took to inform himself in all things is what he writes concerning the tydes, for he calls the reflux ἀΨορρον, or the revolution of the waters: He tells us, that *Scylla* (it should be *Charybdis*) thrice swallows, and thrice refunds the waves; this must be understood of regular tydes:” There are indeed but two tydes in a day, but this is the error of the Librarians, who put τρεις for δεις. *Eustathius* solves the expression of the three tydes differently, it ought to be understood of the νυχθήμερον, or the space of the night and day, and then there will be a regular flux and reflux thrice in that time, or every eight hours periodically.

XV.

VERSE 142. *Or if I rise in arms, can Scylla bleed?]* This short Question excellently declares the undaunted spirit of this Heroe: *Circe* lays before him the most affrighting danger; *Ulysses* immediately offers to encounter it, to revenge the death of his friends,

friends, and the Poet artfully at the same time makes that Goddess launch out into the praise of his Intrepidity; a judicious method to exalt the character of his Heroe. *Dacier.*

XVI.

VERSE 156. ----- Crataeis gave to air
This dreadful Pest -----]

It is not evident who this *Crataeis* is whom the Poet makes the mother of *Scylla*: *Eustathius* informs us that it is *Hecate*, a Goddess very properly recommended by *Circe*; she, like *Circe* being the president over forceries and enchantments. But why should she be said to be the mother of *Scylla*? *Dacier* imagines that *Homer* speaks ænigmatically, and intends to teach us that these monsters are merely the creation or offspring of magic, or Poetry.

XVII.

VERSE 161. *Where graze thy herds -----]* This fiction concerning the immortal herds of *Apollo*, is bold, but founded upon truth and reality. Nothing is more certain than that in ancient times whole herds of cattle were consecrated to the Gods, and were therefore sacred and inviolable: These being always of a fix'd number, neither more nor less than at the first consecration, the Poet feigns that they never bred or increas'd: and being constantly supply'd upon any vacancy, they were fabled to be immortal, or never to decay; (for the same cause one of the most famous legions of Antiquity was call'd *immortal*.) *Eustathius* informs us, that they were labouring oxen employ'd in tillage, and it was esteem'd a particular prophanation to destroy a labouring ox, it was criminal to eat of it, nay it was forbid to be offer'd even in sacrifices to the Gods; and a crime punishable with death by the laws of *Solon*: so that the moral intended by *Homer* in this fable of the violation of the herds of *Apollo*, is, that in our utmost necessity we ought not to offend the Gods. As to the flocks of sheep, *Herodotus* informs us, that in *Apollonia* along the *Ionian* gulph, flocks of sheep were consecrated to that Deity, and were therefore inviolable.

VERSE

XVIII.

VERSE 179. *Swift to her dome the Goddess held her way.*] It is very judicious in the Poet not to amuse us with repeating the compliments that pass'd between these two lovers at parting: The commerce *Ulysses* held with *Circe* was so far from contributing to the end of the *Odysssey*, that it was one of the greatest impediments to it; and therefore *Homer* dismisses that subject in a few words, and passes on directly to the great sufferings and adventures of his Heroe, which are essential to the Poem. But it may not be unnecessary to observe how artfully the Poet connects this Episode of *Circe* with the thread of it; he makes even the Goddess who detains him from his country, contribute to his return thither, by the advice she gives him how to escape the dangers of the Ocean, and how to behave in the difficult emergencies of his voyages: 'Tis true, she detains him out of fondness, but yet this very fondness is of use to him, since it makes a Goddess his instructor, and as it were a guide to his country.

XIX.

VERSE 222. *O stay, oh pride of Greece! Ulysses stay!]* There are several things remarkable in this short song of the *Sirens*: One of the first words they speak is the name of *Ulysses*, this shews that they had a kind of Omniscience; and it could not fail of raising the curiosity of a wise man, to be acquainted with persons of such extensive knowledge: The song is well adapted to the character of *Ulysses*; it is not pleasure or dalliance with which they tempt that Heroe, but a promise of Wisdom, and a recital of the war of *Troy* and his own glory. *Cicero* was so pleased with these verses, that he translated them, *lib. 5. de finibus bon. & mal.*

*O Decus Argolicum, quin puppim flectis Ulysses,
Auribus ut nostros possis agnoscere cantus?
Nam nemo hæc unquam est transvectus cæcula cursu,
Quin prius adstiterit vocum dulcedine captus;
Post, variis avido satiatus pectore Musis,
Doctior ad patrias lapsus pervenerit oras.*

Nos

*Nos grave certamen belli, clademque tenemus
Græcia quam Trojæ divino numine vexit,
Omniaque elatis rerum vestigia terris.*

Homer saw (says Tully) that his fable could not be approv'd, if he made his Heroe to be taken with a mere song: The *Siren*: therefore promise Knowledge, the desire of which might probably prove stronger than the love of his country: To desire to know all things, whether useful or trifles, is a faulty curiosity; but to be led from the contemplation of things great and noble, to a thirst of knowledge is an instance of a greatness of soul.

XX.

VERSE 250. *Deep in the dire Cyclopean den you lay,
Yet safe return'd --- Ulysses led the way.]*

Plutarch excellently explains this passage in his Dissertation, *How a man may praise himself without blame or envy*: "Ulysses (says that Author) speaks not out of vanity; he saw his companions terrify'd with the noise, tumult, and smoke of the gulphs of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*; he therefore to give them courage, reminds them of his wisdom and valour, which they found had frequently extricated them from other dangers: This is not vain-glory or boasting, but the dictate of Wisdom; to infuse courage into his friends, he engages his virtue, prowess and capacity for their safety, and shews what confidence they ought to repose in his conduct." Virgil puts the words of Ulysses in the mouth of *Aeneas*.

*O socii, neque enim ignari sumus ante malorum,
O passi graviora; dabit deus his quoque finem.
Vos & Scyllæam rabiem penitusque sonantes
Accestitis scopulos: vos & Cyclopea saxa
Experti, revocate animos, mæstumque timorem
Mittite. forsan & hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*

It must be allow'd, that Virgil has improv'd what he borrows; it tends more to confirm the courage of his friends than what Ulysses speaks: Macrobius is of this opinion, *Saturn. lib. 5. cap. 11*. Ulysses lays before his companions only one instance of his con-

duct in escaping dangers, *Aeneas* mentions a second: there is something more strong in

----- *Forsan & hæc olim meminisse juvabit,*

than in $\kappa\epsilon\ \pi\alpha\ \tau\omega\upsilon\upsilon\ \mu\eta\eta\sigma\epsilon\alpha\varsigma\ \omicron\iota\omega$; not only as it gives them hope to escape, but as it is an assurance that this very danger shall be a pleasure, and add to their future happiness: it is not only an argument of resolution but consolation. *Scaliger* agrees with *Macrobius*, *Ex ipsis periculis proponit voluptatem: nihil enim jucundius eâ memoriâ quæ periculorum evasionem, victoriamque recordatione repræsentat.*

XXI.

VERSE 241. ----- *The smoking billows roll'd.*] What is to be understood by the smoke of the billows? Does the Poet mean a real fire arising from the rocks? Most of the Critics have judg'd that the rock vomited out flames; for *Homer* mentions in the beginning of this book.

----- $\Pi\upsilon\rho\omicron\varsigma\ \tau'\ \omicron\lambda\omicron\omicron\iota\omicron\ \theta\upsilon\lambda\lambda\alpha\iota.$

I have taken the liberty to translate both these passages in a different sense; by the smoke I understand the mists that arise from the commotion and dashing of the waters, and by the *storms of fire*, (as *Homer* expresses it) the reflections the water casts in such agitations that resemble flames; thus in storms literally

----- *Ardescunt ignibus undæ.*

Scylla and *Charybdis* are in a continual storm, and may therefore be said to emit flames. I have soften'd the expression in the translation by inserting the word *seem*.

Ulysses continues upon one of these rocks several hours; that is, from morning till noon, as appears from the conclusion of this book; for leaping from the float, he laid hold upon a fig-tree that grew upon *Charybdis*; but both the fig-tree and *Ulysses* must have been consum'd, if the rock had really emitted flames.

VERSE

XXII.

VERSE 268. -- Forgetful of the voice divine,
All dreadful bright my limbs in armour shine.]

This seemingly small circumstance is not without a good effect: It shews that *Ulysses*, even by the injunctions of a Goddess, cannot lay aside the Heroe. It is not out of a particular care of his own safety that he arms himself, for he takes his stand in the most open and dangerous part of the vessel. It is an evidence likewise that the death of his companions is not owing to a want of his protection; for it is plain that, as *Horace* expresses it,

*Dum sibi, dum sociis reditum parat, aspera multa
Pertulit* ----

By this conduct we see likewise, that all the parts of the *Odyssey* are consistent, and that the same care of his companions, which *Homer* ascribes to *Ulysses* in the first lines of it, is visible thro' the whole Poem.

XXIII.

VERSE 283. *The rough rock roars* ----] I doubt not every Reader who is acquainted with *Homer*, has taken notice in this book, how he all along adapts his verses to the horrible subject he describes, and paints the roarings of the Ocean in words as sonorous as that element. Δεινὸν ἀνεπρόβησε ---- τῆς ἀναγοιδῆ ---- ἀναξόξει ---- βόμβησεν, &c. *Subjicit rem oculis, & aurium nostrarum dominus est*, says *Scaliger*. It is impossible to preserve the beauty of *Homer*, in a language so much inferior; but I have endeavour'd to imitate what I could not equal. I have clog'd the verse with the roughness and identity of a letter, which is the hardest our language affords; and clogg'd it with Monosyllables, that the concurrence of the rough letters might be more quick and close in the pronuntiation, and the most open and sounding vowel occur in every word.

VERSE

XXIV.

VERSE 300. *As from some rock that overhangs the flood,
The silent fisher -----]*

These tender and calm similitudes have a peculiar beauty, when introduc'd to illustrate such images of terror as the Poet here describes: they set off each the other by an happy contrast, and become both more strong by opposition. *Eustathius* remarks, that there is always a peculiar sweetness in allusions that are borrow'd from calm life, as fishing, hunting, and rural affairs.

XXV.

VERSE 314. *To Sol's bright Isle -----]* This Isle is evidently *Sicily*; for he has already inform'd us, that these herds were on *Trimacria*, (so anciently call'd from the three promontories of *Libæum*, *Pelorus*, and *Pachynus*.)

XXVI.

VERSE 332. *'Till wrathful thus Eurylochus began.]* *Homer* has found out a way to turn reproach into praise. What *Eurylochus* speaks in his wrath against *Ulysses*, as a fault; is really his glory; it shews him to be indefatigable, patient in adversity, and obedient to the decrees of the Gods. And what still heightens the panegyric is, that it is spoken by an enemy, who must therefore be free from all suspicion of flattery. *Dacier*.

XXVII.

VERSE 363. ----- *And now (their hunger fled)
Sigh for their friends devour'd, and mourn the dead.]*

This conduct may seem somewhat extraordinary; the companions of *Ulysses* appear to have forgot their lost friends, they entertain themselves with a due refreshment, and then find leisure to mourn; whereas a true sorrow would more probably have taken away all appetite. But the practice of *Ulysses's* friends is consonant to the customs of Antiquity: It was esteem'd a prophnation and a piece of ingratitude to the Gods, to mix sorrow

with their entertainments: The hours of repast were allotted to joy, and thanksgiving to heaven for the bounty it gave to man by sustenance. Besides, this practice bears a secret instruction, viz. that the principal care is owing to the living; and when that is over, the dead are not to be neglected. *Æneas* and his friends are drawn in the same attitude by *Virgil*:

*Postquam exempta fames epulis, mensæque remotæ,
Amisſos longo socios sermone requirunt ;
Præcipuè pius Æneas, nunc acris Oronti,
Nunc Amyci casum gemit, &c.*

XXVIII.

VERSE 395. *Pensive and pale from grove to grove I stray'd.*] It was necessary (remarks *Eustathius*) for the Poet to invent some pretext to remove *Ulysses*: If he had been present, his companions dar'd not to have disobey'd him openly; or if they had, it would have shew'd a want of authority, which would have been a disparagement to that Heroe. Now what pretext could be more rational than to suppose him withdrawn to offer up his devotions to the Gods? His affairs are brought to the utmost extremity, his companions murmur, and hunger oppresses. The Poet therefore, to bring about the crime of these offenders by probable methods, represents *Ulysses* retiring to supplicate the Gods; a conduct which they ought to have imitated: Besides, there is a poetical justice observ'd in the whole relation, and by the piety of *Ulysses*, and the guilt of his companions, we acknowledge the equity when we see them perish, and *Ulysses* preserv'd from all his dangers.

XXIX.

VERSE 412. *To Phœbus shrines shall rise-----*] *Eurylochus* puts on an air of piety to persuade his companions to commit sacrilege: *Let us sacrifice*, says he, *to the Gods*: as if obedience were not better than sacrifice. *Homer* understood the nature of man, which is studious to find excuses to justify our crimes; and we often offend, merely thro' hopes of a pardon. *Dacier.*

Observations on the Twelfth Book.

The word in the original is ἀγάλματα, which does not signify statues, but ornaments, ἀναθήματα, hung up, or reposed in the temples; such as

----- Ἀγλαΐης ἔνεκα κομόωσιν ἀνακλῆς.

or as it is expressed in the *Iliad*,

----- βασιλῆϊ κεῖται ἄγαλμα.

Hesychius interprets ἀγαλμα to be, πᾶν ἔφ' ᾧ τις ἀγάλλεται, ἢ ὡς συνηθεία, ζόανον; that is, ἀγαλμα signifies every ornament with which a person is delighted or adorn'd; not a statue, as it is understood by the generality. *Dacier, Eustathius.*

XXX.

VERSE 451. *And bear the lamp of heav'n to shades below.]* This is a very bold fiction, for how can the Sun be imagin'd to illuminate the regions of the dead; that is, to shine within the earth, for there the realm of *Pluto* is plac'd by *Homer*? I am persuaded the meaning is only that he would no more rise, but leave the earth and heavens in perpetual darkness. *Erebus* is placed in the west, where the Sun sets, and consequently when he disappears he may be said to be sunk into the realms of darkness or *Erebus*.

Perhaps the whole fiction might be founded really upon the observation of some unusual darkness of the Sun, either from a total eclipse or other causes, which happen'd at the time when some remarkable crime was committed, and gave the Poets liberty to feign that the Sun withdrew his light from the view of it. Thus at the death of *Cæsar* the globe of the Sun was obscured, or gave but a weak light, (says *Plutarch*) a whole year; and *Plin. lib. 2. 80. sunt prodigiosi & longiores solis defectus, totius pænè anni pallore continuo.* This *Virgil* directly applies to the horror the Sun conceiv'd at the death of *Cæsar*, *Georg. 1.*

*Ille etiam extincto miseratus Cæsare Romam,
Cum caput obscurâ nitidum ferrugine textit,
Impiaque æternam timuerunt secula noctem.*

And

And if *Virgil* might say that the Sun withdrew his beams at the impiety of the *Romans*, why may not *Homer* say the same, concerning the crime of the companions of *Ulysses*? *Dacier* imagines that *Homer* had heard of the Sun's standing still at the voice of *Joshua*; for if (says she) he could stand still in the upper region, why might he not do the same in the contrary Hemisphere, that is, in the language of *Homer*, bear his lamp to shades below? But this seems to be spoken without any foundation, there being* no occasion to have recourse to that miraculous event for a solution.

XXXI.

VERSE 458. *To fair Calypso, from the bright abodes,
Hermes convey'd these councils of the Gods.]*

These lines are inserted (as *Eustathius* observes) solely to reconcile the story to credibility: For how was it possible for *Ulysses* to arrive at the knowledge of what was done in heaven, without a discovery made by some of the Deities? The persons by whom these discourses of the Gods are discover'd are happily chosen; *Mercury* was the messenger of heaven, and it is this God who descends to *Calypso* in the fifth of the *Odysssey*; so that there was a correspondence between *Calypso* and *Mercury*; and therefore he is a proper person to make this discovery to that Goddess, and she, out of affection, to *Ulysses*.

XXXII.

VERSE 464. *Now heav'n gave signs of wrath; along the ground
Crept the raw hides -----]*

This passage (says *Eustathius*) gave an occasion of laughter, to men dispos'd to be merry, *Λάβας γελοιασμῶ δέδωκε τοῖς παιζέιν ἐθέλῃσι*. He adds, that the terrors of a guilty conscience drove the companions of *Ulysses* into these imaginations: Guilt is able to create a phantom in a moment, so that these appearances were nothing but the illusions of a disturb'd imagination. He cites a passage from the *Calliope* of *Herodotus* to vindicate *Homer*: *Artayctes* a *Persian* General had plunder'd a temple in which was the tomb of *Protesilaus*, where great riches were deposited; afterwards he was besieg'd in *Sestus*, and taken prisoner: One day, one of his guards was boiling salted fishes (*ταξιχοι*) and they leap'd, and moved

moved as if they had been alive, and newly taken out of the water : Divers persons crouded about the place, and wonder'd at the miracle ; when *Artayctes* said, *Friends, you are not at all concern'd in this miracle* : *Protesilaus, tho' dead, admonishes me by this sign, that the Gods have given him power to revenge the injury I offer'd to his monument in Eleus.* But this is justifying one fable by another ; and this looks also like the effects of a guilty conscience.

This is not among the passages condemn'd by *Longinus* ; and indeed it is no way blameable, if we consider the times when it was spoken, and the persons to whom it is related : I mean *Phæaciens*, who were delighted with such wonders. What was said judiciously by a great Writer, may very properly be apply'd to these people, *Credo, quia impossibile est.* But we need not have recourse to their credulity for a vindication of this story : *Homer* has given us an account of all the abstruse arts, such as Necromancy, Witchcraft, and natural portents ; here he relates a prodigy, the belief of which universally prevailed among the Ancients : Let any one read *Livy*, and he will find innumerable instances of prodigies, equally incredible as this, which were related by the wise, and believed at least by the vulgar. Thus we read of speaking Oxen, the sweating of the statues of the Gods, in the best *Roman* Histories. If such wonders might have a place in History, they may certainly be allow'd room in Poetry, whose province is fable : it signifies nothing whether a story be true or false, provided it be establish'd by common belief, or common fame ; this is a sufficient foundation for Poetry. *Virgil, Georg. 1. 475.*

-----*Pecudesque locutæ*
Infandum! sistunt amnes, &c.

These days of wonder are now over, and therefore a Poet would be blameable to make use of such impossibilities in these ages : They are now almost universally disbeliev'd, and therefore would not be approv'd as bold fictions, but exploded as wild extravagancies.

XXXIII.

VERSE 477. -----And now out flies
The gloomy West, &c.]

Longinus, while he condemns the *Odyssey* as wanting fire, thro' the decay of *Homer's* fancy; excepts the descriptions of the Tempests, which he allows to be painted with the boldest and strongest strokes of Poetry. Let any person read that passage in the 5th Book, and he will be convinc'd of the fire of *Homer's* fancy.

Ὡς εἰπὼν σύναγεν νεφέλας ἑταράξει ᾧ πόντον,
Χερσὶ τείαναν ἔλων, πάσας δ' ὀρόθυνεν αἴελλας
Παντοίων ἀνέμων, σὺν ᾧ νεφέεσσι χάλυψε
Γαῖαν ὁμᾶ καὶ πόντον. ὀρώρει δ' ἑρανόθεν νύξ.

The two last lines are here repeated; and *Scaliger*, a second *Zoilus* of *Homer*, allows them to be *omnia pulchra, plena, gravia*. p. 469. There is a storm in the very words, and the horrors of it are visible in the verses.

Virgil was master of too much judgment, not to embellish his *Aeneid* with this description.

*Incubuerunt mari, totumque a sedibus imis
Unà Eurūque Notūque ruunt, creberque procellis
Africus, & vastos volvunt ad littora fluctus.
Eripiunt subito nubes cælumque diemque
Teucrorum ex oculis: ponto nox incubat atra.*

These are almost literally translated from the above-mention'd verses of *Homer*, and these following.

Σὺν δ' Εὐρος τε Νότος τ' ἔπεσε, Σεφερός τε δυσαής
Καὶ Βορέης αἰθηγενέτης, μέγα κῦμα κυλίνθων.

Scaliger calls the Verses of *Homer*, *divina oratio*, but prefers those of *Virgil*. *Totumque a sedibus imis*, is stronger than ἑταράξει πόντον, &c. and αἰθηγενέτης is an ill-chosen Epithet, to be used to describe a storm, for it carries an image of serenity. But that

is to be understood of the general nature of that wind: As a river may be said to be gentle, tho' capable to be swell'd into a flood. But I leave the preference to the Reader's judgment.

XXXIV.

VERSE 483. *The Pilot by the tumbling ruin slain.*] There is a great similitude between this passage and some verses in *Virgil*; in which, as *Scaliger* judges and perhaps with reason, the preference is to be given to the *Roman* Poet. *Tenuissimâ*, says that Critic, & *levissimâ* utitur narratione *Homerus*.

Πληξε χυβερνετεω κεφαλην, συν δ' οσεα αραξε
Παν' αμυδης κεφαλης, ο δ' αρευτηρι εοικως
Καππεσε.

And again -----πετον δ' εκ νηος εταῖροι
'Οι δε κορωνησιν ικελοι περι νηα μελαιναν
Κυμασιν εμφορεοντο.

-----*Ingens a vertice Pontus*
In puppim ferit. excutitur, pronusque magister
Volvitur in caput.

-----*Ast illam ter fluctus ibidem*
Torquet agens circum, & rapidus vorat equore vortex,
Apparent vari nantes in gurgite vasto.

There is certainly better versification in these lines of *Virgil*, than in those of *Homer*: There is better colouring, and they set the thing they describe full before our Eyes. *Virgil* has omitted the two short similitudes of the Diver, and Sea-mews, despairing perhaps to make them shine in the *Roman* language. There is a third simile in *Homer* of the Bat or Bird of night Νύκτερις, which is introduc'd to represent *Ulysses* clinging round the Fig-tree. 'Tis true the whole three are taken from low subjects, but they very well paint the thing they were intended to illustrate.

XXXV.

VERSE 519. *What time the Judge forsakes the noisy bar
To take repast.----*]

This passage has been egregiously misunderstood by *Monf. Perrault*. *Ulysses* being carried (says that author) on his mast toward *Charybdis*, leaps from it, and clings like a Bat round a Fig-tree, waiting till the return of the mast from the gulphs of it; and adds, that when he saw it, he was as glad as a Judge when he rises from his seat to go to dinner, after having try'd several causes. But *Boileau* fully vindicates *Homer* in his reflexions on *Longinus*: Before the use of dials or clocks the Ancients distinguish'd the day by some remarkable offices, or stated employments: as from the dining of the labourer,

----- *What-time in some sequester'd vale
The weary Woodman spreads his sparing meal.*

Iliad XI. ver. 119. See the Annotation; so here from the rising of the Judges, and both denote the Mid-day, or Noontide hour. Thus it is used by *Hippocrates*, who speaking of a person wounded with a Javelin in the Liver, says he dy'd πρὶν ἀγορὴν λυθῆναι, a little before the breaking up of the Assembly, or before the Judge rises from his tribunal; or as some understand it, a little before the finishing of the market: There is a parallel expression in *Xenophon*, καὶ ἤδη τε ἀμφὶ ἀγορὰν πλήθεσαν. This rising of the Judge *Perrault* mistakes for a comparison, to express the joy which *Ulysses* conceived at the sight of the return of his mast; than which nothing can be more distant from *Homer's* sentiment.

From this description we may precisely learn the time that pass'd while *Ulysses* clung round the Fig-tree.

----- *At the dawn of Day
Fast by the Rocks I plow'd the desprate way.*

So that at Morning he leap'd from his float, and about Noon recover'd it: Now *Eustathius* affirms, that in the space of twenty four hours there are three Tydes, and dividing that time into
three

three parts, *Ulysses* will appear to have remained upon the Rock eight hours. The exact time when the Judge rose from his tribunal is not apparent: *Boileau* supposes it to be about three a Clock in the Afternoon, *Dacier* about two; but the time was certain among the Ancients, and is only dubious to us, as we are ignorant of the hour of the day when the Judge enter'd his Tribunal, and when he left it.

XXXVI.

VERSE 532. *When the tenth Sun descended to the main.*] This account is very extraordinary. *Ulysses* continued upon the Mast ten days, and consequently ten days without any nourishment. *Longinus* brings this passage as an instance of the decay of *Homer's* Genius, and his launching out into extravagant Fables. I wonder *Eustathius* should be silent about this Objection; but *Dacier* endeavours to vindicate *Homer*, from a similar place in the *Acts of the Apostles*, Cap. 27. ver. 33. where Saint Paul says to the Sailors, *this is the fourteenth day that ye have tarried, and continued fasting, having taken nothing.* Now if the Sailors in the *Acts* could fast fourteen days, why might not *Ulysses* fast ten? But this place by no means comes up to the point. The words are τεσσαρεσκαίδεκάτον σήμερον ἡμέραν προσδοχῶντες, that is, expecting the fourteenth day, (which is to-day) you continue without eating; so the meaning is, they had taken no food all that day; the danger was so great that they had no leisure to think upon hunger: This is the literal construction of the Words, and implies that out of expectation of the fourteenth Day, (which they look'd upon as a critical time when their danger would be at the highest) they had forgot to take their usual repast; and not, that they had fasted fourteen Days. But if any Person thinks that the fasting is to be apply'd to the whole fourteen Days, it must be in that latitude wherein Interpreters expound *Hesiod*,

Ἡδίων -----

----- ἔδ' αὖ τε σῖτον

which signifies not that they eat no Meat at all, but that they had not leisure thro' their danger to observe the usual and stated

red hours of repast: They eat in their Arms, with their Hands foul'd with Blood. But I take the former sense to be the better. Besides, it is impossible to make this place of any service to *Homer*; for if these Men continued so long fasting, it was a miraculous fast; and how can this be apply'd to *Ulysses*, who is not imagin'd to owe his power of fasting to any supernatural assistance? But it is almost a demonstration that the sailors in the *Aëts* eat during the tempest: Why should they abstain? It was not for want of food; for at *St. Paul's* injunction they take some sustenance: Now it is absurd to imagine a miracle to be perform'd, when common and easy means were at hand to make such a supernatural act unnecessary. If they had been without food, then indeed a miracle might have been suppos'd to supply it. If they had dy'd thro' fasting, when meat was at hand, they would have been guilty of starving themselves. If therefore we suppose a miracle, we must suppose it to be wrought, to prevent men from being guilty of wilful self-murder, which is an absurdity.

Besides, the word ἀσιν is used to denote a person who takes no food for the space of one day only, as μονόσιν signifies a person who eats but one meal in the compass of one day; this therefore is an evidence, that the sailors in the *Aëts* had not been without sustenance fourteen days.

In short, I am not in the number of those who think *Homer* has no faults; and unless we imagine *Ulysses* to have fasted ten days by the assistance of the Gods, this passage must be allow'd to be extravagant: 'Tis true, *Homer* says, the Gods guided him to the *Ogygian* shores; but he says not a word to soften the incredibility of the fasting of *Ulysses*, thro' any assistance of the Gods. I am therefore inclin'd to subscribe to the opinion of *Longinus*, that this relation is faulty; but say with *Horace*,

---- *Non ego paucis*
Offendar maculis, quos aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.

THE
THIRTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.



The A R G U M E N T.

The Arrival of Ulysses in Ithaca.

Ulysses takes his leave of Alcinous and Arete, and embarks in the evening. Next morning the ship arrives at Ithaca; where the sailors, as Ulysses is yet sleeping, lay him on the shore with all his treasures. On their return, Neptune changes their ship into a rock. In the mean-time Ulysses awaking, knows not his native Ithaca, by reason of a mist which Pallas had cast round him. He breaks into loud lamentations; 'till the Goddess appearing to him in the form of a Shepherd, discovers the country to him, and points out the particular places. He then tells a feign'd story of his adventures, upon which she manifests her self, and they consult together of the measures to be taken to destroy the suitors. To conceal his return, and disguise his person the more effectually, she changes him into the figure of an old Beggar.



T H E



THE
THIRTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.



E ceas'd; but left so pleasing on
their ear

His voice, that list'ning still they
seem'd to hear.

A pause of silence hush'd the sha-
dy rooms:

The grateful conf'rence then the King resumes.

Whatever toils the great *Ulysses* past, 5
Beneath this happy roof they end at last;
No longer now from shore to shore to roam,
Smooth seas, and gentle winds, invite him home.
But hear me, Princes! whom these walls inclose,
For whom my chanter sings, and goblet flows 10

VOL. III.

K k k

With

With wines unmixt, (an honour due to Age,
To cheer the grave, and warm the Poet's rage)
Tho' labour'd gold and many a dazling vest
Lie heap'd already for our god-like guest;
¹⁵ Without new treasures let him not remove,
Large, and expressive of the publick love:
Each peer a tripod, each a vase bestow,
A gen'ral tribute, which the State shall owe.

This sentence pleas'd: Then all their steps addrest
²⁰ To sep'rate mansions, and retir'd to rest.

Now did the rosy-finger'd Morn arise,
And shed her sacred light along the skies.
Down to the haven and the ships in haste
They bore the treasures, and in safety plac'd.
²⁵ The King himself the vases rang'd with care;
Then bade his followers to the feast repair.
A victim Oxe beneath the sacred hand
Of great *Alcinous* falls, and stains the sand.
To *Jove* th' Eternal, (pow'r above all pow'rs! [*showr's*)
³⁰ Who wings the winds, and darkens heav'n with
The flames ascend: 'Till evening they prolong
The rites, more sacred made by heav'nly song:

For

For in the midst, with publick honours grac'd,
Thy lyre divine, *Demodocus!* was plac'd.

All, but *Ulysses*, heard with fix'd delight: 35

He fate, and ey'd the sun, and wish'd the night;

Slow seem'd the sun to move, the hours to roll,

His native home deep-imag'd in his soul.

As weary plowman spent with stubborn toil,

Whose oxen long have torn the furrow'd foil, 40

Sees with delight the sun's declining ray,

When home, with feeble knees, he bends his way

To late repaste, (the day's hard labour done:)

So to *Ulysses* welcome sett the Sun.

Then instant, to *Alcinous* and the rest, 45

(The *Scherian* states) he turn'd, and thus addrest.

O thou, the first in merit and command!

And you the Peers and Princes of the land!

May ev'ry joy be yours! nor this the least,

When due libation shall have crown'd the feast, } 50

Safe to my home to send your happy guest. }

Compleat are now the bounties you have giv'n,

Be all those bounties but confirm'd by Heav'n!

So

So may I find, when all my wand'rings cease,
 55 My comfort blameless, and my friends in peace.
 On you be ev'ry bliss, and ev'ry day
 In home-felt joys delighted roll away;
 Your selves, your wives, your long-descending race,
 May ev'ry God enrich with ev'ry grace!

60 Sure fixt on Virtue may your nation stand,
 And publick evil never touch the land!

His words well-weigh'd, the gen'ral voice approv'd
 Benign, and instant his dismissal mov'd.

The Monarch to *Pontonus* gave the sign,
 65 To fill the goblet high with rosy wine:
 Great *Jove* the Father, first (he cry'd) implore,
 Then send the stranger to his native shore.

The luscious wine th'obedient herald brought;
 Around the mansion flow'd the purple draught:
 70 Each from his seat to each Immortal pours,
 Whom glory circles in th' *Olympian* bow'rs.

Ulysses sole with air majestic stands,
 The bowl presenting to *Arete's* hands;
 Then thus: O Queen farewell! be still possess
 75 Of dear remembrance, blessing still and blest!

'Till age and death shall gently call thee hence,
(Sure fate of ev'ry mortal excellence!)

Farewell! and joys successive ever spring
To thee, to thine, the people, and the King!

Thus he; then parting prints the sandy shore 80
To the fair port: A herald march'd before,
Sent by *Alcinous*: Of *Arete's* train

Three chosen maids attend him to the main;
This does a tunic and white vest convey,
A various casket that, of rich inlay, 85
And bread and wine the third. The chearful mates
Safe in the hollow deck dispose the cates:
Beneath the seats, soft painted robes they spread,
With linnen cover'd, for the Hero's bed.

He climb'd the lofty stern; then gently prest 90
The swelling couch, and lay compos'd to rest.

Now plac'd in order, the *Phæacian* train
Their cables loose, and launch into the main:
At once they bend, and strike their equal oars,
And leave the sinking hills, and less'ning shores. 95
While on the deck the Chief in silence lies,
And pleasing slumbers steal upon his eyes.

As fiery courfers in the rapid race
Urg'd by fierce drivers thro' the dusty space,
100 Toss their high heads, and scour along the plain;
So mounts the bounding vessel o'er the main.
Back to the stern the parted billows flow,
And the black Ocean foams and roars below.

Thus with spread sails the winged gally flies;
105 Less swift an eagle cuts the liquid skies:
Divine *Ulysses* was her sacred load,
A Man, in wisdom equal to a God!
Much danger long and mighty toils he bore,
In storms by sea, and combats on the shore;
110 All which soft sleep now banish'd from his breast,
Wrapt in a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.

But when the morning star with early ray
Flam'd in the front of heav'n, and promis'd day;
Like distant clouds the mariner descries
115 Fair *Ithaca's* emerging hills arise.
Far from the town a spacious port appears,
Sacred to *Phorcys'* pow'r, whose name it bears:
Two craggy rocks projecting to the main,
The roaring wind's tempestuous rage restrain;

Within,

Within, the waves in softer murmurs glide, 120
And ships secure without their haulfers ride.
High at the head a branching Olive grows,
And crowns the pointed cliffs with shady boughs.
Beneath, a gloomy Grotto's cool recess
Delights the *Nereids* of the neighb'ring seas; 125
Where bowls and urns were form'd of living stone,
And massy beams in native marble shone:
On which the labours of the nymphs were roll'd,
Their webs divine of purple mix'd with gold.
Within the cave, the clustering bees attend 130
Their waxen works, or from the roof depend.
Perpetual waters o'er the pavement glide;
Two marble doors unfold on either side;
Sacred the south, by which the Gods descend,
But mortals enter at the northern end. 135

Thither they bent, and haul'd their ship to land,
(The crooked keel divides the yellow sand)
Ulysses sleeping on his couch they bore,
And gently plac'd him on the rocky shore.
His treasures next, *Alcinous'* gifts, they laid 140
In the wild olive's unfrequented shade,

Secure

Secure from theft: then launch'd the bark again,
Resum'd their oars, and measur'd back the main.

Nor yet forgot old Ocean's dread Supreme
145 The vengeance vow'd for eyeless *Polypheme*.

Before the throne of mighty *Jove* he stood;
And fought the secret counsels of the God.

Shall then no more, O Sire of Gods! be mine
The rights and honours of a pow'r divine?

150 Scorn'd ev'n by man, and (oh severe disgrace)
By soft *Phæacians*, my degen'rate race!

Against yon destin'd head in vain I swore,
And menac'd vengeance, ere he reach'd his shore;
To reach his natal shore was thy decree;

155 Mild I obey'd, for who shall war with thee?
Behold him landed, careless and asleep,
From all th' eluded dangers of the deep!
Lo where he lies, amidst a shining store
Of brass, rich garments, and refulgent ore:

160 And bears triumphant to his native Isle
A prize more worth than *Ilion's* noble spoil.

To whom the Father of th' immortal pow'rs,
Who swells the clouds, and gladdens earth with
show'rs. Can

Can mighty *Neptune* thus of man complain?
Neptune, tremendous o'er the boundless main! 165
Rever'd and awful ev'n in heav'n's abodes,
Ancient and great! a God above the Gods!
If that low race offend thy pow'r divine,
(Weak, daring creatures!) is not vengeance thine?
Go then, the guilty at thy will chastise. 170
He said: the Shaker of the earth replies.

This then I doom; to fix the gallant ship
A mark of vengeance on the fable deep:
To warn the thoughtless self-confiding train,
No more unlicens'd thus to brave the main. 175
Full in their port a shady hill shall rise,
If such thy will—We will it, *Jove* replies.
Ev'n when with transport black'ning all the strand,
The swarming people hail their ship to land,
Fix her for ever, a memorial stone: 180
Still let her seem to sail, and seem alone;
The trembling crowds shall see the sudden shade
Of whelming mountains overhang their head!

With that, the God whose earthquakes rock the
Fierce to *Phæacia* crost the vast profound. [ground 185

Swift as a swallow sweeps the liquid way,
The winged Pinnacle shot along the sea.
The God arrests her with a sudden stroke,
And roots her down, an everlasting rock.
190 Aghast the *Scherians* stand in deep surprize;
All press to speak, all question with their eyes.
What hands unseen the rapid bark restrain!
And yet it swims, or seems to swim, the main!
Thus they, unconscious of the deed divine:
195 'Till great *Alcinous* rising own'd the sign.
Behold the long-predestin'd day! (he cries)
Oh certain faith of ancient prophecies!
These ears have heard my royal fire disclose
A dreadful story, big with future woes;
200 How mov'd with wrath that careless we convey
Promiscuous ev'ry guest to ev'ry bay,
Stern *Neptune* rag'd; and how by his command
Firm-rooted in the surge a ship shou'd stand;
(A monument of wrath) and mound on mound
205 Shou'd hide our walls, or whelm beneath the ground.
The Fates have follow'd as declar'd the Seer.
Be humbled, nations! and your Monarch hear.

No

No more unlicens'd brave the deeps, no more
 With ev'ry stranger pass from shore to shore;
 On angry *Neptune* now for mercy call:
 To his high name let twelve black oxen fall.
 So may the God reverse his purpos'd will,
 Nor o'er our City hang the dreadful hill.

210

The Monarch spoke: they trembled and obey'd,
 Forth on the sands the victim oxen led:
 The gather'd tribes before the Altars stand,
 And Chiefs and Rulers, a majestic band.
 The King of Ocean all the tribes implore;
 The blazing Altars redden all the shore.

215

Mean-while *Ulysses* in his country lay,
 Releas'd from sleep, and round him might survey
 The solitary shore, and rolling sea.
 Yet had his mind thro' tedious absence lost
 The dear remembrance of his native coast.
 Besides *Minerva*, to secure her care,
 Diffus'd around a veil of thicken'd air:
 For so the Gods ordain'd, to keep unseen
 His royal person from his friends and Queen;

220

225

'Till

'Till the proud suitors for their crimes afford
 230 An ample vengeance to their injur'd Lord.
 Now all the land another prospect bore,
 Another port appear'd, another shore,
 And long-continu'd ways, and winding floods,
 And unknown mountains, crown'd with unknown
 235 Pensive and flow, with sudden grief oppress [woods.

The King arose, and beat his careful breast,
 Cast a long look o'er all the coast and main,
 And fought, around, his native realm in vain :
 Then with erected eyes stood fix'd in woe,
 240 And as he spoke, the tears began to flow.

Ye Gods ! (he cry'd) upon what barren coast
 In what new region is *Ulysses* tost ?
 Possess'd by wild Barbarians, fierce in arms ?
 Or Men, whose bosom tender pity warms ?
 245 Where shall this treasure now in safety lie ?
 And whither, whither its sad owner fly ?
 Ah why did I *Alcinous*' grace implore ?
 Ah why forsake *Phæacia*'s happy shore ?
 Some juster Prince perhaps had entertain'd,
 250 And safe restor'd me to my native land.

Is this the promis'd, long-expected coast,
 And this the faith *Phæacia's* rulers boast?
 Oh righteous Gods! of all the great, how few
 Are just to heav'n, and to their promise true!
 But he, the Pow'r to whose all-seeing eyes
 The deeds of men appear without disguise,
 'Tis his alone t'avenge the wrongs I bear;
 For still th' oppress'd are his peculiar care.
 To count these presents, and from thence to prove
 Their faith, is mine: the rest belongs to *Jove*.

260

Then on the sands he rang'd his wealthy store,
 The gold, the vests, the tripods, number'd o'er:
 All these he found, but still in error lost
 Disconsolate he wanders on the coast,
 Sighs for his country, and laments again
 To the deaf rocks, and hoarse-resounding main.
 When lo! the guardian Goddess of the wife,
 Celestial *Pallas*, stood before his eyes;
 In show a youthful swain, of form divine,
 Who seem'd descended from some princely line.
 A graceful robe her slender body drest,
 Around her shoulders flew the waving vⁿ.

265

270

230 *HOMER'S ODYSSEY. BOOK XIII.*

Her decent hand a shining Javelin bore,
 And painted Sandals on her Feet she wore.
 275 To whom the King. Whoe'er of humane race
 Thou art, that wander'st in this desert place!
 With joy to thee, as to some God, I bend,
 To thee my treasures and my self commend.
 O tell a wretch in exile doom'd to stray,
 280 What air I breathe, what country I survey?
 The fruitful continent's extreamest bound,
 Or some fair isle which *Neptune's* arms surround?
 From what far clime (said she) remote from fame,
 Arriv'st thou here a stranger to our name?
 285 Thou seest an Island, not to those unknown
 Whose hills are brighten'd by the rising sun,
 Nor those that plac'd beneath his utmost reign
 Behold him sinking in the western main.
 The rugged soil allows no level space
 290 For flying chariots or the rapid race;
 Yet not ungrateful to the peasant's pain,
 Suffices fulness to the swelling grain:
 The loaded trees their various fruits produce,
 And clust'ring grapes afford a gen'rous juice:

Woods crown our mountains, and in ev'ry grove 295
The bounding goats and frisking heifers rove:
Soft rains and kindly dews refresh the field,
And rising springs eternal verdure yield.
Ev'n to those shores is *Ithaca* renown'd,
Where *Troy's* majestic ruins strow the ground. 300

At this, the chief with transport was possess'd,
His panting heart exulted in his breast;
Yet well dissembling his untimely joys,
And veiling truth in plausible disguise,
Thus, with an air sincere, in fiction bold, 305
His ready tale th'inventive hero told.

Oft have I heard, in *Crete*, this Island's name;
For 'twas from *Crete* my native soil I came,
Self-banish'd thence. I sail'd before the wind,
And left my children and my friends behind. 310
From fierce *Idomeneus'* revenge I flew,
Whose son, the swift *Orsilochus*, I flew:
(With brutal force he seiz'd my *Trojan* prey,
Due to the toils of many a bloody day)
Unseen I 'scap'd; and favour'd by the night 315
In a *Phœnician* vessel took my flight,

For

For *Pyle* or *Elis* bound: but tempests tost
 And raging billows drove us on your coast.
 In dead of night an unknown port we gain'd,
 320 Spent with fatigue, and slept secure on land.
 But ere the rosy morn renew'd the day,
 While in th' embrace of pleasing sleep I lay,
 Sudden, invited by auspicious gales,
 They land my goods, and hoist their flying sails.
 325 Abandon'd here, my fortune I deplore,
 A hapless exile on a foreign shore.

Thus while he spoke, the blue-ey'd maid began
 With pleasing smiles to view the god-like man.
 Then chang'd her form; and now, divinely bright,
 330 *Jove's* heav'nly daughter stood confess'd to fight.
 Like a fair virgin in her beauty's bloom,
 Skill'd in th' illustrious labours of the loom.

O still the same *Ulysses*! she rejoin'd,
 In useful craft successfully refin'd!
 335 Artful in speech, in action, and in mind!
 Suffic'd it not, that thy long labours past
 Secure thou seest thy native shore at last?

But

But this to me? who, like thy self, excell
In arts of counsel, and dissembling well.

To me, whose wit exceeds the pow'rs divine, 340
No less than mortals are surpass'd by thine.

Know'st thou not me? who made thy life my care,
Thro' ten years wand'ring, and thro' ten years war;

Who taught thee arts, *Alcinous* to persuade,
To raise his wonder, and engage his aid: 345

And now appear, thy treasures to protect,
Conceal thy person, thy designs direct,
And tell what more thou must from fate expect. }

Domestic woes, far heavier to be born!

The pride of fools, and slaves insulting scorn. 350

But thou be silent, nor reveal thy state;

Yield to the force of unresisted fate,

And bear unmov'd the wrongs of base mankind,

The last, and hardest, conquest of the mind.

Goddeſs of Wiſdom! *Ithacus* replies, 355
He who diſcerns thee muſt be truly wiſe,
So ſeldom view'd, and ever in diſguiſe! }

When the bold *Argives* led their warring pow'rs,
Againſt proud *Ilion's* well-defended tow'rs;

³⁶⁰ *Ulysses* was thy care, celestial maid!

Grac'd with thy sight, and favour'd with thy aid.

But when the *Trojan* piles in ashes lay,

And bound for *Greece* we plow'd the wat'ry way;

Our fleet dispers'd and driv'n from coast to coast,

³⁶⁵ Thy sacred presence from that hour I lost:

'Till I beheld thy radiant form once more,

And heard thy counsels on *Phæacia's* shore.

But, by th'almighty author of thy race,

Tell me, oh tell, is this my native place?

³⁷⁰ For much I fear, long tracts of land and sea

Divide this coast from distant *Ithaca*;

The sweet delusion kindly you impose,

To sooth my hopes, and mitigate my woes.

Thus he. The blue-ey'd Goddess thus replies.

³⁷⁵ How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wise!

Who, vers'd in fortune, fear the flatt'ring show,

And taste not half the bliss the Gods bestow.

The more shall *Pallas* aid thy just desires,

And guard the wisdom which her self inspires.

³⁸⁰ Others, long absent from their native place,

Strait seek their home, and fly with eager pace

To their wives arms, and children's dear embrace.]

Not thus *Ulysses*; he decrees to prove
His subjects faith, and Queen's suspected love;
Who mourn'd her Lord twice ten revolving years, 385
And wastes the days in grief, the nights in tears.
But *Pallas* knew (thy friends and navy lost)
Once more 'twas giv'n thee to behold thy coast:
Yet how could I with adverse fate engage,
And mighty *Neptune's* unrelenting rage? 390
Now lift thy longing eyes, while I restore
The pleasing prospect of thy native shore.
Behold the port of *Phorcys*! fenc'd around
With rocky mountains, and with olives crown'd.
Behold the gloomy grot! whose cool recess 395
Delights the *Nereids* of the neighb'ring seas:
Whose now-neglected altars, in thy reign,
Blush'd with the blood of sheep and oxen slain.
Behold! where *Neritus* the clouds divides,
And shakes the waving forests on his sides. 400

So spake the Goddess, and the prospect clear'd,
The mists dispers'd, and all the coast appear'd.
The King with joy confess'd his place of birth,
And on his knees salutes his mother earth:

405 Then with his suppliant hands upheld in air,
Thus to the sea-green sisters sends his pray'r.

All hail! Ye virgin daughters of the main!
Ye streams, beyond my hopes beheld again!
To you once more your own *Ulysses* bows;
410 Attend his transports, and receive his vows!
If *Jove* prolong my days, and *Pallas* crown
The growing virtues of my youthful son,
To you shall rites divine be ever paid,
And grateful off'rings on your altars laid.

415 Then thus *Minerva*. From that anxious breast
Dismiss those cares, and leave to heav'n the rest.
Our task be now thy treasur'd stores to save,
Deep in the close recesses of the cave:
Then future means consult — she spoke, and trod
420 The shady grot, that brightned with the God.
The closest caverns of the grot she sought;
The gold, the brass, the robes, *Ulysses* brought;
These in the secret gloom the chief dispos'd;
The entrance with a rock the Goddess clos'd.

425 Now seated in the Olive's sacred shade
Confer the Heroe and the martial Maid.

The

The Goddess of the azure eyes began:
Son of *Laertes*! much-experienc'd man!
The suitor-train thy early'st care demand,
Of that luxurious race to rid the land: 430
Three years thy house their lawless rule has seen,
And proud addresses to the matchless Queen.
But she thy absence mourns from day to day,
And inly bleeds, and silent wastes away:
Elusive of the bridal hour, she gives 435
Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives.

To this *Ulysses*. Oh celestial maid!
Prais'd be thy counsel, and thy timely aid:
Else had I seen my native walls in vain,
Like great *Atrides*, just restor'd and slain. 440
Vouchsafe the means of vengeance to debate,
And plan with all thy arts the scene of fate.
Then, then be present, and my soul inspire
As when we wrapt *Troy's* heav'n-built walls in fire.
Tho' leagu'd against me hundred Heroes stand, 445
Hundreds shall fall, if *Pallas* aid my hand.

She answer'd: In the dreadful day of fight
Know, I am with thee, strong in all my might.

If thou but equal to thy self be found,
450 What gasping numbers then shall press the ground!
What human victims stain the feast-ful floor!
How wide the pavements float with guilty gore!
It fits thee now to wear a dark disguise,
And secret walk, unknown to mortal eyes.
455 For this, my hand shall wither ev'ry grace,
And ev'ry elegance of form and face,
O'er thy smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread,
Turn hoar the auburn honours of thy head,
Disfigure ev'ry limb with coarse attire,
460 And in thy eyes extinguish all the fire;
Add all the wants and the decays of life,
Estrange thee from thy own, thy son, thy wife;
From the loath'd object ev'ry sight shall turn,
And the blind suitors their destruction scorn.
465 Go first the master of thy herds to find,
True to his charge, a loyal swain and kind:
For thee he sighs; and to the royal heir
And chaste *Penelope*, extends his care.
At the *Coracian* rock he now resides,
470 Where *Arethusa's* fable water glides;

The

The fable water and the copious mast
Swell the fat herd; luxuriant, large repaste!
With him, rest peaceful in the rural cell,
And all you ask his faithful tongue shall tell.
Me into other realms my cares convey, 475
To *Sparta*, still with female beauty gay:
For know, to *Sparta* thy lov'd offspring came,
To learn thy fortunes from the voice of Fame.

At this the father, with a father's care.
Must he too suffer? he, oh Goddess! bear
Of wand'rings and of woes a wretched share? } 480
Thro' the wild ocean plow the dang'rous way,
And leave his fortunes and his house a prey?
Why would'st not thou, oh all-enlighten'd mind!
Inform him certain, and protect him, kind? 485

To whom *Minerva*. Be thy soul at rest;
And know, whatever heav'n ordains, is best.
To Fame I sent him, to acquire renown:
To other regions is his virtue known.
Secure he sits, near great *Atrides* plac'd; 490
With friendships strengthen'd, and with honors grac'd.

But

But lo! an ambush waits his passage o'er;
Fierce foes insidious intercept the shore:
In vain! far sooner all the murth'rous brood
495 This injur'd land shall fatten with their blood.
She spake, then touch'd him with her pow'rful wand:
The skin shrunk up, and wither'd at her hand:
A swift old-age o'er all his members spread;
A sudden frost was sprinkled on his head;
500 Nor longer in the heavy eye-ball shin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
His robe, which spots indelible besmear,
In rags dishonest flutters with the air:
A stag's torn hide is lapt around his reins;
505 A rugged staff his trembling hand sustains;
And at his side a wretched scrip was hung,
Wide-patch'd, and knotted to a twisted thong.
So look'd the Chief, so mov'd! To mortal eyes
Object uncouth! a man of miseries!
510 While *Pallas*, cleaving the wide fields of air,
To *Sparta* flies, *Telemachus* her care.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

THIRTEENTH BOOK.

VOL. III.

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VOL. III

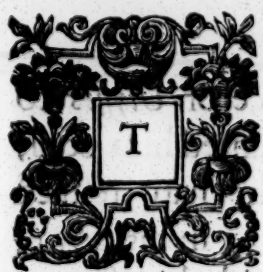


OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

THIRTEENTH BOOK.

I.

VERSE 3. *The shady rooms —*]

THE Epithet in the original is *σκιόεντα*, or *gloomy*: It is here used with a peculiar propriety, to keep in the Reader's mind the exact time when *Ulysses* made his narration to the *Phæacians*, namely, in the evening of the thirty third day: we may likewise gather from this distinction of times, the exact stay of *Ulysses* among the *Phæacians*; he was thrown upon their shores on the thirty first day in the evening, and lands about day break on the thirty fifth day in his own country; so that he staid three days and three nights only with *Alcinous*, one night being spent in his voyage to *Ithaca* from *Phæacia*.

II.

VERSE 10. *For whom my chanter sings, and goblet flows
With wine unmixt, &c.]*

Homer calls the wine *γερῆσιον*, or wine drank at the entertainment of Elders, *γεγονῶν*, or men of distinction, says *Eustathius*; by the bard, he means *Demodocus*.

VERSE

The same Critic further remarks, that *Homer* judiciously shortens every circumstance before he comes to the dismissal of *Ulysses*: Thus he omits the description of the sacrifice, and the subject of the song of *Demodocus*; these are circumstances that at best would be but useless ornaments, and ill agree with the impatience of *Ulysses* to begin his voyage toward his country. These therefore the Poet briefly dispatches.

III.

VERSE 39. *As weary plowman, &c.*] The simile which *Homer* chuses is drawn from low life, but very happily sets off the impatience of *Ulysses*: It is familiar, but expressive. *Horace* was not of the judgment of those who thought it mean, for he uses it in his Epistles.

— — — diesque

*Longa videtur opus debentibus: ut piger annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum,
Sic mihi tarda fluunt, ingrataque tempora, quæ spem
Consiliumque morantur, &c.*

It was very necessary to dwell upon this impatience of *Ulysses* to return; it would have been absurd to have represented him cool, or even moderately warm upon this occasion; he had refused immortality thro' the love of his country; it is now in his power to return to it: he ought therefore consistently with his former character to be drawn with the utmost earnestness of soul, and every moment must appear tedious that keeps him from it; it shews therefore the judgment of *Homer* to describe him in this manner, and not to pass it over cursorily, but force it upon the notice of the Reader, by insisting upon it somewhat largely, and illustrating it by a proper similitude, to fix it more strongly upon our memory.

IV.

VERSE 53. *Be all those bounties but confirm'd by Heav'n!*] This is a pious and instructive sentence, and teaches, that tho' riches were heap'd upon us with the greatest abundance and superfluity;

ty; yet unless Heaven adds its benediction, they will prove but at best a burthen and calamity.

V.

VERSE 73. *The bowl presenting to Arete's hands;
Then thus -----]*

It may be ask'd why *Ulysses* addresses his words to the Queen rather than the King; The reason is, because she was his patroness, and had first receiv'd him with hospitality, as appears from the seventh book of the *Odyssey*.

Ulysses makes a libation to the Gods, and presents the bowl to the Queen: This was the pious practice of Antiquity upon all solemn occasions: *Ulysses* here does it, because he is to undertake a voyage, and it implies a prayer for the prosperity of it. The reason why he presents the bowl to the Queen is, that she may first drink out of it, for so *προπίνειν* properly and originally signifies, τὸ πρὸ ἑαυτῆς δίδόναι τινὶ πίνειν, says *Eustathius*. *Propino* is used differently by the *Romans*.

VI.

VERSE 98. *As fiery coursers in the rapid race
Toss their high heads, &c.]*

The Poet introduces two similitudes to represent the sailing of the *Phæacian* vessel: The former describes the motion of it, as it bounds and rises over the waves, like horses tossing their heads in a race; and also the steadiness of it, in that it sails with as much firmness over the billows, as horses tread upon the ground. The latter comparison is solely to shew the swiftness of the vessel.

The word in the original is *τετραοχοι*; an instance, that four horses were sometimes joyn'd to the chariot. *Virgil* has borrow'd this comparison, *Æn.* 5.

*Non tam præcípites bijugo certamine campum
Corripuere, ruuntque effusi carcere currus,
Nec sic immissis aurigæ undantia lora
Concussere jugis, pronique in verbera pendent.*

It must be allow'd that nothing was ever more happily executed than this description, and the copy far exceeds the original. *Macrobius*, *Saturnal. lib. 5.* gives this as his opinion, and his reasons for it. The *Greek Poet* (says that Author) paints only the swiftness of the horses when scourg'd by the driver; *Virgil* adds, the rushing of the chariot, the fields as it were devour'd by the rapidity of the horses; we see the throwing up of the reins, in *undantia lora*; and the attitude of the driver, leaning forward in the act of lashing the horses, in the words, *Pronique in verbera pendent*. 'Tis true, nothing could be added more elegantly than the ὑψος αἰγόμενοι; in *Homer*, it paints at once the swiftness of the race, and the rising posture of the horses in the act of running; but *Virgil* is more copious, and has omitted no circumstance, and set the whole race fully before our eyes; we may add, that the versification is as beautiful as the description compleat; every ear must be sensible of it.

I will only further observe the judgment of *Homer*, in speaking of every person in his particular character. When a vain-glorious *Phæacian* describ'd the sailing of his own vessels, they were swift as thought, and endued with reason; when *Homer* speaks in his own person to his readers, they are said only to be as swift as hawks or horses: *Homer* speaks like a Poet, with some degree of amplification, but not with so much hyperbole as *Alcinous*. No people speak so fondly as sailors of their own ships to this day, and particularly are still apt to talk of them as of living creatures.

VII.

VERSE 112. *But when the morning star with early ray
Flam'd in the front of heav'n-----]*

From this passage we may gather, that *Ithaca* is distant from *Corcyra* or *Phæacia* no further than a vessel sails in the compass of one night; and this agrees with the real distance between those Islands; an instance that *Homer* was well acquainted with Geography: This is the morning of the thirty fifth day.

VERSE

VIII.

VERSE 116. ----- *A spacious port appears,
Sacred to Phorcys* -----]

Phorcys was the son of *Pontus* and *Terra*, according to *Hesiod's* genealogy of the Gods; this Haven is said to be sacred to that Deity, because he had a temple near it, from whence it receiv'd its appellation.

The whole voyage of *Ulysses* to his country, and indeed the whole *Odyssey*, has been turn'd into allegory; which I will lay before the Reader as an instance of a trifling industry and strong imagination. *Ulysses* is in search of true felicity, the *Ithaca* and *Penelope* of *Homer*: He runs thro' many difficulties and dangers; this shews that happiness is not to be attain'd without labour and afflictions. He has several companions, who perish by their vices, and he alone escapes by the assistance of the *Pheacians*, and is transported in his sleep to his country; that is, the *Pheacians*, whose name implies blackness, *Φαίροι*, are the mourners at his death, and attend him to his grave: The ship is his grave, which is afterwards turn'd into a rock; which represents his monumental marble; his sleep means death, thro' which alone man arrives at eternal felicity. *Spondanus*.

IX.

VERSE 124. ----- *A gloomy Grotto's cool recess.*] *Porphyry* has wrote a volume to explain this cave of the Nymphs, with more piety perhaps than judgment; and another person has perverted it into the utmost obscenity, and both allegorically. *Porphyry* (observes *Eustathius*) is of opinion, that the cave means the world; it is called gloomy, but agreeable, because it was made out of darkness, and afterwards set in this agreeable order by the hand of the Deity. It is consecrated to the Nymphs; that is, it is destin'd to the habitation of spiritual substances united to the body: The bowls and urns of living stone, are the body which are form'd out of the earth; the bees that make their hony in the cave are the souls of men, which perform all their operations in the body, and animate it; the beams on which the Nymphs roul their webs, are the bones over which the admirable

ble embroidery of nerves, veins and arteries are spread; the fountains which water the cave are the seas, rivers and lakes that water the world; and the two gates, are the two poles; thro' the northern the souls descend from Heaven to animate the body, thro' the southern they ascend to Heaven, after they are separated from the body by death. But I confess I should rather chuse to understand the description poetically, believing that *Homer* never dream'd of these matters, tho' the age in which he flourish'd was addicted to Allegory. How often do Painters draw from the imagination only, merely to please the eye? And why might not *Homer* write after it, especially in this place where he manifestly indulges his fancy, while he brings his Heroe to the first dawning of happiness? He has long dwelt upon a series of horrors, and his imagination being tired with the melancholy story, it is not impossible but his spirit might be enliven'd with the subject while he wrote, and this might lead him to indulge his fancy in a wonderful, and perhaps fabulous description. In short, I should much rather chuse to believe that the memory of the things to which he alludes in the description of the cave is lost, than credit such a labour'd and distant Allegory.

X.

VERSE 134. *Sacred the south, by which the Gods descend.*] *Virgil* has imitated the description of this haven, *Æn. lib. 1.*

*Est in secessu longo locus, insula portum
Efficit, objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur, &c.*

*Within a long recess there lies a bay,
An Island shades it from the rolling sea,
And forms a port secure for ships to ride,
Broke by the jutting land on either side,
In double streams the briny waters glide.
Betwixt two rows of rocks, a sylvan scene
Appears above, and groves for ever green:
A Grott is form'd beneath, with mossy seats,
To rest the Nereids, and exclude the heats;*

}

Down from the crannies of the living walls
The chrystal streams descend in murmuring falls,
No haulfers need to bind the vessels here,
Nor bearded anchors, for no storms they fear. Dryden.

Scaliger infinitely prefers the Roman Poet: *Homer*, says he, speaks *humilia humiliter*, *Virgilius grandiora magnifice*; but what I would chiefly observe is, not what *Virgil* has imitated, but what he has omitted; namely, all that seems odd or less intelligible, I mean the works of the bees in a cave so damp and moist; and the two gates thro' which the Gods and men enter.

I shall offer a conjecture to explain these two lines.

*Sacred the south, by which the Gods descend,
But mortals enter at the northern end.*

It has been already observ'd, that the *Æthiopians* held an annual sacrifice of twelve days to the Gods; all that time they carried their images in procession, and placed them at their festivals, and for this reason the Gods were said to feast with the *Æthiopians*; that is, they were present with them by their statues: Thus also *Themis* was said to form or dissolve assemblies, because they carried her image to the assemblies when they were conven'd, and when they were broken up they carried it away. Now we have already remark'd, that this port was sacred to *Phorcys*, because he had a Temple by it: It may not then be impossible, but that this Temple having two doors, they might carry the statues of the Gods in their processions thro' the southern gate, which might be consecrated to this use only, and the populace be forbid to enter by it: For that reason the Deities were said to enter: namely, by their images. As the other gate being allotted to common use, was said to be the passage for mortals.

XI.

VERSE 138. *Ulysses sleeping on his couch they bore,
And gently plac'd him on the rocky shore.]*

There is nothing in the whole *Odyssey* that more shocks our reason than the exposing *Ulysses* asleep on the shores by the *Phæacians*: "The passage (says *Aristotle* in his *Poetics*) where *Ulysses* is

“ landed in *Ithaca*, is so full of absurdities, that they would be
 “ intolerable in a bad Poet; but *Homer* has conceal'd them un-
 “ der an infinity of admirable beauties, with which he has a-
 “ dorn'd all that part of the *Odysssey*; these he has crowded toge-
 “ ther, as so many charms to hinder our perceiving the defects
 “ of the story:” *Aristotle* must be allow'd to speak with great
 judgment; for what probability is there that a man so prudent
 as *Ulysses*, who was alone in a vessel at the discretion of strangers,
 should sleep so soundly, as to be taken out of it, carried with all
 his baggage on shore, and the *Phæacians* should set sail, and he ne-
 ver awake? This is still more absurd, if we remember that *Ulysses*
 has his soul so strongly bent upon his country; Is it then possible,
 that he could be thus sunk into a lethargy, in the moment when
 he arrives at it? “ However (says *Monf. Dacier* in his reflections
 “ upon *Aristotle's Poetics*) *Homer* was not ashamed of that Ab-
 “ surdity, but not being able to omit it, he used it to give Pro-
 “ bability to the succeeding story: It was necessary for *Ulysses*
 “ to land alone, in order to his concealment; if he had been
 “ discover'd, the suitors would immediately have destroy'd him,
 “ if not as the real *Ulysses*, yet under the pretext of his being
 “ an impostor; they would then have seiz'd his dominions, and
 “ married *Penelope*: Now if he had been waked, the *Phæacians*
 “ would have been oblig'd to have attended him, which he could
 “ not have deny'd with decency, nor accepted with safety: *Ho-*
 “ *mer* therefore had no other way left to unravel his fable hap-
 “ pily: But he knew what was absurd in this method, and uses
 “ means to hide it; he lavishes out all his wit and address, and
 “ lays together such an abundance of admirable Poetry, that the
 “ mind of the Reader is so enchanted, that he perceives not the
 “ defect; he is like *Ulysses* lull'd asleep, and knows no more than
 “ that *Heroe*, how he comes there. That great Poet first
 “ describes the ceremony of *Ulysses* taking leave of *Alcinous*, and
 “ his Queen *Arete*; then he sets off the swiftness of the vessel by
 “ two beautiful comparisons; he describes the Haven with great
 “ exactness, and adds to it the description of the cave of the
 “ Nymphs; this last astonishes the Reader, and he is so intent
 “ upon it, that he has not attention to consider the absurdity in
 “ the manner of *Ulysses's* landing: In this moment when
 “ he perceives the mind of the Reader as it were intoxicated
 “ with these beauties, he steals *Ulysses* on shore, and dismisses the
 “ *Phæacians*;

“ *Phæacians*; all this takes up but eight verses. And then left
 “ the Reader should reflect upon it, he immediately introduces
 “ the Deities, and gives us a dialogue between *Jupiter* and *Neptune*.
 “ This keeps up still our wonder, and our reason has not time
 “ to deliberate; and when the dialogue is ended, a second won-
 “ der succeeds, the bark is transform’d into a rock: This is
 “ done in the sight of the *Phæacians*, by which method the Poet
 “ carries us a-while from the consideration of *Ulysses*, by remov-
 “ ing the scene to a distant Island; there he detains us ’till we
 “ may be suppos’d to have forgot the past absurdities, by relat-
 “ ing the astonishment of *Alcinous* at the sight of the prodigy,
 “ and his offering up to *Neptune*, to appease his anger, a sacri-
 “ fice of twelve bulls. Then he returns to *Ulysses*, who now
 “ wakes, and not knowing the place where he was, (because
 “ *Minerva* made all things appear in a disguis’d view) he com-
 “ plains of his misfortunes, and accuses the *Phæacians* of infide-
 “ lity; at length *Minerva* comes to him in the shape of a young
 “ shepherd, &c. Thus this absurdity, which appears in the fable
 “ when examin’d alone, is hidden by the beauties that surround it:
 “ this passage is more adorn’d with fiction, and more wrought up
 “ with a variety of poetical ornaments than most other places of the
 “ *Odysssey*. From hence *Aristotle* makes an excellent observation. All ef-
 “ forts imaginable (says that Author) ought to be made to form
 “ the fable rightly from the beginning; but if it so happen that
 “ some places must necessarily appear absurd, they must be ad-
 “ mitted, especially if they contribute to render the rest more
 “ probable: but the Poet ought to reserve all the ornaments of
 “ diction for these weak parts: The places that have either shi-
 “ ning sentiments or manners have no occasion for them; a da-
 “ zling expression rather damages them, and serves only to e-
 “ clipse their beauty.

XII.

VERSE 142. ----- *Then launch’d the bark again.*] This vo-
 luntary and unexpected return of the *Phæacians*, and their landing
Ulysses in his sleep, seems as unaccountable on the part of the
Phæacians, as of *Ulysses*; for what can be more absurd than to
 see them exposing a King and his effects upon the shores with-
 out

out his knowledge, and then flying away secretly as from an enemy? Having therefore in the preceding note shew'd what the Critics say in condemnation of *Homer*, it is but justice to lay together what they say in his defence.

That the *Phæacians* should fly away in secret is no wonder: *Ulysses* had thro' the whole course of the eleventh book, (particularly by the mouth of the Prophet *Tiresias*) told the *Phæacians* that the suitors plotted his destruction; and therefore the mariners might very reasonably be apprehensive that the suitors would use any persons as enemies, who should contribute to restore *Ulysses* to his country. It was therefore necessary that they should sail away without any stay upon the *Ithacan* shores. This is the reason why they made this voyage by night; namely, to avoid discovery; and it was as necessary to return immediately, that is, just at the appearance of day, before people were abroad, that they might escape observation.

Eustathius remarks, that the *Phæacians* were an unwarlike nation, or as it is expressed by a *Phæacian*,

Οὐ γὰρ Φαίηκεσι μέλει βίος, ἔδε Φαρέτην.

and therefore they were afraid to teach any persons the way to their own country, by discovering the course of Navigation to it; for this reason they begin their voyage to *Ithaca* by night, land *Ulysses* without waking him, and return at the appearance of daylight, that they might not shew what course was to be steer'd to come to the *Phæacian* shores.

Plutarch in his treatise of reading the Poets, tells us, that there is a tradition among the *Tuscans*, that *Ulysses* was naturally drowsy, and a person that could not easily be convers'd with, by reason of that *sleepy* disposition. But perhaps this might be only artful in a man of so great wisdom, and so great disguise or dissimulation; he was slow to give answers, when he had no mind to give any at all: Tho' indeed it must be confess'd, that this tradition is countenanc'd by his behaviour in the *Odyssey*, or rather may be only a story form'd from it. His greatest calamities rise from his *sleeping*: when he was ready to land upon his own country, by the favour of *Æolus*, he falls *asleep*, and his companions let loose a wind that bears him from it: He is *asleep* while they kill the oxen of *Apollo*; and here he *sleeps* while he is landed upon his

own country. It might perhaps be this conduct in *Homer*, that gave *Horace* the hint to say,

----- *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.*

implying, that when *Homer* was at a loss to bring any difficult matter to an issue, he immediately laid his Heroe *asleep*, and this salv'd all the difficulty; as in the above-mention'd instances.

Plutarch is of opinion that this *sleep* of *Ulysses* was feign'd; and that he made use of the pretence of a *natural infirmity*, to conceal the streights he was in at that time in his thoughts; being ashamed to dismiss the *Phæacians* without entertainment and gifts of hospitality, and afraid of being discover'd by the suitors, if he entertain'd such a multitude: Therefore to avoid both these difficulties, he feigns a *Sleep* while they land him, 'till they sail away.

Eustathius agrees with *Plutarch* in the main, and adds another reason why the *Phæacians* land *Ulysses* sleeping; namely, because they were ashamed to wake him, lest he should think they did it out of avarice, and expectation of a reward for bringing him to his own country.

I will only add, that there might be a natural reason for the *Sleep* of *Ulysses*; we are to remember that this is a voyage in the night, the season of repose: and his spirits having been long agitated and fatigued by his calamities, might, upon his peace of mind at the return to his Country, settle into a deep calmness and tranquility, and so sink him into a deep *Sleep*; *Homer* himself seems to give this as the reason of it in the following lines:

*Much danger long and mighty toils he bore,
In storms by sea, and combats on the shore;
All which soft sleep now banish'd from his breast,
Wrapt in a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.*

It must be allowed that the last line admirably paves the way for the following account; and the Poet undoubtedly inserted it, to prevent our surprize at the manner of his being set on shore, by calling his *Sleep*

---- a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.

How far a wise man is oblig'd to resist the calls of nature, I leave to the discussion of Philosophers; those of sleep are no more to be resisted, than those of thirst or hunger. But yet I confess *Ulysses* yielded unseasonably, and the strong passion and love for his Country that so fully possess'd his soul, should have given him a few hours of vigilance, when he was ready to see it after an absence of almost twenty years.

XIII.

VERSE 172. *This then I doom; to fix the gallant Ship
A mark of vengeance ----
And roots her down, an everlasting rock]*

I refer the Reader to the eighth book of the *Odyssey*, for a further account of this transformation. *Scaliger* condemns it, *Ulyssis navis in saxum mutatur a Neptuno, ut immortalem faciat, quem odio habere debuit*. But will it not be an answer to say, that it is an immortal monument of the vengeance and power of *Neptune*, and that whenever the story of the Vessel was mention'd, the punishment likewise must be remembred in honour of that Deity? Some are of opinion, that it is a physical Allegory, and that *Homer* delivers the opinion of the Ancients concerning the Transmutation of one species into another, as wood into stone, by Water, that is by *Neptune* the God of it; according to those lines of *Ovid*:

*Flumen habent Cicones, quod potum saxea reddit
Viscera, quod tactis inducit marmora rebus.*

But perhaps this is only one of those marvellous fictions written after the taste of antiquity, which delighted in wonders, and which the nature of Epic Poetry allows. "The Marvellous" (says *Aristotle* in his *Poetics*) ought to take place in Tragedy, "but much more in the Epic, in which it proceeds even to the extravagant; for the Marvellous is always agreeable, and a Proof of it is, that those who relate any thing, generally add something to the Truth of it, that it may better please those who hear it. *Homer* (continues he) is the man who has given the best Instructions to other Poets how to tell Lies agreeably." *Horace* is of the same opinion. *Atque*

*Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.*

However we must not think that *Aristotle* advises Poets to put things evidently false and impossible into their Poems, or gives them licence to run out into wildness; he only means (as *Monsieur Dacier* observes) that the Wonderful should exceed the Probable, but not destroy it; and this will be effected if the Poet has the Address to prepare the Reader, and to lead him by a probable train of things that depend on miracle, to the miracle it self, and reconcile him to it by degrees, so that his Reason does not perceive, at least is not shock'd at the Illusion; thus for instance, *Homer* puts this Transformation into the hands of a Deity; he prepares us for it in the eighth book, he gives us the reason of the transformation; namely the anger of *Neptune*; and at last he brings in *Jupiter* assenting to it. This is the method *Homer* takes to reconcile it to Probability. *Virgil* undoubtedly thought it a beauty, for after *Homer's* example, he gives us a transformation of the ships of *Aeneas* into Sea-nymphs.

I have already remark'd from *Bossu*, that such miracles as these ought not to be too frequent in an Epic Poem; all the machines that require Divine probability ought to be so detach'd from the action of the Poem, that they may be retrench'd from it, without destroying the action: Those that are essential to the action ought to be founded upon human probability. Thus if we take away this transformation, there is no chasm; and it no way affects the integrity of the action.

XIV.

VERSE 212. *So may the God reverse his purpos'd will.*] This agrees with what *Homer* writes in a former part of the *Odyssey*,

----- ἑρπύλλοι καὶ θεοὶ αὐτοῖς,

that the Gods themselves may be prevail'd upon to change their anger by prayer: a sentiment agreeable to true religion. *Homer* does not tell us that the last denuntiation of covering the town with a mountain, was fulfilled: It is probable that it was averted by the piety of *Alcinous*. But (as *Eustathius* observes) it

it was artful in the Poet to leave this point doubtful, to avoid detection in deviating from true History; for should posterity enquire where this land of the *Phæacians* lay, it would be found to be *Corfou* of the *Venetians*, and not covered with any mountain; but should this city have happened to have been utterly abolish'd by time, and so lost to posterity, it would have agreed with the relation of *Homer*, who leaves room to suppose it destroy'd by *Neptune*. But how could *Neptune* be said to cover it with a mountain? had not an inundation been more suitable to the God of the Ocean? *Neptune* is call'd ἐννοσίγαιος, and ἐνοσίχθων, or the *Earth-shaker*; earthquakes were suppos'd to be occasion'd by the Ocean, or waters conceal'd in the caverns of the ground; and consequently *Neptune* may tumble a mountain upon this city of the *Phæacians*.

XV.

VERSE 225. *Besides Minerva, to secure her care,
Diffus'd around a veil of thicken'd air.]*

The meaning of this whole passage is probably no more than that *Ulysses* by his long absence had forgot the face of his own country; the woods by almost twenty years growth had a different appearance; and the public roads were alter'd by so great a length of time. How then should *Ulysses* come to the knowledge of the place? He goes to a shepherd, and by telling him a plausible story draws it from him. This artifice is the *Minerva* that gives him information. By the *veil of thicken'd air* is meant, that *Ulysses*, to accomplish his re-establishment, took upon him a disguise, and conceal'd himself from the *Ithacans*; and this too being the dictate of Wisdom, *Homer* ascribes it to *Pallas*.

The words of the original are,

-----Ὀφθαλμοῖσιν αὐτὸν
ἄγνωστον τεύξειεν-----

which are usually apply'd by interpreters to *Ulysses*, and mean that the Goddess disguis'd him with this veil, that no one might know him. *Dacier* is of opinion that ἀγνωστον ought to be used actively; that is, the Goddess acted thus to make him *unknowing* where he

he was, not *unknown* to the people; for that this was the effect of the veil appears from the removal of it; for immediately upon the dispersion,

The King with joy confess'd his place of birth.

That the word ἀγνώσκει will bear an active signification, she proves from the scholiast upon *OEdipus* of *Sophocles*. But perhaps the context will not permit this interpretation, tho' we should allow that the word ἀγνώσκει will bear it. The passage runs thus: *Pallas* cast round a veil of air, that she might make him unknown, that she might instruct him, and that his wife and friends might not know him; for thus *Homer* interprets ἀγνώσκει in the very next line, μὴ γνοίη ἀλοχέει. It is therefore probable, that this veil had a double effect, both to render *Ulysses* unknown to the country, and the country to *Ulysses*. I am persuaded that this is the true meaning of ἀγνώσκει, from the usage of it in this very book of the *Odyssey*:

Ἄλλ' ἄγε σ' ἀγνώσκειν τεύξω πάντας βροτοῖσι.

Here it can possibly signify nothing, but *I will render thee unknown to all mankind*; it is therefore probable, that in both places it bears the same signification.

XVI.

VERSE 262. *The gold, the vests, the tripods, number'd o'er.*] The conduct of *Ulysses* in numb'ring his effects, has been censur'd by some Critics as avaritious: But we find him vindicated by *Plutarch* in his treatise of reading the Poets: " If (says that Author) "*Ulysses* finding himself in a solitary place, and ignorant of the "*country*, and having no security even for his own person, is "*nevertheless* chiefly sollicitous for his effects, lest any part might "*have been stol'n*; his covetousness is really to be pitied and de- "*tested*. But this is not the case: He counts his goods merely "*to prove the fidelity of the Phæacians*, and to gather from it, "*whether they had landed him upon his own country*; for it "*was not probable that they would expose him in a strange re-* "*gion, and leave his goods untouch'd, and by consequence reap* "*no*

“ no advantage from their dishonesty : This therefore was a very
 “ proper test, from which to discover if he was in his own country;
 “ and he deserv'd commendation for his wisdom in that action.”

XVII.

VERSE 293. *The loaded trees their various fruits produce.*
 Nothing is more notorious than that an Epic writer ought to give importance and grandeur to his action as much as possible in every circumstance; here the Poet takes an opportunity to set the country of *Ulysses* in the most advantageous light, and shews that it was a prize worth the contest, and all the labour which *Ulysses* bestows to regain it. *Statius* is very faulty in this particular, he declaims against the designs he ascribes to his Heroes, he debases his own subject, and shews that the great labour he puts upon them was ill employ'd for so wretched and pitiful a kingdom as that of *Thebes*. *Thebaid. lib. 1.*

----- *Bellum est de paupere regno.*

But *Ulysses* was not King of *Ithaca* alone, but of *Zacynthus*, and *Cephalenia*, and the neighbouring Islands. This appears from the second book of the *Iliad*, where he leads his subjects to the wars of *Troy*.

*With those whom Cephalenia's Isle inclos'd,
 Or till'd their fields along the coast oppos'd,
 Or where fair Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
 Where high Neritos shakes his waving woods,
 Where Ægilipa's rugged fides are seen,
 Crocylia rocky, and Zacynthus green.*

It is true that *Ithaca* contains little more than fifty miles in circuit, now called *Val de compare*; *Cephalenia* is larger, and is 160 miles in circumference: *Zacynthus*, now *Zant*, is in circuit about sixty miles, unspeakably fruitful, says *Sandys*, producing the best oil in the world and excellent strong wines; but the chief riches of the Island consist in *Corinths*, which the Inhabitants of *Zant* have in such quantities that they know not what to do with

with them; for besides private gains, amounting to 150000 Zechins, they yearly pay 48000 dollars for customs and other duties. It is impossible so little a portion of earth should be more beneficial.

This observation is necessary to shew the value of *Ulysses's* dominions, and that the subject of the *Odyssey* is not trivial and unimportant; it is likewise of use to convince us, that the domestic cares and concerns of *Telemachus* proceeded not from meanness, but from the manners of the age; when pomp and luxury had not yet found countenance from Princes; and that when we see *Eumæus*, who has the charge of *Ulysses's* hogs, we are not to suppose him a person of low rank and fortunes, but an Officer of State, and trust: The riches of those ages consisting in flocks and herds, in swine and oxen.

XVIII.

VERSE 299. *Ev'n to those shores is Ithaca renown'd.*] Nothing can more raise our esteem of the judgment of *Homer*, than such strokes of art. Here he introduces *Minerva* to let *Ulysses* into the knowledge of his country; How does she do this? She Geographically describes it to him; so that he must almost know it by the description: but still she suppresses the name, and this keeps him in a pleasing suspense; he attends to every syllable to hear her name *Ithaca*, which she still defers, to continue his doubts and hopes, and at last in the very close of her speech she indirectly mentions it. This discovery in my judgment is carried on with great address, and cannot fail of awakening the curiosity of the Reader; and I wonder how it could escape the observation of all the Commentators upon the *Odyssey*.

XIX.

VERSE 311. *From fierce Idomeneus' revenge I flew,
Whose son, the swift Orfilochus, I flew.]*

Eustathius observes that this relation is not consonant to ancient Histories, but invented to make the disguis'd *Ulysses* more acceptable to the Suitors, should he be brought before them: For this person, whom they could not know to be *Ulysses*, could not fail of finding favour with them, having slain the son of *Idomeneus* the friend

friend of *Ulysses*: And tho' it be not recorded by the Ancients, yet it may be conjectur'd, that *Orfilochus* was thus slain, tho' not by *Ulysses*. If the death of *Orfilochus* was a story that made a noise in the world about that time, it was very artful in *Ulysses* to make use of it, to gain credit with this seeming *Ithacan*; for he relating the Fact truly, might justly be believ'd to speak truly when he nam'd himself the Author of it, and consequently avoid all suspicion of being *Ulysses*. It is observable that *Ulysses* is very circumstantial in his story, he relates the time, the place, the manner, and the reason of his killing *Orfilochus*: this is done to give the story a greater air of truth; for it seems almost impossible that so many circumstances could be invented in a moment, and so well laid together as not to discover their own falsity. What he says concerning the *Phæacians* leaving his effects entire without any damage, is not spoken (as *Eustathius* observes) in vain; he extolls the fidelity of the *Phæacians*, as an example to be imitated by this seeming *Ithacensian*, and makes it an argument that he should practise the same integrity, in not offering violence or fraud to his effects or person.

'Tis true, the manner of the death of *Orfilochus* is liable to some objection, as it was executed clandestinely, and not heroically, as might be expected from the valour of *Ulysses*; but if it was truth that *Orfilochus* was killed in that manner, *Ulysses* could not falsify the story: But in reality he is no way concern'd in it; for he speaks in the character of a *Cretan*, not in the person of *Ulysses*.

XX.

VERSE 316. *In a Phœnician vessel took my flight.*] The whole story of the Voyages of *Ulysses* is related differently by *Dictys Cretensis*, in his History of the war of *Troy*: I will transcribe it, if not as a truth, yet as a curiosity.

“ About this time *Ulysses* arriv'd at *Crete* with two vessels hir'd
 “ of the *Phœnicians*: For *Telamon*, enrag'd for the death of his Son
 “ *Ajax*, had seiz'd upon all that belong'd to *Ulysses* and his com-
 “ panions, and he himself was with difficulty set at liberty. While
 “ he was in *Crete*, *Idomeneus* ask'd him how he fell into such great ca-
 “ lamities; to whom he recounted all his adventures. He told him,
 “ that after his departure from *Troy* he made an incursion upon
 “ *Ismarus*

“ *Ismarus* of the *Ciconians*, and there got great booty ; then touch-
 “ ing upon the coasts of the *Lotophagi*, he met with ill success,
 “ and sail’d away to *Sicily*; there, *Cyclops* and *Læstrigon* two bro-
 “ thers used him barbarously; and at length he lost most of his
 “ companions thro’ the cruelty of *Polypheme* and *Antiphates*, the
 “ sons of *Cyclops* and *Læstrygon*; but being afterwards received
 “ into favour by *Polypheme*, his companions attempted to carry
 “ off *Arene* the King’s daughter, who was fall’n in love with *El-*
 “ *penor*, one of his associates; but the affair being discover’d, and
 “ *Ulysses* dismiss’d, he sail’d away by the *Æolian* Islands, and
 “ came to *Circe* and *Calypso*, who were both Queens of two
 “ Isles; there his companions wasted some time in dalliance and
 “ pleasures: Thence he sail’d to a people that were fam’d for ma-
 “ gical incantations, to learn his future fortunes. He escap’d
 “ the rocks of the *Sirens*, *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, tho’ he there lost
 “ many of his companions; then he fell into the hands of *Phæ-*
 “ *nician* rovers, who spar’d him; and afterwards coming to *Crete*,
 “ he was dismiss’d by *Idomeneus* with two vessels, and arrived at
 “ the coast of *Alcinous*, who being prevail’d upon by the glory
 “ of his name entertain’d him courteously: From him he learn’d
 “ that *Penelope* was address’d by thirty Princes; upon this, with
 “ much intreaty, he persuaded *Alcinous* to undertake a voyage to
 “ re-establish him in his territories; they set sail together, and
 “ concealing themselves with *Telemachus* ’till all things were con-
 “ certed, they led their friends to the Palace, and slew the Suit-
 “ ors oppress’d with sleep and drowziness.”

The difference between the Poet and the Historian lies chiefly in what is here said of the death of *Orfilochus*; *Dictys* tells us, that *Ulysses* was entertain’d like a friend by *Idomeneus*, and *Homer* writes that he slew his Son; now *Idomeneus* cannot be suppos’d to have favour’d the murtherer of his son: But this is no objection, if we consider that *Ulysses* speaks not as *Ulysses*, but in a personated character, and therefore *Orfilochus* must be judg’d to have fall’n by the hand of the person whose character *Ulysses* assumes; that is, by a *Cretan*, and not *Ulysses*.

Dictys is suppos’d to have serv’d under this *Idomeneus*, and to have wrote an History of the *Trojan* war in *Phœnician* characters; and *Tzetzes* tells us, that *Homer* form’d his Poem upon his plan; but the History now extant publish’d by Mrs. *L’Fevre* is a counterfeit: So that what I have here translated, is inserted not as an

authority, but as the opinion of an unknown writer; and I lay no other weight upon it.

XXI.

VERSE 338. ----- *Who, like thy self, excell
In arts of counsel, and dissembling well.*]

It has been objected against *Homer*, that he gives a degree of dissimulation to his *Heroe*, unworthy of a brave man, and an ingenuous disposition: Here we have a full vindication of *Ulysses*, from the mouth of the Goddess of Wisdom; he uses only a prudent dissimulation; he is ἀρχιμήδης, which we may almost literally render, *master of a great presence of mind*: that is, upon every emergency he finds an immediate resource to extricate himself from it. If his dissimulation had been vicious, it would have been an absurdity to have introduced *Minerva* praising and recommending it; on the contrary, all disguise which consists with innocence and prudence, is so far from being mean, that it really is a praise to a person who uses it. I speak not of common life, or as if men should always act under a mask, and in disguise; that indeed betrays design and insincerity: I only recommend it as an instance how men should behave in the article of danger, when it is as reputable to elude an enemy as to defeat one.

----- *dolus an virtus quis in hoste requirit.*

This is the character of *Ulysses*, who uses only such artifice as is suggested by Wisdom, such as turns to his benefit in all extremities, such as *Minerva* may boast to practise without a rival among the Gods, as much as *Ulysses* among mankind. In short, this dissimulation, in war may be call'd stratagem and conduct, in other exigencies address and dexterity; nor is *Ulysses* criminal, but artful.

XXII.

VERSE 369. *Tell me, oh tell, is this my native place?*] It may appear somewhat extraordinary that *Ulysses* should not believe *Minerva*, who had already assured him that he was landed

landed in his own country: But two answers may be given to this objection, and his doubts may be ascrib'd to his having lost the knowledge of it thro' his long absence, for that is the veil which is cast before his eyes; or to the nature of man in general, who when he desires any thing vehemently scarce believes himself in the possession of it, even while he possesses it. Nothing is more frequent than such expressions upon the Theater, and in the transport of an unexpected happiness, we are apt to think it a delusion; from hence the fears of *Ulysses* arise, and they are to be imputed to his vehement love of his country, not to his unbelief.

XXIII.

VERSE 445. *Tho' leagu'd against me hundreds, &c.*] Nothing is more judicious than this conduct in *Homer*; the whole number of suitors are to be slain by a few hands, which might shock our reason if it were related suddenly, without any preparation to shew us the probability of it: This is the intent of *Homer* in this and various other places of the *Odyssey*; he softens the relation, and reconciles us to it by such insertions, before he describes that great event. The Ancients (says *Eustathius*) would not here allow *Ulysses* to speak hyperbolically; he is that Heroe whom we have already seen in the *Iliad* resist whole bands of *Trojans*, when the *Greeks* were repuls'd, where he slew numbers of enemies, and sustain'd their assaults till he was disengag'd by *Ajax*. Besides, there is an excellent moral in what *Ulysses* speaks; it contains this certain truth (adds *Dacier*) that a man assisted by Heaven, has not only nothing to fear, but is assured to triumph over all the united powers of mankind.

XXIV.

VERSE 452. *How wide the pavements float with guilty gore!*] The words in the Greek are ἀσπετον ἔδας, which *Eustathius* imagines to signify the land of *Ithaca*; for the hall even of a Palace is too narrow to be stil'd immense or ἀσπετον. But this contradicts the matter of fact, as appears from the place where the suitors were slain, which was not in the fields of *Ithaca*, but in the Palace of *Ulysses*: ἀσπετον really signifies large or spacious; and a
Palace

Palace that could entertain at one time so great a number of suitors might be call'd vast or ἄσπετος, which *Hesychius* interprets by λίαν πολὺς, μέγας. *Dacier*.

XXV.

VERSE 465. *Go first the master of thy herds to find.*] There are many reasons why this injunction was necessary: The Heroe of a Poem ought never to be out of sight, never out of action: neither is *Ulysses* idle in this recess, he goes thither to acquaint himself with the condition of his affairs, both public and domestic; he there lays the plan for the destruction of the suitors, enquires after their numbers, and the state of *Penelope* and *Telemachus*. Besides, he here resides in full security and privacy, till he has prepar'd all things for the execution of the great event of the whole *Odyssey*.

XXVI.

VERSE 469. *Coracian rock.*] This rock was so called from a young man whose name was *Corax*, who in pursuit of an Hare fell from it and broke his neck: *Arethusa* his mother hearing of the accident hang'd her self by the fountain, which afterwards took its name from her, and was called *Arethusa*. *Eustathius*.

XXVII.

VERSE 502. *His robe, which spots indelible besmear, &c.*] I doubt not but *Homer* draws after the life. We have the whole equipage and accoutrements of a beggar, yet so drawn by *Homer*, as even to retain a nobleness and dignity; let any person read the description, and he will be convinced of it; what can be more lofty and sonorous than this verse?

Ῥωγὰ λέα, ῥυπόωντα κακῶ μεμορυγμένα καπνῶ.

It is no humility to say that a Translator must fall short of the original in such passages; the *Greek* language has words noble and sounding to express all subjects, which are wanting in our tongue; all that is to be expected is to keep the diction from appearing mean

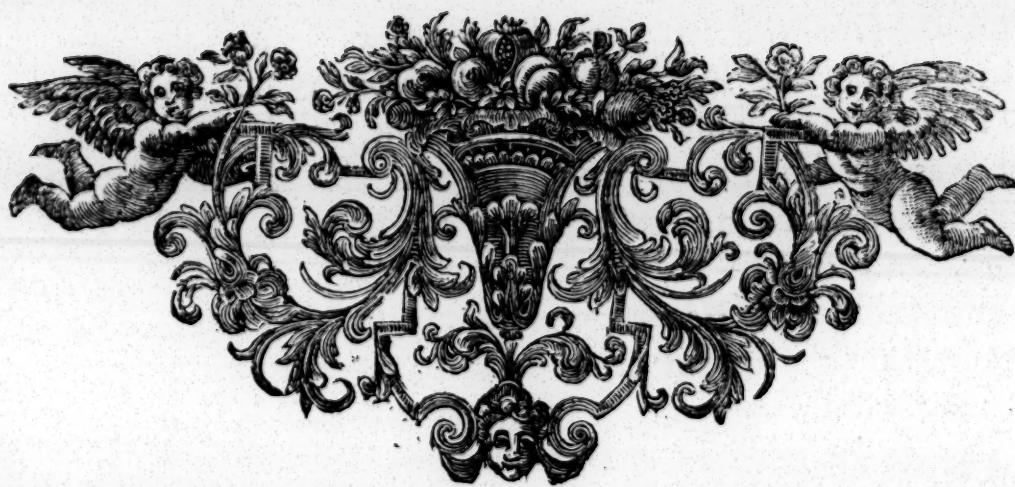
mean or ridiculous. They are greatly mistaken who impute this disguise of *Ulysses* in the form of a beggar, as a fault to *Homer*; there is nothing either absurd or mean in it; for the way to make a King undiscoverable, is to dress him as unlike himself as possible. *David* counterfeited madness, as *Ulysses* poverty, and neither of them ought to lye under any imputation; it is easy to vindicate *Homer*, from the disguise of the greatest persons and Generals in History, upon the like emergencies; but there is no occasion for it.

XXVIII.

VERSE 510. *While Pallas, cleaving the wide fields of air,
To Sparta flies-----]*

Homer is now preparing to turn the relation from *Ulysses* to *Telemachus*, whom we left at *Sparta* with *Menelaus* in the fourth book of the *Odyssey*. He has been long out of sight, and we have heard of none of his actions; *Telemachus* is not the Heroe of the Poem, he is only an under Agent, and consequently the Poet was at liberty to omit any or all of his adventures, unless such as have a necessary connection with the story of the *Odyssey*, and contribute to the re-establishment of *Ulysses*; by this method likewise *Homer* gives variety to his Poetry, and breaks or gathers up the thread of it, as it tends to diversify the whole: We may consider an Epic Poem as a spacious garden, where there are to be different walks and views, lest the eye should be tir'd with too great a regularity and uniformity: The chief avenue ought to be the most ample and noble, but there should be by-walks to retire into sometimes for our ease and refreshment. The Poet thus gives us several openings to draw us forward with pleasure; and tho' the great event of the Poem be chiefly in view, yet he sometimes leads us aside into other short passages which end in it again, and bring us with pleasure to the conclusion of it. Thus for instance, *Homer* begins with the story of *Telemachus* and the Suitors; then he leaves them a-while, and more largely lays before us the adventures of *Ulysses*, the Heroe of his Poem; when he has satisfy'd the curiosity of the Reader by a full narration of what belongs to him, he returns to *Telemachus* and the suitors: at length he unites the two stories, and proceeds directly

to the end of the *Odyssey*. Thus all the collateral and indirect passages fall into one center, and main point of view. The eye is continually entertain'd with some new object, and we pass on from incident to incident, not only without fatigue, but with pleasure and admiration.



THE
FOURTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.



The A R G U M E N T.

The Conversation with Eumæus.

Ulysses arrives in disguise at the house of Eumæus, where he is received, entertained, and lodged, with the utmost hospitality. The several discourses of that faithful old Servant, with the feign'd story told by Ulysses to conceal himself, and other Conversations on various subjects, take up this entire book.



T H E



THE
FOURTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.



UT He, deep-musing, o'er the
mountains stray'd
Thro' mazy thickets of the wood-
land shade,
And cavern'd ways, the shaggy
coast along,

With cliffs, and nodding forests over-hung.

Eumæus at his Sylvan lodge he sought,

5

A faithful servant, and without a fault.

Ulysses found him, busied as he sat

Before the threshold of his rustic gate;

Around the mansion in a circle shone

A rural Portico of rugged stone:

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Z z z

(In

(In absence of his Lord, with honest toil
His own industrious hands had rais'd the pile)
The wall was stone from neighbouring quarries born,
Encircled with a fence of native thorn,
15 And strong with pales, by many a weary stroke
Of stubborn labour hewn from heart of oak;
Frequent and thick. Within the space, were rear'd
Twelve ample cells, the lodgments of his herd.
Full fifty pregnant females each contain'd;
20 The males without (a smaller race) remain'd;
Doom'd to supply the Suitors wastful feast,
A stock by daily luxury decreast;
Now scarce four hundred left. These to defend,
Four savage dogs, a watchful guard, attend.
25 Here fate *Eumæus*, and his cares apply'd
To form strong buskins of well-season'd hyde.
Of four assistants who his labours share,
Three now were absent on the rural care;
The fourth drove victims to the suitor-train:
30 But he, of ancient faith, a simple swain,
Sigh'd, while he furnish'd the luxurious board,
And wearied heav'n with wishes for his Lord.

Soon

Soon as *Ulysses* near th' enclosure drew,
With open mouths the furious mastives flew:
Down fate the Sage; and cautious to withstand, 35
Let fall th' offensive truncheon from his hand.
Sudden, the master runs; aloud he calls;
And from his hasty hand the leather falls;
With show'rs of stones he drives them far away;
The scatt'ring dogs around at distance bay. 40

Unhappy stranger! (thus the faithful swain
Began, with accent gracious and humane)
What sorrow had been mine, if at my gate
Thy rev'rend age had met a shameful fate?
Enough of woes already have I known; 45
Enough my master's sorrows, and my own.
While here, (ungrateful task!) his herds I feed,
Ordain'd for lawless rioters to bleed;
Perhaps supported at another's board,
Far from his country roams my hapless Lord! 50
Or sigh'd in exile forth his latest breath,
Now cover'd with th' eternal shade of death!

But enter this my homely roof, and see
Our woods not void of hospitality.

Then

55 Then tell me whence thou art? and what the share
Of woes and wand'rings thou wert born to bear?

He said, and seconding the kind request,
With friendly step precedes his unknown guest,
A shaggy goat's soft hyde beneath him spread,
60 And with fresh rushes heap'd an ample bed.
Joy touch'd the Hero's tender soul, to find
So just reception from a heart so kind:
And, oh ye Gods! with all your blessings grace.
(He thus broke forth) this Friend of Human race!

65 The swain reply'd. It never was our guise
To flight the poor, or ought humane despise.
For *Jove* unfolds our hospitable door,
'Tis *Jove* that sends the stranger and the poor.
Little, alas! is all the good I can,

70 A man oppress'd, dependant, yet a man:
Accept such treatment as a swain affords,
Slave to the insolence of youthful Lords!
Far hence is by unequal Gods remov'd
That man of bounties, loving and lov'd!

75 To whom whate'er his slave enjoys is ow'd,
And more, had Fate allow'd, had been bestow'd:

But

But Fate condemn'd him to a foreign shore!
 Much have I sorrow'd, but my master more.
 Now cold he lies, to death's embrace resign'd:
 Ah perish *Helen*! perish all her kind!

80

For whose curs'd cause, in *Agamemnon's* name,
 He trod so fatally the paths of Fame.

His vest succinct then girding round his waste,
 Forth rush'd the swain with hospitable haste.
 Strait to the lodgments of his herd he run,
 Where the fat porkers slept beneath the sun;
 Of two, his cutlace launch'd the spouting blood;
 These quarter'd, sing'd, and fix'd on forks of wood,
 All hasty on the hissing coals he threw;
 And smoaking back the tasteful viands drew,
 Broachers and all; then on the board display'd
 The ready meal before *Ulysses* lay'd.

85

90

(With flour imbrown'd) next mingled wine yet new,
 And luscious as the Bee's nectareous dew:
 Then fate companion of the friendly feast,
 With open look, and thus bespoke his guest.

95

Take with free welcome what our hands prepare,
 Such food as falls to simple servant's share;

The best our Lords consume; those thoughtless Peers,
100 Rich without bounty, guilty without fears!
Yet sure the Gods their impious acts detest,
And honour justice and the righteous breast.
Pirates and conquerors, of harden'd mind,
The foes of peace, and scourges of mankind,
105 To whom offending men are made a prey
When *Jove* in vengeance gives a land away;
Ev'n these, when of their ill-got spoils possess'd,
Find sure tormentors in the guilty breast;
Some voice of God close whisp'ring from within,
110 "Wretch! this is villany, and this is sin."
But these, no doubt, some oracle explore,
That tells, the great *Ulysses* is no more.
Hence springs their confidence, and from our sighs
Their rapine strengthens, and their riots rise:
115 Constant as *Jove* the night and day bestows,
Bleeds a whole hecatomb, a vintage flows.
None match'd this hero's wealth, of all who reign
O'er the fair islands of the neighb'ring main,
Nor all the monarchs whose far-dreaded sway
120 The wide-extended continents obey:

First on the main land, of *Ulysses'* breed
Twelve herds, twelve flocks, on Ocean's margin feed,
As many stalls for shaggy goats are rear'd;
As many lodgements for the tusky herd;
Those foreign keepers guard: and here are seen 125
Twelve herds of goats that graze our utmost green;
To native pastors is their charge assign'd,
And mine the care to feed the bristly kind:
Each day the fattest bleeds of either herd,
All to the suitors wastful board preferr'd. 130

Thus he, benevolent; his unknown guest
With hunger keen devours the fav'ry feast;
While schemes of vengeance ripen in his breast. }
Silent and thoughtful while the board he ey'd,
Eumæus pours on high the purple tide; 135
The King with smiling looks his joy exprest,
And thus the kind inviting host addrest.

Say now, what man is he, the man deplor'd,
So rich, so potent, whom you stile your Lord?
Late with such affluence and possessions blest, 140
And now in honor's glorious bed at rest.

Whoever

Whoever was the warrior, he must be
 To Fame no stranger, nor perhaps to me;
 Who (so the Gods, and so the Fates ordain'd)
 145 Have wander'd many a sea, and many a land.

Small is the faith, the Prince and Queen ascribe
 (Reply'd *Eumæus*) to the wand'ring tribe.
 For needy strangers still to flatt'ry fly,
 And want too oft betrays the tongue to lye.
 150 Each vagrant traveller that touches here,
 Deludes with fallacies the royal ear,
 To dear remembrance makes his image rise,
 And calls the springing sorrows from her eyes.
 Such thou may'st be. But he whose name you crave
 155 Moulders in earth, or welters on the wave,
 Or food for fish, or dogs, his reliques lye,
 Or torn by birds are scatter'd thro' the sky.
 So perish'd he: and left (for ever lost)
 Much woe to all, but sure to me the most.

160 So mild a master never shall I find:
 Less dear the parents whom I left behind,
 Less soft my mother, less my father kind.

Not

Not with such transport wou'd my eyes run o'er,
 Again to hail them in their native shore,
 As lov'd *Ulysses* once more to embrace,
 Restor'd and breathing in his natal place.
 That name, for ever dread, yet ever dear,
 Ev'n in his absence I pronounce with fear;
 In my respect he bears a Prince's part,
 But lives a very Brother in my heart.

165

170

Thus spoke the faithful swain, and thus rejoin'd
 The Master of his grief, the man of patient mind.
Ulysses, friend! shall view his old abodes,
 (Distrustful as thou art) nor doubt the Gods.
 Nor speak I rashly but with faith averr'd,
 And what I speak attesting heav'n has heard.
 If so, a cloak and vesture be my meed;
 'Till his return, no title shall I plead,
 Tho' certain be my news, and great my need.
 Whom Want itself can force untruths to tell,
 My soul detests him as the gates of hell.

175

180

Thou first be witness, hospitable *Jove*!
 And ev'ry God inspiring social love!

And witness ev'ry household pow'r that waits
185 Guard of these fires, and angel of these gates!
Ere the next moon increase, or this decay,
His ancient realms *Ulysses* shall survey,
In blood and dust each proud oppressor mourn,
And the lost glories of his house return.
190 Nor shall that meed be thine, nor ever more
Shall lov'd *Ulysses* hail this happy shore,
(Reply'd *Eumæus* :) To the present hour
Now turn thy thought, and joys within our pow'r.
From sad reflection let my soul repose;
195 The name of him awakes a thousand woes.
But guard him Gods! and to these arms restore!
Not his true comfort can desire him more;
Not old *Laertes*, broken with despair;
Not young *Telemachus*, his blooming heir.
200 Alas, *Telemachus*! my sorrows flow
Afresh for thee, my second cause of woe!
Like some fair plant set by a heav'nly hand,
He grew, he flourish'd, and he blest the land;
In all the youth his father's image shin'd,
205 Bright in his person, brighter in his mind.

What

What man, or God, deceiv'd his better sense,
Far on the swelling seas to wander hence?
To distant *Pylus* hapless is he gone,
To seek his father's fate, and find his own!
For traytors wait his way, with dire design 210
To end at once the great *Arcefian* line.
But let us leave him to their wills above;
The fates of men are in the hand of *Jove*.
And now, my venerable guest! declare
Your name, your parents, and your native air? 215
Sincere from whence begun your course relate,
And to what ship I owe the friendly freight?

Thus he: and thus (with prompt invention bold)
The cautious Chief his ready story told.

On dark reserve what better can prevail, 220
Or from the fluent tongue produce the tale,
Than when two friends, alone, in peaceful place
Confer, and wines and cates the table grace;
But most, the kind inviter's chearful face? }
Thus might we sit, with social goblets crown'd, 225
'Till the whole circle of the year goes round;

Not the whole circle of the year wou'd close
My long narration of a life of woes.

But such was Heav'n's high will! Know then I came
230 From sacred *Crete*, and from a Sire of Fame:

Castor Hylacides (that name he bore)

Belov'd and honour'd in his native shore;

Blest in his riches, in his children more.

Sprung of a handmaid, from a bought embrace,

235 I shar'd his kindness with his lawful race;

But when that Fate which all must undergo

From earth remov'd him to the shades below,

The large domain his greedy sons divide,

And each was portion'd as the lots decide.

240 Little alas! was left my wretched share,

Except a house, a covert from the air:

But what by niggard Fortune was deny'd

A willing widow's copious wealth supply'd.

My valour was my plea, a gallant mind

245 That, true to honour, never lagg'd behind,

(The sex is ever to a soldier kind.)

Now wasting years my former strength confound,

And added woes have bow'd me to the ground:

Yet

BOOK XIV. *HOMER'S ODYSSEY.*

281

Yet by the stubble you may guess the grain,
And mark the ruins of no vulgar man.

250

Me *Pallas* gave to lead the martial storm,
And the fair ranks of battle to deform:

Me, *Mars* inspir'd to turn the foe to flight,
And tempt the secret ambush of the night.

Let ghastly Death in all his forms appear,
I saw him not; it was not mine to fear.

255

Before the rest I rais'd my ready steel;
The first I met, he yielded, or he fell.

But works of peace my soul disdain'd to bear,
The rural labour or domestick care.

260

To raise the mast, the missile dart to wing,
And send swift arrows from the bounding string,
Were arts the Gods made grateful to my mind;
Those Gods, who turn (to various ends design'd)
The various thoughts and talents of mankind.

265

Before the *Græcians* touch'd the *Trojan* plain,
Nine times Commander, or by land or main,
In foreign fields I spread my glory far,
Great in the praise, rich in the spoils of war:

- 270 Thence charg'd with riches, as increas'd in fame,
To *Crete* return'd, an honourable name.
But when great *Jove* that direful war decreed,
Which rous'd all *Greece* and made the mighty bleed;
Our states my self and *Idomen* employ
275 To lead their fleets, and carry death to *Troy*.
Nine years we warr'd; the tenth saw *Ilion* fall;
Homeward we sail'd, but Heav'n dispers'd us all.
One only month my wife enjoy'd my stay;
So will'd the God who gives and takes away.
280 Nine ships I mann'd equip'd with ready stores,
Intent to voyage to th' *Egyptian* shores;
In feast and sacrifice my chosen train
Six days consum'd; the sev'nth we plow'd the main.
Crete's ample fields diminish to our eye;
285 Before the *Boreal* blast the vessels fly;
Safe through the level seas we sweep our way;
The steer-man governs, and the ships obey.
The fifth fair morn we stem th' *Egyptian* tide,
And tilting o'er the bay the vessels ride:
290 To anchor there my fellows I command,
And spies commission to explore the land.

But

But sway'd by lust of gain, and headlong will,
The coasts they ravage, and the natives kill.

The spreading clamor to their city flies,

And horse and foot in mingled tumult rise.

295

The red'ning dawn reveals the circling fields

Horrid with bristly spears, and glancing shields.

Jove thunder'd on their side. Our guilty head

We turn'd to flight; the gath'ring vengeance spread

On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lie dead.

300

I then explor'd my thought, what course to prove?

(And sure the thought was dictated by *Jove*,

Oh had he left me to that happier doom;

And sav'd a life of miseries to come!)

The radiant helmet from my brows unlac'd,

305

And low on earth my shield and javelin cast,

I meet the Monarch with a suppliant's face,

Approach his chariot, and his knees embrace.

He heard, he sav'd, he plac'd me at his side;

My state he pity'd, and my tears he dry'd,

310

Restrain'd the rage the vengeful foe express'd,

And turn'd the deadly weapons from my breast.

Pious! to guard the hospitable rite,
And fearing *Jove*, whom mercy's works delight.
315 In *Egypt* thus with peace and plenty blest,
I liv'd (and happy still had liv'd) a guest.
On sev'n bright years successive blessings wait;
The next chang'd all the colour of my Fate.
A false *Phœnician* of insidious mind,
320 Vers'd in vile arts, and foe to humankind,
With semblance fair invites me to his home:
I seiz'd the proffer (ever fond to roam)
Domestic in his faithless roof I stay'd,
'Till the swift sun his annual circle made.
325 To *Lybia* then he meditates the way;
With guileful art a stranger to betray,
And sell to bondage in a foreign land:
Much doubting, yet compell'd, I quit the strand.
Thro' the mid seas the nimble pinnace sails,
330 Aloof from *Crete*, before the northern gales:
But when remote her chalky cliffs we lost,
And far from ken of any other coast,
When all was wild expanse of sea and air;
Then doom'd high *Jove* due vengeance to prepare.
He

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He hung a night of horrors o'er their head, 335
(The shaded Ocean blacken'd as it spread)
He lanch'd the fiery bolt; from pole to pole
Broad burst the lightnings, deep the thunders roll;
In giddy rounds the whirling ship is tost,
And all in clouds of smothering sulphur lost. 340
As from a hanging rock's tremendous height,
The fable crows with intercepted flight
Drop endlong; scarr'd, and black with sulph'rous hue,
So from the deck are hurl'd the ghastly crew.
Such end the wicked found! But *Jove's* intent 345
Was yet to save th'opprest and innocent.
Plac'd on the mast (the last recourse of life)
With winds and waves I held unequal strife;
For nine long days the billows tilting o'er,
The tenth soft wafts me to *Thesprotia's* shore. 350
The Monarch's son a shipwrackt wretch reliev'd,
The Sire with hospitable rites receiv'd,
And in his palace like a brother plac'd,
With gifts of price and gorgeous garments grac'd.
While here I sojourn'd, oft I heard the fame 355
How late *Ulysses* to the country came,

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How

How lov'd, how honour'd in this court he stay'd,
And here his whole collected treasure lay'd;
I saw my self the vast unnumber'd store
360 Of steel elab'rate, and refulgent ore,
And brás high-heap'd amidst the regal dome;
Immense supplies for ages yet to come!
Mean-time he voyag'd to explore the will
Of *Jove*, on high *Dodona's* holy hill,
365 What means might best his safe return avail,
To come in pomp, or bear a secret sail?
Full oft has *Phidon*, whilst he pour'd the wine,
Attesting solemn all the pow'rs divine,
That soon *Ulysses* wou'd return, declar'd,
370 The sailors waiting, and the ships prepar'd.
But first the King dismiss'd me from his shores,
For fair *Dulichium* crown'd with fruitful stores;
To good *Acastus'* friendly care consign'd:
But other counsels pleas'd the sailors mind:
375 New frauds were plotted by the faithless train,
And Misery demands me once again.
Soon as remote from shore they plow the wave,
With ready hands they rush to seize their slave;
Then

Then with these tatter'd rags they wrapt me round,
(Stripp'd of my own) and to the vessel bound. 380

At eve, at *Ithaca's* delightful land

The ship arriv'd: Forth-issuing on the sand,

They fought repaste; while to th' unhappy kind,

The pitying Gods themselves my chains unbind.

Soft I descended, to the sea apply'd 385

My naked breast, and shot along the tide.

Soon past beyond their sight, I left the flood,

And took the spreading shelter of the wood.

Their prize escap'd the faithless pyrates mourn'd;

But deem'd enquiry vain, and to their ship return'd. 390

Screen'd by protecting Gods from hostile eyes,

They led me to a good man and a wife;

To live beneath thy hospitable care,

And wait the woes heav'n dooms me yet to bear.

Unhappy guest! whose sorrows touch my mind! 395

(Thus good *Eumæus* with a sigh rejoin'd)

For real suff'rings since I grieve sincere,

Check not with fallacies the springing tear;

Nor turn the passion into groundless joy

For him, whom Heav'n has destin'd to destroy. 400

Oh!

Oh! had he perisht on some well-fought day,
Or in his friend's embraces dy'd away!
That grateful *Greece* with streaming eyes might raise
Historic marbles, to record his praise:
405 His praise, eternal on the faithful stone,
Had with transmissive honours grac'd his son.
Now snatch'd by Harpies to the dreary coast,
Sunk is the Heroe, and his glory lost!
While pensive in this solitary den,
410 Far from gay cities, and the ways of men,
I linger life; nor to the court repair,
But when the constant Queen commands my care;
Or when, to taste her hospitable board,
Some guest arrives, with rumors of her Lord;
415 And these indulge their want, and those their woe,
And here the tears, and there the goblets flow.
By many such have I been warn'd; but chief
By one *Etolian* robb'd of all belief,
Whose hap it was to this our roof to roam,
420 For murder banish'd from his native home.
He swore, *Ulysses* on the coast of *Crete*
Staid but a season to re-fit his fleet;

A few revolving months shou'd waft him o'er,
Fraught with bold warriors and a boundless store.

O thou! whom Age has taught to understand, 425
And Heav'n has guided with a fav'ring hand!

On God or mortal to obtrude a lye

Forbear, and dread to flatter, as to die.

Not for such ends my house and heart are free,

But dear respect to *Jove*, and charity. 430

And why, oh swain of unbelieving mind!

(Thus quick reply'd the wisest of mankind)

Doubt you my oath? yet more my faith to try, }

A solemn compact let us ratify, }

And witness every pow'r that rules the sky! } 435

If here *Ulysses* from his labours rest,

Be then my prize a tunic and a vest;

And, where my hopes invite me, strait transport

In safety to *Dulichium's* friendly court.

But if he greets not thy desiring eye, }

Hurl me from yon dread precipice on high; }

The due reward of fraud and perjury. } 440

Doubtless, oh guest! great laud and praise were mine

(Reply'd the swain for spotless faith divine)

445 If, after social rites and gifts bestow'd,
I stain'd my hospitable hearth with blood.
How wou'd the Gods my righteous toils succeed,
And bless the hand that made a stranger bleed?
No more — th' approaching hours of silent night
450 First claim refection, then to rest invite;
Beneath our humble cottage let us haste,
And here, unenvy'd, rural dainties taste.

Thus commun'd these; while to their lowly dome
The full-fed swine return'd with evening home;
455 Compell'd, reluctant, to their sev'ral styres,
With din obstrep'rous, and ungrateful cries.
Then to the slaves — Now from the herd the best
Select, in honour of our foreign guest:
With him, let us the genial banquet share,
460 For great and many are the griefs we bear;
While those who from our labours heap their board,
BlaspHEME their feeder, and forget their Lord.

Thus speaking, with dispatchful hand he took
A weighty ax, and cleft the solid oak;
465 This on the earth he pil'd; a boar full fed
Of five years age, before the pile was led:

The

The swain, whom acts of piety delight,
Observant of the Gods, begins the rite;
First shears the forehead of the bristly boar,
And suppliant stands, invoking every pow'r
To speed *Ulysses* to his native shore. } 470

A knotty stake then aiming at his head,
Down drop'd he groaning, and the spirit fled.
The scorching flames climb round on ev'ry side:
Then the findg'd members they with skill divide; 475
On these, in rolls of fat involv'd with art,
The choicest morsels lay from ev'ry part.
Some in the flames, bestrow'd with flour, they threw;
Some cut in fragments, from the forks they drew:
These while on sev'ral tables they dispose, 480
As priest himself, the blameless rustick rose;
Expert the destin'd victim to dis-part
In sev'n just portions, pure of hand and heart.
One sacred to the *Nymphs* apart they lay;
Another to the winged son of *May*: 485
The rural tribe in common share the rest,
The King the chine, the honour of the feast.

Who

Who fate delighted at his servant's board;
The faithful servant joy'd his unknown Lord.
490 Oh be thou dear (*Ulysses* cry'd) to *Jove*,
As well thou claim'st a grateful stranger's love!
Be then thy thanks, (the bounteous swain reply'd)
Enjoyment of the good the Gods provide.
From God's own hand descend our joys and woes;
495 These he decrees, and he but suffers those:
All pow'r is his, and whatsoe'er he wills
The Will it self, Omnipotent, fulfills.
This said, the first-fruits to the Gods he gave;
Then pour'd of offer'd wine the sable wave:
500 In great *Ulysses*' hand he plac'd the bowl,
He fate, and sweet refection cheer'd his soul.
The bread from canisters *Mesaulius* gave,
(*Eumæus*' proper treasure bought this slave,
And led from *Taphos*, to attend his board,
505 A servant added to his absent Lord)
His task it was the wheaten loaves to lay,
And from the banquet take the bowls away.
And now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
And each betakes him to his couch to rest.

Now came the Night, and darkness cover'd o'er 510
The face of things; the winds began to roar;
The driving storm the wat'ry west-wind pours,
And *Jove* descends in deluges of show'rs.
Studious of rest and warmth, *Ulysses* lies,
Foreseeing from the first the storm wou'd rise; 515
In meer necessity of coat and cloak,
With artful preface to his host he spoke.

Hear me, my friends! who this good banquet grace;
'Tis sweet to play the fool in time and place,
And wine can of their wits the wise beguile, 520
Make the sage frolic, and the serious smile,
The grave in merry measures frisk about,
And many a long-repent'd word bring out.
Since to be talkative I now commence,
Let wit cast off the fullen yoke of sense. 525

Once I was strong (wou'd heav'n restore those days)
And with my betters claim'd a share of praise.
Ulysses, *Menelas* led forth a band,
And joyn'd me with them, ('twas their own command)
A deathful ambush for the foe to lay, 530
Beneath *Troy* walls by night we took our way:

There, clad in arms, along the marshes spread,
 We made the ozier-fringed bank our bed.
 Full soon th' inclemency of Heav'n I feel,
 535 Nor had these shoulders cov'ring, but of steel.
 Sharp blew the North; snow whitening all the fields
 Froze with the blast, and gath'ring glaz'd our shields.
 There all but I, well fenc'd with cloak and vest,
 Lay cover'd by their ample shields at rest.
 540 Fool that I was! I left behind my own;
 The skill of weather and of winds unknown,
 And trusted to my coat and shield alone! }
 When now was wasted more than half the night,
 And the stars faded at approaching light;
 545 Sudden I jogg'd *Ulysses*, who was laid
 Fast by my side, and shiv'ring thus I said.
 Here longer in this field I cannot lie,
 The winter pinches, and with cold I die,
 And die asham'd (oh wisest of mankind)
 550 The only fool who left his cloak behind.
 He thought, and answer'd: hardly waking yet,
 Sprung in his mind the momentary wit;

(That

(That wit, which or in council, or in fight,
Still met th' emergence, and determin'd right) 555
Hush thee, he cry'd, (soft-whisp'ring in my ear)
Speak not a word, least any *Greek* may hear—
And then (supporting on his arm his head)
Hear me companions! (thus aloud he said)
Methinks too distant from the fleet we lye: } 560
Ev'n now a Vision stood before my eye, }
And sure the warning Vision was from high: }
Let from among us some swift Courier rise,
Haste to the Gen'ral, and demand supplies.

Upstart'd *Thoas* strait, *Andræmon's* son, 565
Nimbly he rose, and cast his garment down;
Instant, the racer vanish'd off the ground;
That instant, in his cloak I wrapt me round:
And safe I slept, till brightly-dawning shone
The Morn, conspicuous on her golden throne. 570

Oh were my strength as then, as then my age!
Some friend would fence me from the winter's rage.
Yet tatter'd as I look, I challeng'd then
The honors, and the offices of men:

Well

Some master, or some servant would allow

575 A cloak and vest—but I am nothing now!

Well hast thou spoke (rejoin'd th' attentive swain)

Thy lips let fall no idle word or vain:

Nor garment shalt thou want, nor ought beside,

Meet, for the wand'ring suppliant to provide.

580 But in the morning take thy cloaths again,

For here one vest suffices ev'ry swain;

No change of garments to our hinds is known:

But when return'd, the good *Ulysses'* son

With better hand shall grace with fit attires

585 His guest, and send thee where thy soul desires.

The honest herdsman rose, as this he said,

And drew before the hearth the stranger's bed:

The fleecy spoils of sheep, a goat's rough hide

He spreads; and adds a mantle thick and wide;

590 With store to heap above him, and below,

And guard each quarter as the tempests blow.

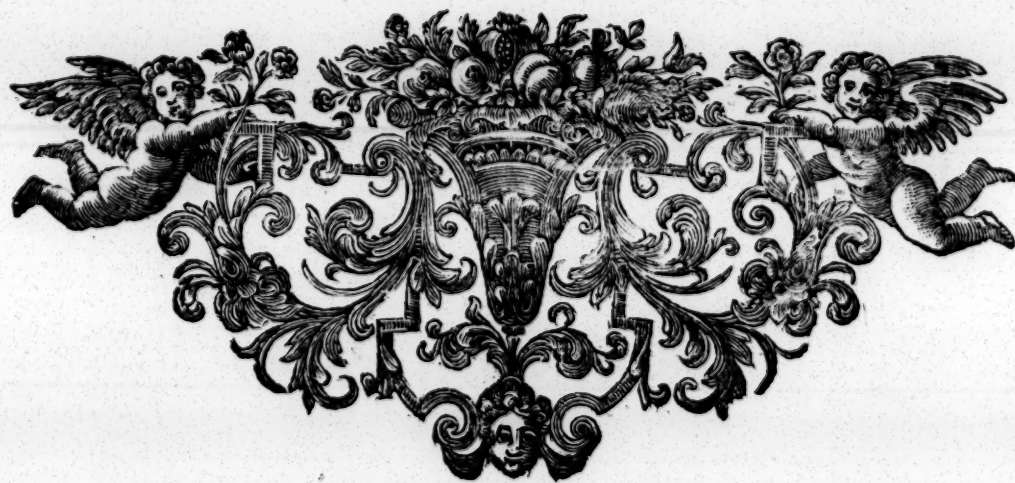
There lay the King, and all the rest supine;

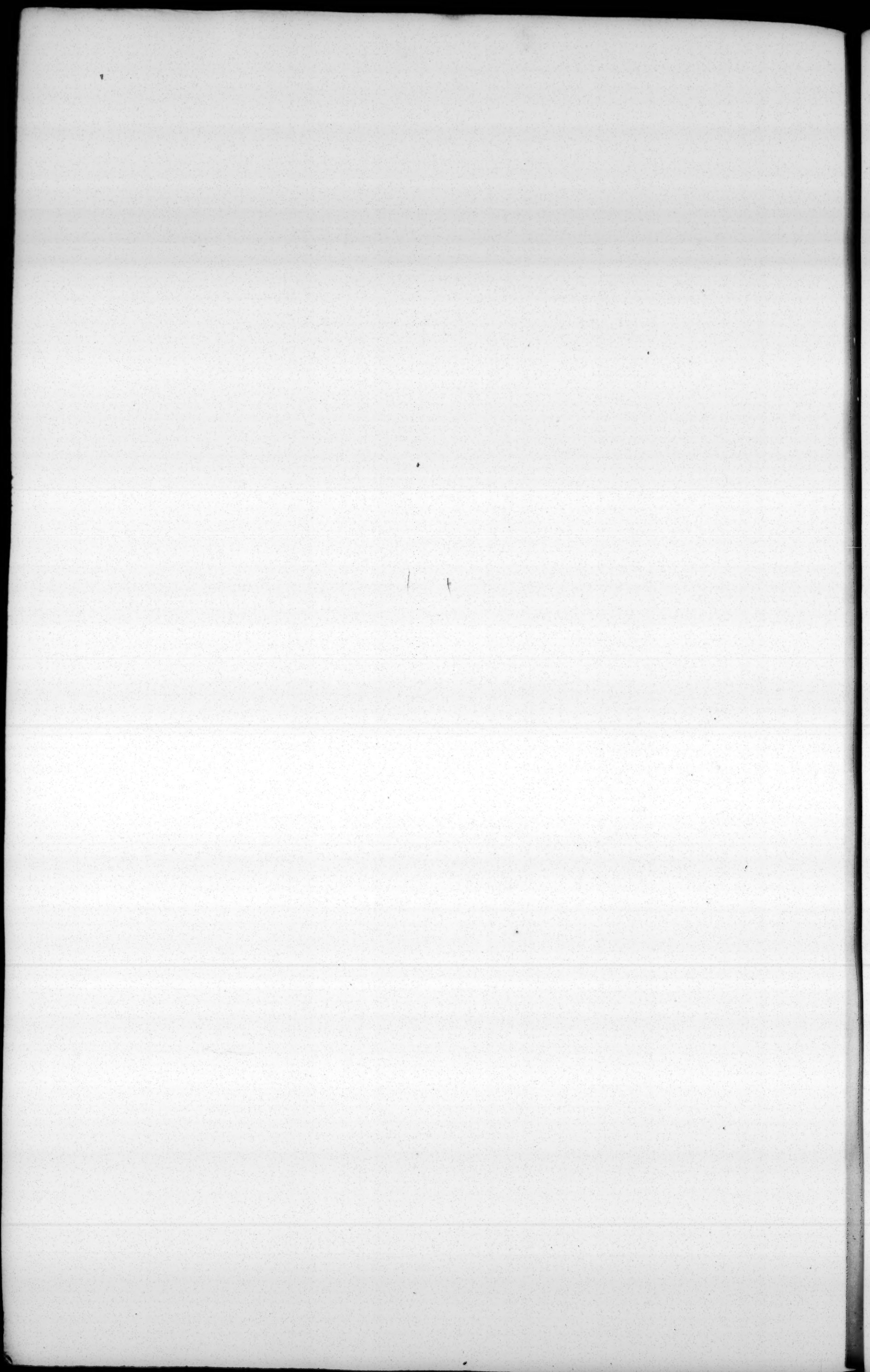
All, but the careful master of the swine:

Forth hasted he to tend his bristly care:

595 Well arm'd, and fenc'd against nocturnal air;

His weighty faulchion o'er his shoulder ty'd:
 His shaggy cloak a mountain goat supply'd:
 With his broad spear, the dread of dogs and men,
 He seeks his lodging in the rocky den.
 There, to the tusky herd he bends his way, 600
 Where screen'd from *Boreas*, high-o'erarch'd, they lay.





OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

FOURTEENTH BOOK.



OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

FOURTEENTH BOOK.

I.



WE see in this book the character of a faithful, wife, benevolent old man in *Eumæus*; one happily innocent, unambitious, and wholly employed in rural affairs. The whole interview between *Ulysses* and *Eumæus* has fallen into ridicule; *Eumæus* has been judg'd to be of the same rank and condition with our modern swineherds. But herds and flocks were then kept and attended by the sons of Kings; thus *Paris* watched the flocks of *Priam* in the groves of *Ida*, and the same is said of many of the Heroes in the *Iliad*; these offices were places of dignity, and fill'd by persons of birth; and such was *Eumæus*, descended from a Prince, named *Ctesius*: Thus the Master of the *Horse* is a post of Honour in modern ages.

It is in Poetry, as in Painting; where the artist does not confine himself to draw only Gods or Heroes, Palaces and Princes; but he frequently employs his pencil in representing Landscapes, rural scenes, groves, cottages, and shepherds tending their flocks.

There is a passage in Monsieur *Boileau's* reflections upon *Longinus*, which fully vindicates all the places of *Homer* that have been censur'd as low and too familiar. "There is nothing, (ob-

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Hhhh

" serves

“ serves that Author) that more disgraces a composition than the
 “ use of *vulgar words*: A mean thought expressed in noble terms,
 “ is generally more taking than a noble thought debased by
 “ mean terms: The reason is, every person cannot judge of the
 “ justness and strength of a thought, but there are very few, es-
 “ pecially in living languages, who are not shock’d at mean
 “ words: and yet almost all writers fall into this fault. *Longinus*
 “ accuses *Herodotus*, the most polite of all the *Greek* Historians, of
 “ this defect; and *Livy*, *Sallust*, and *Virgil* have fall’n under the
 “ same imputation. Is it not then very surprizing that no reproach
 “ upon this account has fall’n upon *Homer*? especially, tho’ he has
 “ compos’d two large Poems, and tho’ no Author has descended
 “ more frequently into the detail of little particularities; yet he ne-
 “ ver uses terms which are not noble, or if he uses humble words
 “ or phrases it is with so much art, that as *Dionysius Halicarnassus*
 “ observes, they become noble and harmonious. We may learn
 “ from hence the ignorance of those modern Criticks, who judge
 “ of the *Greek* without the knowledge of it; and having never read
 “ *Homer* but in low and inelegant translations, impute the Meanef-
 “ ses of the Translator to the Poet. Besides, the words of different
 “ languages are not exactly correspondent, and it often happens that
 “ an expression which is noble in the *Greek* cannot be render’d in
 “ a version but by words that are either mean in the sound or
 “ usage. Thus *as*, and *afinus* in *Latin*, are mean to the last degree;
 “ tho’ *ὄνος* in the *Greek* be used in the most magnificent descri-
 “ ptions, and has nothing mean in it; in like manner the terms
 “ *Hogherd* and *Cowkeeper*, are not to be used in our Poetry;
 “ but there are no finer words in the *Greek* language than *βέχολος*
 “ and *συβώτης*: And *Virgil*, who entitles his *Eclogues* *Bucolics* in the
 “ *Roman* tongue, would have been ashamed to have call’d them
 “ in our language *the Dialogues of Cowkeepers*.

Homer himself convinces us of the truth of this Observation;
 nay, one would imagine that he intended industriously to force
 it upon our notice: for he frequently calls *Eumæus* *Ὀρχαμος ἀν-
 δεῶν*, or *Prince of men*; and his common epithet is *θεῖος* or *δῖος*
ὑποβόας. *Homer* would not have apply’d these appellations to him,
 if he had not been a person of dignity; it being the same title
 that he bestows upon his greatest Heroes, *Ulysses* or *Achilles*.

II.

VERSE 1. *But He, deep-musing, o'er the mountains stray'd.*] I shall transcribe the observation of *Dionysius of Halicarnassus* upon the first verses in this book: The same method, remarks that Author, makes both prose and verse beautiful; which consists in these three things, the judicious coaptation and ranging of the words, the position of the members and parts of the verse, and the various measure of the periods. Whoever would write elegantly, must have regard to the different turn and juncture of every period, there must be proper distances and pauses; every verse must be a compleat sentence, but broken and interrupted, and the parts made unequal, some longer, some shorter, to give a variety of cadence to it. Neither the turn of the parts of the verse, nor the length, ought to be alike. This is absolutely necessary: For the Epic or Heroic verse is of a fix'd determinate length, and we cannot, as in the Lyric, make one longer, and another shorter; therefore to avoid an identity of cadence, and a perpetual return of the same periods, it is requisite to contract, lengthen, and interrupt the pause and structure of the members of the verses, to create an harmonious inequality, and out of a fix'd number of syllables to raise a perpetual diversity. For instance,

Ἀυτὰρ ὃ ἐκ λιμένῳ προσέβη τεχνεῖαν ἀταρπόν.

Here one line makes one sentence; the next is shorter,

Χῶρον αὖ' ὑλήεντα -----

The next is still shorter,

----- δι' ἀχειας -----

The next sentence composes two Hemistichs,

----- Ἥ οἱ Ἀθήνη
Πέφραδε δῖον ὑφ' ὀφρὸν -----

and

and is entirely unlike any of the preceding periods.

-----Ὅ οἱ βιότοιο μάλισα
Κήδετο οἰκῶν, ἔς κτήσατο δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς.

Here again the sentence is not finish'd with the former verse, but breaks into the fourth line; and lest we should be out of breath with the length of the sentence, the period and the verse conclude together at the end of it.

Then *Homer* begins a new sentence, and makes it pause differently from any of the former.

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ἐνὶ προδρόμῳ εὖρ' ἤμενον----

Then he adds,

-----Ἐνθά οἱ αὐλὴ
Ἵψηλὴ δέδμητο-----

This is perfectly unequal to the foregoing period, and the pause of the sentence is carry'd forward into the second verse; and what then follows is neither distinguish'd by the pauses nor parts periodically, but almost at every word there is a stop.

-----Περὶσκέπῳ ἐνὶ χώρῳ,
Καλήτε, μεγάλητε.

No doubt but *Homer* was a perfect master of numbers; a man can no more be a Poet than a Musician, without a good ear, as we usually express it. 'Tis true, that versification is but the Mechanism of Poetry, but it sets off good sense to the best advantage, 'tis a colouring that enlivens the portrait, and makes even a beauty more agreeable.

I will conclude this note, with observing what *Mr. Dryden* says of these two lines from *Cowper's Hill*,

*Tho' deep, yet clear, tho' gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.*

“ There

“ There are few (says he) who make verses, that have observ’d the
“ sweetness of these lines, and fewer who can find the reason of
“ it.” But I believe no one will be at a loss to solve the difficulty
who considers this observation of *Dionysius*: and I doubt not but
the chief sweetness arises from the judicious and harmonious
pauses of the several periods of the verses; not to mention the
happy choice of the words, in which there is scarce one rough
consonant, many liquids, and those liquids soften’d with a mul-
titude of vowels.

III.

VERSE 25. *Here fate Eumæus, and his cares apply’d, &c.*] I doubt not but this employment of *Eumæus* has been another cause of the mean character that has been form’d of his condition: But this mistake arises from our judging of the dignity of men from the employments they follow’d three thousand years past, by the notions we have of those employments at present; and because they are now only the occupation of the vulgar, we imagine that they were so formerly: Kings and Princes in the earlier ages of the world labour’d in arts and occupations, and were above nothing that tended to promote the conveniencies of life; they perform’d that with their own hands, which we now perform by those of our servants: If this were not so, the cookery of *Achilles* in the *Iliad* would equally disparage that Heroe, as this employment would disgrace *Eumæus* in the *Odyssey*: Arts were then in their infancy, and were honourable to the practisers: Thus *Ulysses* builds a vessel with his own hands, as skilfully as a Shipwright.

Besides, even at this day Arts are in high esteem in the oriental world, and are practis’d by the greatest personages. Every man in *Turky* is of some trade; Sultan *Achmet* was a maker of Ivory Rings, which the *Turks* wear upon their thumbs when they shoot their arrows, and in this occupation he work’d several hours daily; and another of their Emperors was depos’d, because he refus’d to work in his occupation.

It must be confess’d that our Translations have contributed to give those who are unacquainted with the *Greek*, a mean Idea of *Eumæus*. This place is thus render’d by two of his Translators.

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I i i

Himself

Observations on the Fourteenth Book.

*Himself there sate ord'ring a pair of brogues,
Of a py'd bullock's skin——*

*Himself was leather to his foot applying,
Made of a good cow-hide well coloured.*

Whereas *Homer* is as lofty and harmonious, as these are flat and inelegant.

Ἄντ'ος δ' ἀμφὶ πόδεσσιν ἑοῖς ἀράρισκε πέδιλα
Τάμνων δέσμα βόειον, εὐχροές.

'Tis true, a Translator in such places as these has an hard task; a language like the *Greek*, which is always flowing, musical, and sonorous, is very difficult to be imitated in other tongues, especially where the corresponding words are not equally significant and graceful.

In short, the Reader is to consider this whole description as a true picture of ancient life; and then he will not fail of the pleasure of knowing how the great men of ancient times passed their lives, and how those Heroes who perform'd such noble parts on the public stage of life, acted in private when withdrawn from notice and observation. Those ages retain'd an universal simplicity of manners: *Telemachus* and *Eumæus* have both dogs for their attendants; nay, and in later times before luxury prevail'd among the *Romans*, we read of a Dictator brought from the plough, to lead the bravest soldiers in the world to conquer it.

IV.

VERSE 35. *Down sate the Sage; and cautious to withstand,
Let fall th' offensive truncheon from his hand.]*

Homer has been censur'd for representing his Heroe unworthily: Is it probable that he who had met whole armies in battle, should now throw away his staff out of fear of a dog? that he should abandon his defence by casting himself on the ground, and leave himself to his mercy? But *Eustathius* fully vindicates *Ulysses*. It is a natural defence to avert the fury of a dog, to cast

cast away our weapons, to show that we intend him no violence. *Pliny* has the like observation in the eighth book of his Natural History: *Impetus canum & sevitia mitigatur ab homine, humi confidente.*

All that *Homer* says of the dogs, is imitated by *Theocritus*, *Idyll.* 25. v. 68.

Θεσπέσιον δ' ὑλάοντι ἐπέδραμον ἄλλοθεν ἄλλῃ
Τὸς μὲν ὅγε λάεσιν ἀπὸ χθονὸς ὅσον αἰέρων
Φεύγεμεν ἄψ' ὀπίσω δειδέσμετο, &c.

What *Homer* speaks of *Ulysses*, *Theocritus* applies to *Hercules*; a demonstration that he thought it to be a picture of Nature, and therefore inserted it in that Heroic *Idyllium*.

V.

VERSE 37. *Sudden, the master runs, &c.*] This is thought to be an adventure that really happen'd to the Poet himself; it is related in the life of *Homer* ascrib'd to *Herodotus*. *Thestorides* having persuaded *Homer* to permit him to transcribe his verses, he immediately remov'd to *Chios*, and proclaim'd himself the Author: *Homer* being inform'd of it, set sail for *Chios*, and landing near it, he was in danger of being torn in pieces by the dogs of *Glaucus*, who protected him, and receiv'd him hospitably: The Poet in return labour'd to reward his kindness, by relating to him the most curious of his adventures that had happen'd in the course of his voyages. When therefore (adds *Dacier*) we see *Ulysses* entertain'd by *Eumæus*, we have the satisfaction of imagining we see *Homer* himself in discourse with his courteous friend *Glaucus*.

VI.

VERSE 41. ——— *Thus the faithful swain, &c.*] The words in the *Greek* are διὸς ὑφορβός, literally render'd, the divine swineherd, which are Burlesque in modern languages, and would have been no less in *Greek*, if the person of *Eumæus* had not been honourable, and his office a station of dignity: For the sole reason why such a translation would now be ridiculous, is because such

such employments are now fall'n into contempt. Let any person ask this question, Would *Homer* have apply'd the epithet *divine* to a modern swineherd? If he would not, it is an evidence that *Eumæus* was a man of consequence, and his post a place of honour; otherwise *Homer* would have been guilty of burlesquing his own Poetry.

Dacier very well remarks, that the words *Eumæus* here speaks, and indeed his whole conversation, shew him to be a person of a good education, and of noble and pious sentiments: he discovers a natural and flowing Eloquence, and appears to be a man of great humanity and wisdom.

There is a peculiarity in *Homer's* manner of apostrophizing *Eumæus*, and speaking of him in the second person; it is generally apply'd by that Poet only to men of account and distinction, and by it the Poet, as it were, addresses them with respect; thus in the *Iliad* he introduces *Menelaus*,

Οὐδὲ σέθεν, Μενέλαε, θεοὶ ἐλάθοντο.
—— Τόνδε προσέφη Πατρόκλε.

This enlivens the diction, and awakens the attention of the Reader. *Eustathius* observes that *Eumæus* is the only person of whom *Homer* thus speaks in the whole *Odyssey*: No doubt (continues that Author) he does it out of love of this benevolent old servant of *Ulysses*, and to honour and distinguish his fidelity.

VII.

VERSE 66. *To slight the poor, or ought humane despise.*

For Jove unfolds our hospitable door,

'Tis Jove that sends the stranger and the poor.]

This passage contains an admirable lecture of Morality and Humanity. The person who best understood the beauty of it, and best explain'd the precepts it comprehends, was *Epicætetus*, from whom Monsieur *Dacier* furnishes us with this explication from *Arrian*: “Keep, (says that Author) continually in thy memory, “what *Eumæus* speaks in *Homer* to the disguis'd *Ulysses*.” O friend, it is unlawful to despise the stranger; speak thus to thy brother, father, and neighbour: It is my duty to use you with benevolence, tho' your

your circumstances were meaner than they are; for you come from God. Here we see Epictetus borrowing his Morality from Homer; and Philosophy embellish'd with the ornaments of Poetry. Indeed there is scarce any writer of name among all the Ancients that has not been oblig'd to Homer, whether Moralists, Poets, Philosophers, or Legislators.

VIII.

VERSE 75. *To whom whate'er his slave enjoys is ow'd,
And more, had Fate allow'd ----]*

This passage has been greatly mistaken by almost all who have translated *Homer*: the words at first view seem to imply that *Ulysses* had given *Eumæus* a wife, a house, and an inheritance; but this is not the meaning. The words are thus to be render'd, "*Ulysses* (says *Eumæus*) greatly lov'd me, and gave me a possession, and such things as an indulgent Master gives a faithful servant; namely a wife, inheritance, and an house:" These gifts are to be apply'd to *Ἄναξ ἔνθυμο*, and not to *Ulysses*, and the sentence means that it is the custom of good Kings in that manner to reward their faithful servants. It is very evident from *Homer*, that *Ulysses* had not yet given a Wife to *Eumæus*, for he promises him and *Philetus* all these rewards, lib. 21. of the *Odysssey*.

Ἄξομαι ἀμφοτέροισι ἀλόχευς, ἢ κτήματ' ὅπασσω,
Οικία τ' ἐγγὺς ἐμεῖο τετυγμένα, καὶ μοι ἔπειτα
Τηλεμάχῃ ἐτάρῳ τε, κασιγνήτῳ τε ἔσεσθον.

It appears therefore that *Eumæus* was not married, and therefore this whole period is to be apply'd to the word *Ἄναξ*, and not to *Ulysses*. *Eustathius*.

I will only add that in the above-mentioned verses *Ulysses* promises that *Eumæus* shall be the companion and brother of *Telemachus*; an instance, that he was not a vulgar person whom *Ulysses* thus honours, by making him ally'd to the Royal Family.

IX.

VERSE 93. (*With flour imbrown'd.*) We find here a custom of Antiquity: This flour was made of parch'd corn; when the Ancients fed upon any thing that had not been offer'd in sacrifice, they sprinkled it with flour, which was used instead of the hallow'd barley, with which they consecrated their Victims. I doubt not, (since some honours were paid to the Gods in all feasts) but that this sprinkling of flour by *Eumæus* was an act of religion. *Dacier.*

X.

VERSE 122. *Twelve herds, twelve flocks, &c.*] I have already remark'd that *Ulysses* was a wealthy King, and this place is an instance of it. He is master of twelve herds of Oxen, which probably amounted to fourteen thousand four hundred head; for if we count the herds by the same way of computation as the droves of swine, they will make that number, each drove consisting of twelve hundred; for tho' *Homer* mentions but three hundred and sixty boars, yet he tells us, the reason why they were inferior to the females was because of the luxury of the suitors. If this be allow'd, then he had likewise the same number of sheep, and as many hogs: for *Eumæus* had the charge only of one herd, eleven more were under the care of other officers: *Ulysses* likewise had thirteen thousand two hundred goats. This will appear to be a true calculation from the words of *Homer*, who tells us that twenty of the greatest Heroes of the age were not so wealthy as *Ulysses*.

The old Poets and Historians to express a person of great riches gave him the epithet of πολυμήλων, πολυαγνῶν, or πολύρρητον; that is, "a person that had a great number of sheep or cattle," or a person of great wealth." This is likewise evident from the holy Scriptures: *David* had his Officers, like *Ulysses*, to attend his flocks and herds: Thus 1 *Chron.* xxvii. *Jehonathan* was set over his treasures in the field, cities and villages; *Shimei* over his vineyards; *Zabdi* over his wines; *Baal-hanan* over his olive trees, and *Joash* over his oil: He had herdsmen that had charge over his cattle,

cattle, sheep, camels and asses. It was by cattle that the ancient Kings enriched themselves from the earliest ages: Thus no less a person than *Pharaoh*, a powerful King of *Ægypt*, gave *Joseph* leave to appoint his brethren to be Rulers over his cattle; and we read in all the *Greek* Poets, that the wealth of Kings originally consisted in herds and flocks. They lose much of the pleasure of *Homer* who read him only as a Poet: he gives us an exact Image of ancient life, their manners, customs, laws, and Politics; and it must double our satisfaction, when we consider that in reading *Homer* we are reading the most ancient Author in the world, except the great Lawgiver *Moses*.

XI.

VERSE 167. *That name, for ever dread, &c.*] *Eustathius* excellently explains the sentiment of *Eumæus*, which is full of tenderness and humanity. I will not call *Ulysses*, cries *Eumæus*, by the name of *Ulysses*, for from strangers he receives that appellation; I will not call him my Master, for as such he never was toward me; I will then call him Brother, for he always used me with the tenderness of a brother. Ἡθαῖα properly signifies an elder brother.

What I would further observe is the wonderful art of *Homer* in exalting the character of his Heroe: He is the bravest and the best of men, good in every circumstance of life: Valiant in war, patient in adversity, a kind father, husband, and master, as well as a mild and merciful King: By this conduct the Poet deeply engages our affections in the good or ill fortune of the Heroe: He makes himself master of our passions, and we rejoice or grieve at his success or calamity through the whole *Odyssey*.

XII.

VERSE 186. *Ere the next moon increase, or this decay.*] These verses have been thought to be used ænigmatically by *Ulysses*.

Τῷ δ' αὐτῷ λυκάβανι ἐλεύσεται ἐνθάδ' Ὀδυσσεύς,
Τῷ μὲν φθινόβι μηνὸς, τῷ δ' ἰσαμένοιο.

In

In the former verse *Eustathius* tells us there is a various reading, and judges that it ought to be written τῆ δ' αἶν τῆ, and not τῆ δ' αἶν; and it must be allow'd that the repetition of τῆ gives a greater emphasis to the words, and agrees better with the vehemence of the speaker in making his asseveration.

The latter verse in the obvious sense seems to mean that *Ulysses* would return in the space of a month, and so *Eumæus* understood it; but in reality it means in the compass of a day. *Solon* was the first who discover'd the latent sense of it, as *Plutarch* informs us; “ *Solon*, says that Author, observing the ine-
 “ quality of the months, and that the Moon neither agreed with
 “ the rising or setting of the Sun, but that often in the same
 “ day she overtook and went before it, nam'd that same day ἐν ἡ
 “ νείᾳ, the old and new Moon; and allotted that part of the day
 “ that preceded the Conjunction, to the old Moon, and the o-
 “ ther part of it to the new; from hence we may judge that
 “ he was the first that comprehended the sense of this verse of
 “ *Homer*,

Τῆ μὲν φθινόπωρον μηνός, τῆ δ' ἱσαμένοιο.

“ Accordingly he nam'd the following day, the day of the new
 “ Moon. *Ulysses* then means that he will return on the last day of
 “ the month, for on that day the Moon is both old and new; that
 “ is, she finishes one month, and begins another.” This is taken
 from the life of *Solon*; but whether the obvious sense in which
Eumæus is suppos'd to understand it, or the latent meaning of *So-*
lon be preferable, is submitted to the Reader's judgment; I confess
 I see no occasion to have recourse to that mysterious explication:
 What *Ulysses* intended was to certify *Eumæus*, that *Ulysses* would
 assuredly return very speedily; and the verse will have this effect,
 if it be understood literally and plainly; besides, *Ulysses* is to con-
 tinue in an absolute disguise, why then should he endanger a dis-
 covery, by using an ambiguous sentence, which might possibly
 be understood; but if it was so dark that it was utterly unintel-
 ligible to *Eumæus*, then it is used in vain, and a needless ambi-
 guity.

XIII.

VERSE 229. *Know then I came From sacred Crete.*] This whole narration is a notable instance of that artful dissimulation so remarkable in the character of *Ulysses*, and an evidence that *Homer* excellently sustains it thro' the whole Poem, for *Ulysses* appears to be πολύτεργος, as he is represented in the first line, throughout the *Odyssey*. This narrative has been both prais'd and censur'd by the Critics, especially by *Rapin*; I will lay his observations before the reader.

“ *Homer* is guilty of verbosity, and of a tedious prolix manner of speaking: he is the greatest talker of all Antiquity: The
“ very *Greeks*, tho' chargeable with an excess this way above all
“ Nations, have reprehended *Homer* for his intemperance of
“ words; he is ever upon his Rehearsals, and not only of the
“ same words, but of the same things, and consequently is in a
“ perpetual circle of repetitions. 'Tis true he always speaks naturally, but then he always speaks too much: His adventures
“ in *Ægypt*, which he relates to *Eumæus*, are truly idle impertinent stories, purely for amusement: there is no thread in his
“ discourse, nor does it seem to tend to any propos'd end, but
“ exceeds all bounds: that vast fluency of speech, and those
“ mighty overflowings of fancy, make him shoot beyond the
“ mark. Hence his draughts are too accurate, and leave nothing to be perform'd by the imagination of the reader, a fault
“ which (as *Cicero* observes) *Apelles* found in the ancient Painters.” This objection is intended only against the fulness of
Homer's expression, not against the subject of the Narration: for *Rapin* in another place speaking of the beauties of *Homer*, gives this very Story as an instance of his excellency: these are his words,

“ I shall say nothing of all the Relations which *Ulysses* makes
“ to *Eumæus* upon his return to his Country, and his wonderful
“ management to bring about his Re-establishment; that whole
“ story is dress'd in colours so decent, and at the same time so
“ noble, that Antiquity can hardly match any part of the Narration.

If what *Rapin* remarks in the latter Period be true, *Homer* will easily obtain a pardon for the fault of prolixity, imputed to him in the aforementioned objection. For who would be willing to retrench one of the most decent and noble narrations of Antiquity, merely for the length of it? But it may, perhaps, be true that this story is not impertinent, but well suited to carry on the design of *Ulysses*, and consequently tends to a propos'd End: for in this consists the strength of *Rapin's* objection.

Nothing is more evident than that the whole success of *Ulysses* depends upon his disguise; a discovery would be fatal to him, and at once give a single unassisted person into the power of his enemies. How then is this Disguise to be carried on? especially when *Ulysses* in person is required to give an account of his own story? Must it not be by assuming the name of another person, and giving a plausible relation of his life, fortunes, and calamities, that brought him to a strange country, where he has no acquaintance or friend? This obliges him to be circumstantial, nothing giving a greater air of probability than descending to particularities, and this necessitates his prolixity. The whole relation is comprehended in the compass of an hundred and seventy lines; and an Episode of no greater length may not perhaps deserve to be call'd *verbose*, if compar'd with the length of the *Odyssey*: Nay, there may be a reason given why it ought to be of a considerable length: There is a pause in the action, while *Minerva* passes from *Ithaca*, to *Telemachus* in *Lacedæmon*: This interval is to be fill'd up with some incident relating to *Ulysses*, until *Telemachus* is prepar'd to return; for his assistance is necessary to re-establish the affairs of *Ulysses*. This then is a time of leisure, and the Poet fills it up with the narrations of *Ulysses* till the return of *Telemachus*, and consequently there is room for a long relation. Besides (remarks *Eustathius*) *Homer* interests all men of all ages in the story, by giving us pieces of true history, antient customs, and exact descriptions of persons and places, instructive and delightful to all the world, and these incidents are adorn'd with all the embellishments of Eloquence and Poetry.

XIV.

VERSE 234. *Sprung of a handmaid-----*] *Ulysses* says he was the son of a Concubine; this was not a matter of disgrace among the Ancients, Concubinage being allow'd by the laws.

The Sons cast lots for their patrimony, an evidence that this was the practice of the antient *Greeks*. Hence an inheritance had the name of κληρονομία, that is from the Lots; Parents put it to the decision of the lot, to avoid the Envy and Imputation of Partiality in the distribution of their estates. It has been judg'd that the Poet writes according to the *Athenian* laws, at least this custom prevail'd in the days of *Solon*, for he forbade parents who had several legitimate Sons to make a will, but ordain'd that all the legitimate Sons should have an equal share of their Father's effects. *Eustathius*.

XV.

VERSE 259. ----- *my soul disdain'd to bear*
The rural labour -----]

Plutarch, in his comparison of *Aristides* and *Cato*, cites these verses,

----- ἔργαν δέ μοι ἑφίλον ἔσκεν,
 Οὐδ' οἰκωφελίη &c.

and tells us, that they who neglect their private and domestic concerns, usually draw their subsistence from violence and rapine. This is certainly a truth, Men are apt to supply their wants, occasion'd by idleness, by plunder and injustice: but it is as certain that no reflection is intended to be cast upon this way of living by *Ulysses*, for in his age Piracy was not only allowable but glorious, and sudden inroads and incursions were practis'd by the greatest Heroes. *Homier* therefore only intends to shew that the disposition of *Ulysses* inclin'd him to pursue the more dangerous, but more glorious, way of living by War, than the more lucrative, but more secure method of life, by Agriculture and husbandry.

VERSE

XVI.

VERSE 363.

----- he voyag'd to explore the will
Of Jove, on high Dodona's holy hill.]

These Oaks of *Dodona* were held to be oraculous, and to be endued with speech, by the Antients; and Pigeons were suppos'd to be the Priestesses of the Deity. *Herodotus* in *Euterpe* gives a full account of what belongs to this Oracle, who tells us, that he was inform'd by the Priestesses of *Dodona*, that two black Pigeons flew away from *Thebes* in *Ægypt*, and one of them perching upon a Tree in *Dodona*, admonish'd the Inhabitants with an human voice to erect an Oracle in that place to *Jupiter*. But *Herodotus* solves this Fable after the following manner. "There
" were two Priestesses carry'd away from *Ægypt*, and one of
" them was sold by the *Phœnicians* in *Greece*, where she in her
" servitude consecrated an Altar to *Jupiter* under an oak; the *Do-*
" *donæans* gave her the name of a Pigeon, because she was a
" *Barbarian*, and her speech at first no more understood than the
" chattering of a Bird or Pigeon; but as soon as she had learn'd
" the *Greek* tongue, it was presently reported that the Pigeon
" spoke with an human Voice. She had the epithet *Black*, be-
" cause she was an *Ægyptian*.

Eustathius informs us, that *Dodona* was antiently a City of *Thesprotia*, and in process of time the limits of it being chang'd, it became of the country of the *Molossians*, that is, it lay between *Thessaly* and *Epirus*: Near this city was a mountain nam'd *Tmarus* or *Timourus*; on this mountain there stood a Temple, and within the precincts of it were these oraculous Oaks of *Jupiter*: This was the most ancient Temple of *Greece*, according to *Herodotus*, founded by the *Pelasgians*, and at first serv'd by Priests call'd *Selli*; and the Goddess *Dione* being joyn'd with *Jupiter* in the worship, the service was perform'd by three aged Priestesses, call'd in the *Molossian* tongue *πέλειαί*, as old men were call'd *πέλαιοι* (perhaps from the corrupted word *πάλαιοι* or Antients) and the same word *πέλειαί* signifying also Pigeons, gave occasion to the fable of the Temple of *Dodona* having Doves for Priestesses. But if, as *Herodotus* affirms, the *Phœnicians* sold this Priestess of *Jupiter* originally to the *Greeks*, it is probable they were called

called Doves, after the *Phœnician* language, in which the same word with a small alteration signifies both a Dove and a Priestess. See Note on *Odyssey* 12.

Eustathius gives us another solution of this difficulty, and tells us that as there were *κοραχομάντιες*, or *Augurs*, who drew predictions from the flight and gestures of Crows; so there were others who predicted from observations made upon Doves: and from hence these Doves were called the Prophetesses of *Dodona*, that being the way by which the decrees of the Gods were discover'd by the *Augurs*.

I have remark'd that the Temple of *Dodona* stood upon the mountain *Timourus*, hence the word *τίμναι* came to signify those Oracles, and thus *τίμναι* is used by *Lycophron*. Now *Homer* in another place writes,

Ἐὶ γε μὲν αἰνήσῃσι Διὸς μεγάλοιο θέμισες

Strabo therefore instead of *θέμισες* reads *τίμναι*; for, observes that Author, the Oracles, not the Laws, of *Jupiter* are preserv'd at *Dodona*. *Eustathius*.

But whence arose the Fable of these oaks being vocal? I doubt not but this was an illusion of those who gave out the oracles to the people: They conceal'd themselves within the cavities or hollow of the oaks, and from thence deliver'd their Oracles; and imposing by this method upon the superstition and credulity of those ages, persuaded the world that the Gods gave a voice and utterance to the Oaks.

I refer the Reader for a larger account of these *Dodonean* Oracles to the annotations upon book 16. verse 285. of the *Iliad*.

XVII.

VERSE 394. *And wait the woes heav'n dooms me yet to bear.* It may not perhaps be unsatisfactory to see how *Ulysses* keeps in sight of truth thro' this whole fabulous story.

He gives a true account of his being at the war of *Troy*; he stays seven years in *Ægypt*, so long he continued with *Calypso*; the King of *Ægypt*, whose name *Eustathius* tells us was *Sethon*, according to the Ancients, entertains him hospitably like that Goddess; a *Phœnician* detains him a whole year, the same has been

observ'd of *Circe*; the vessel of this *Phœnician* is lost by a storm, and all the crew perishes except *Ulysses*; the same is true of the companions of *Ulysses*: He is thrown upon the land of the *Thesprotians* by that tempest, and receiv'd courteously by *Phidon* the King of that country; this represents his being cast upon the *Phæacian* shore by the storm, and the hospitable *Phidon* means *Alcinous*, King of the *Phæacians*: the manner likewise of his being introduced to *Phidon*, agrees with his introduction to *Alcinous*; the daughter introduces him to *Alcinous*, and the son to *Phidon*. Thus we see there is a *concordia discors* thro' the whole narration, the Poet only changing the names of persons and places. *Ulysses* lay under an absolute necessity thus to falsify his true History, and represent himself as a stranger to the whole Island of *Ithaca*, otherwise it would have been natural for *Eumæus* to offer to guide him to his friends, upon which a discovery must inevitably have follow'd, which would have prov'd fatal to that Heroe.

XVIII.

VERSE 391. *Screen'd by protecting Gods from hostile eyes,
They led me to a good man and a wise.]*

This is a very artful compliment which *Ulysses* pays to *Eumæus*, *The Gods guided me to the habitation of a person of wisdom*, and names not *Eumæus*, leaving it to him to apply it.

I doubt not but the Reader agrees with *Ulysses* as to the character of *Eumæus*; there is an air of piety to the Gods in all he speaks, and benevolence to mankind; he is faithful to his King, upright in his trust, and hospitable to the stranger.

Dacier is of opinion that ἀνδρὸς ἐπισαμένοιο takes in Virtue as well as Wisdom; and indeed *Homer* frequently joyns νοήμονες ἡδὲ δίκαιοι, and ἀδάνκονες ἔδῃ δίκαιοι; that is, Wisdom and Virtue, Folly and Impiety, throughout the *Odyssey*. For never, never wicked man was wise. Virtue in a great measure depends upon education: it is a Science, and may be learn'd like other Sciences; in reality there is no Knowledge that deserves the name, without Virtue; if Virtue be wanting, Science becomes artifice: as *Plato* demonstrates from *Homer*; who, though he is an enemy to this Poet, has enriched his writings with his sentiments.

VERSE

XIX.

VERSE 407. *Now snatch'd by Harpies -----*] This place seems to evince that the expression of being torn by the Harpies, means that the dead person is depriv'd of the rites of Sepulture; and not as *Dacier* understands it, that he is disappear'd, or that it is unknown what is become of him: for the whole lamentation of *Eumæus* turns upon this point, namely, that *Ulysses* is dead, and depriv'd of the funeral Ceremonies.

XX.

VERSE 411. *----- Nor to the court repair,
But when the Queen -----*]

It may appear at first view as if *Eumæus* thought his absence from the court an aggravation to his calamities, but this is not his meaning: He speaks thus to prevent *Ulysses* from asking him to introduce him immediately to *Penelope*; and this is the reason why he enlarges upon the story of the *Ætolian*, who had deceiv'd him by raising his expectations of the immediate return of *Ulysses*.

It is remarkable that almost all these fictions are made by *Cretans*, or have some relation to the Island of the *Cretans*; Thus *Ulysses* feigns himself to be of *Crete*, and this *Ætolian* lays the Scene of his falsehood in the same Island: which, as *Eustathius* observes, may possibly be a latent Satyr upon that People, who were become a reproach and proverb for their remarkable lying. This agrees exactly with the character given them by *St. Paul* from *Epimenides*,

Κεῖντες αἰὲ ψεύσαι.

And κεντίζειν signifies to lie.

St. Chrysostom fills up the broken verse thus;

----- ἢ γὰρ τάφον, ὃ ἀνα, σέο
Κεῖντες ἐτεκλήναντο, σὺ δ' εἰ δάνας ἐσσι γὰρ αἰεὶ.

But this is added from *Callimachus* in his Hymn to *Jupiter*, thus translated by *Mr. Prior*,

Th.

Observations on the Fourteenth Book.

*The Cretan boasts thy natal place: but oft
He meets reproof deserv'd: for he presumptuous
Has built a tomb for thee, who never know'st
To die, but liv'st the same to-day and ever.*

That the latter part of these verses belongs to *Epimenides*, is evident, for *St. Paul* quotes the verse thus:

Κεῖντες αἰὲ ψεύσαι, καὶ ἀθνήϊα.

The two last words are not in *Callimachus*, and consequently the rest is only a conjectural and erroneous addition.

XXI.

VERS. 455. *Compell'd, reluctant, to their sev'ral styes,
With din obstrep'rous, and ungrateful cries.]*
There is scarce a more sonorous verse in the whole *Odysssey*.

Κλαγγὴ δ' ἄπειτα ὤρετο συῶν ἀλιζομυράων.

The word *Swine* is what debases our *Idæa*: which is evident if we substitute *Shepherd* in the room of *Hogherd*, and apply to it the most pompous Epithet given by *Homer* to *Eumæus*: For instance, to say δῖος, or the *Illustrious, Hogherd*, is mean enough: but the image is more tolerable when we say, the *Illustrious Shepherd*; the office of a *Shepherd* (especially as it is familiariz'd and dignify'd in Poetry by the frequent use of it) being in repute. The *Greeks* have magnificent words to express the most common objects; we want words of equal dignity, and have the disadvantage of being oblig'd to endeavour to raise a Subject that is now in the utmost contempt, so as to guard it from meanness and ignominy.

XXII.

VERSE 469. *First shears the forehead of the bristly boar.]* I have already observ'd that every meal among the *Ancients* was a kind of Sacrifice of thanksgiving to the *Gods*; and the table, as it were an *Altar*.

This

This Sacrifice being different from any other in *Homer*, I will fully describe the particulars of it from *Eustathius*. It is a Rural Sacrifice; we have before seen Sacrifices in Camps, in Courts, and in Cities, in the *Iliad*; but this is the only one of this nature in all *Homer*.

They cut off the hair of the Victim; in commemoration of the original way of cloathing, which was made of hair, and the skins of beasts.

Eumæus strows flour upon it; in remembrance that before Incense was in use, this was the antient manner of offering to the Gods, or as *Dacier* observes, of consecrating the Victim, instead of the Barley mix'd with Salt, which had the name of Imolation.

Eumæus cut a piece from every part of the Victim, by this he made it an *Holocaust*, or an Entire Sacrifice.

Eumæus divides the rest at Supper; which was always the office of the most honourable person, and thus we see *Achilles* and other Heroes employ'd throughout the *Iliad*. He portions it into seven parts: one he allots to *Mercury* and the Nymphs, and the rest he reserves for himself, *Ulysses*, and his four Servants. He gives the Chine to *Ulysses*, which was ever reputed an honour and distinction; thus *Ajax* after a victory over *Hector* is rewarded in the same manner.

Νώτοισι δ' Αἶαντα δινυκέεσσι γέγραυεν
Ἀτρεΐδης.

XXIII.

VERSE. 484. One sacred to the Nymphs —

Another to the winged Son of May.]

It may be ask'd why *Eumæus* allots part of the Victim to *Mercury* and the Nymphs, since there is nothing of the like nature to be found in the whole *Iliad* and *Odyssey*? This is done in compliance to the place and person of *Eumæus*, whose employment lies in the Country, and who has the care of the Herds of *Ulysses*; he therefore offers to the Nymphs, as they are the Presidents of the Fountains, Rivers, Groves, and furnish sustenance and food for Cattle: And *Mercury* was held by the Ancients to be the Patron of Shepherds: thus *Simonides*,

Θύειν Νύμφαις ἢ Μαϊάδ' ὅκω
 Οὗτοι γὰρ ἀνδρῶν αἶμα ἔχουσι ποιμαίνων.

Eustathius adds (from whom this is taken) that *Mercury* was a lucrative God, and therefore *Eumæus* sacrifices to him for increase of his Herds: or because he was δόλι' ἐμής, and like *Ulysses*, Master of all the arts of Cunning and Dissimulation, and then *Eumæus* may be understood to offer to him for the safety of *Ulysses*, that he might furnish him with artifice to bring him in security to his Country; and we see this agrees with his prayer.

What *Dacier* adds is yet more to the purpose: *Eumæus* joyns *Mercury* with the Nymphs because he was Patron of Flocks, and the Ancients generally plac'd the figure of a Ram at the base of his Images, sometimes he is represented carrying a Ram upon his Arms, sometimes upon his Shoulders: In short, it suffices that he was esteem'd a rural Deity, to make the Sacrifice proper to be offer'd to him by a person whose occupation lay in the Country.

XXIV.

VERSE 504. *And led from Taphos —*] This custom of purchasing Slaves prevail'd over all the World, as appears not only from many places of *Homer*, but of the Holy Scripture, in which mention is made of Slaves bought with Money. The *Taphians* liv'd in a small Island adjacent to *Ithaca*; *Mentes* was King of it, as appears from the first of the *Odyssey*: They were generally Pirates, and are suppos'd to have had their name from their way of living, which in the *Phœnician* tongue (as *Bochart* observes) signifies Rapine; *Hataph*, and by contraction *Taph*, bearing that signification.

Frequent use has been made of *Phœnician* interpretations thro' the course of these Notes, and perhaps it may be judg'd necessary to say something why they may be suppos'd to give names to Countries and Persons, more than any other Nation.

They are reported to be the inventors of Letters, *Lucan* lib. 3.

*Phœnices primi, famæ si creditur, ausi
 Mansuram rudibus vocem signare figuris.*

and

and were the greatest Navigators in the World, *Dionysius* says they were the first,

Οἱ πρῶτοι νήεσιν ἐπειρήσαντο θαλάσσης
Πρῶτοι δ' ἐμπορείης ἀλιδίνεος ἐμνήσαντο.

The first who used Navigation, the first who traffick'd by the Ocean. If we put these two qualities together, it is no wonder that a great number of places were call'd by *Phœnician* Names: for they being the first Navigators, must necessarily discover a multitude of Islands, Countries and Cities, to which they would be oblig'd to give names when they describ'd them: And nothing is so probable as that they gave those names according to the observations they made upon the Nature of the several Countries, or employment of the Inhabitants. In the present instance, the *Taphians* being remarkable Pirates, (as appears from *Homer*,

—— Τάφιοι λήισορες ἄνδρες,
—— ληϊστῆσιν Ἰπαστόμυρος Τάφιοίσι.)

the *Phœnicians*, who first discover'd this Island, call'd it *Taph*, the Island of Pirates. Places receive appellations according to the language of the Discoverer, and generally from observations made upon the People. It will add a weight to this supposition, if we remember that *Homer* was well acquainted with the traditions and customs of the *Phœnicians*, for he speaks frequently of that People through the course of the *Odyssey*.

XXV.

VERSE 510. Now came the Night. ——

—— the winds began to roar; &c.]

Eustathius observes that *Homer* introduces the following story by a very artful connection, and makes it as it were grow out of the subject: the coldness of the present Season brings to his mind a time like it, when he lay before *Troy*.

It is remarkable that almost all Poets have taken an opportunity to give long descriptions of the Night; *Virgil*, *Statius*, *Apollonius*, *Tasso*, and *Dryden*, have enlarg'd upon this Subject:
Homer

Observations on the Fourteenth Book.

Homer seems industriously to have avoided it: perhaps he judg'd such descriptions to be no more than excrescencies, and at best but beautiful superfluities. A modern Hypercritick thinks *Mr. Dryden* to have excell'd all the Poets in this point.

*All things are hush'd as Nature's self lay dead,
The mountains seem to nod their drowzy head, &c.*

The last Verse is translated from *Statius*,

Et simulant fessos curvata cacumina somnos.

which I mention only to propose it to consideration, whether *cacumina* must in this place of necessity signify the Tops of Mountains; why may it not be apply'd, as it is frequently, to the Tops of the Trees? I question whether the nodding of a Mountain, or the appearance of its nodding, be a natural Image: whereas if we understand it of the Trees, the difficulty vanishes, and the meaning will be much more easy, that the very Trees seem to nod, as in sleep.

I beg the Reader's patience to mention another Verse of *Statius*, that has undoubtedly been mistaken.

*Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure Tigris,
Horruit in maculas.*

Which *Cowley* renders,

— he swells with angry pride,
And calls forth all his spots on every side.

In which sense also the Author of the *Spectator* quotes it from *Cowley*. But it is impossible to imagine that the hair of any creature can change into spots; and if any creature could change it by anger, would not the spots remain when the passion was over? The assertion is absolutely against nature, and matter of fact; and as absurd as to affirm that the hair of a Tiger blushes. This mistake arises from the double sense of the word *Macula*, which signifies also the *Meshes* of a *Net*, as any common Dictionary

onary will inform us. So Tully, *Reticulum minutis maculis*; Columella, *Rete grandi macula*; Ovid, *Distinctum maculis rete*. This way the sense is obvious: no wonder that a Tiger when enclosed in the toils should *horrere in maculas*, or erect his hair when he flies against the Meshes, endeavouring to escape; and it agrees with the nature of that animal, to roughen his hair when he is angry. I beg the Reader's pardon for all this, but the mention of a Hypercritick was infecting, and led me into it un-awares.

XXVI.

VERSE 540. *I left behind my cloak, &c.*] To understand this passage, we must remember that in those eastern regions, after very hot days an extream cold night would sometimes succeed, even with frost and snow, contrary to the usual order of the season: If it had been winter, no doubt *Ulysses* would have arm'd himself against the nocturnal cold, and not have been reduc'd to such an extremity.

There is one incident in this story that seems extraordinary, *Ulysses* and *Menelaus* are said to form an ambush under the very walls of *Troy*, and yet are describ'd to be sleeping while they thus form it: The words are *εὔδον εὐκηλοι*. *Εὔδον* does not necessarily signify to be asleep, as is already prov'd from the conclusion of the first *Iliad*: But here it must have that import, for *Ulysses* tells his companions that he has had an extraordinary dream. Besides, even a tendency towards sleep should be avoided by soldiers in an ambuscade, especially by the leaders of it: The only answer that occurs to me, is that perhaps they had Centinels waking while they slept; but even this would be unsoldier-like in our ages.

XXVII.

VERSE 580. *But in the morning take thy cloaths again.*] This is not spoken in vain, it was necessary for *Ulysses* to appear in the form of a beggar to prevent discovery.

The word in the *Greek* is *δνοπαλίζεις*, which it is impossible to translate without a circumlocution: It paints (observes *Eustathius*)

stathius) exactly the dress of a beggar, and the difficulty he labours under in drawing his rags to cover one part of his body that is naked, and while he covers that, leaving the other part bare: *δοπαλίζεις* is *ταῖς παλάμαις δονήσεις* or *δινήσεις*, and expresses how a beggar is embarrassed in the act of covering his body, by reason of the rents in his cloaths.

XXVIII.

VERSE 581. *For here one vest suffices ev'ry swain.*] It is not at first view evident why *Ulysses* requests a change of rayment from *Eumæus*, for a better dress would only have expos'd him to the danger of a discovery. Besides, this would have been a direct opposition to the injunctions of the Goddess of Wisdom, who had not only disguis'd him in the habit of a beggar, but chang'd his features to a conformity with it. Why then should he make this petition? The answer is, to carry on his disguise the better before *Eumæus*; he has already told him that he was once a person of dignity, tho' now reduced to poverty by calamities: and consequently a person who had once known better fortunes would be uneasy under such mean circumstances, and desire to appear like himself; therefore he asks a better dress, that *Eumæus* may believe his former story.

What *Eumæus* speaks of not having many changes of garments, is not a sign of poverty, but of the simplicity of the manners of those ages. It is the character of the luxurious, vain *Phæacians*, to delight in changes of dress, and agrees not with this plain, sincere, industrious *Ithacan, Eumæus*.

I wonder this last part of the relation of *Ulysses* has escap'd the censure of the Critics: The circumstance of getting the Cloak of *Thoas* in the cold Night, tho' it shows the artifice of *Ulysses* essential to his Character, yet perhaps may be thought unworthy the Majesty of Epic Poetry, where every thing ought to be great and magnificent. It is of such a nature as to raise a smile, rather than admiration, and *Virgil* has utterly rejected such levities. Perhaps it may be thought that *Ulysses* adapts himself to *Eumæus*, and endeavours to engage his favour by that piece of pleasantry; yet this does not solve the objection, for *Eumæus* is not a person of a low Character: no one in the *Odyssey* speaks with

with better Sense, or better Morality. One would almost imagine that *Homer* was sensible of the weakness of this Story, he introduces it so artfully: He tells us in a short Preface, that Wine unbends the most serious and wise Person, and makes him laugh, dance, and speak without his usual caution: And then he proceeds to the fable of his ambush before *Troy*. But no introduction can reconcile it to those who think such Comic relations should not at all be introduc'd into Epic Poetry.

XXIX.

VERSE 594. *Forth hasted he to tend his bristly care.*] A French Critic has been very severe upon this conduct of *Eumæus*, *The Divine Hogherd*, says he, *having given the Divine Ulysses his Supper, sends him to sleep with his Hogs, that had white Teeth*. When Critics find fault, they ought to take care that they impute nothing to an Author but what the Author really speaks, otherwise it is not Criticism, but Calumny and Ignorance. *Monfr. Perault* is here guilty of both, for *Ulysses* sleeps in the house of *Eumæus*, and *Eumæus* retires to take care of his charge, not to sleep but to watch with them.

This and the preceding Book take up no more than the space of one day. *Ulysses* lands in the morning, which is spent in consultation with *Minerva* how to bring about his restoration: About noon he comes to *Eumæus*, for immediately after his arrival they dine: They pass the afternoon and evening in conference: So that thirty five days are exactly compleated since the beginning of the *Odyssey*.

The End of the Third Volume.



